WEEK ENDING SEPT. 14, 1929

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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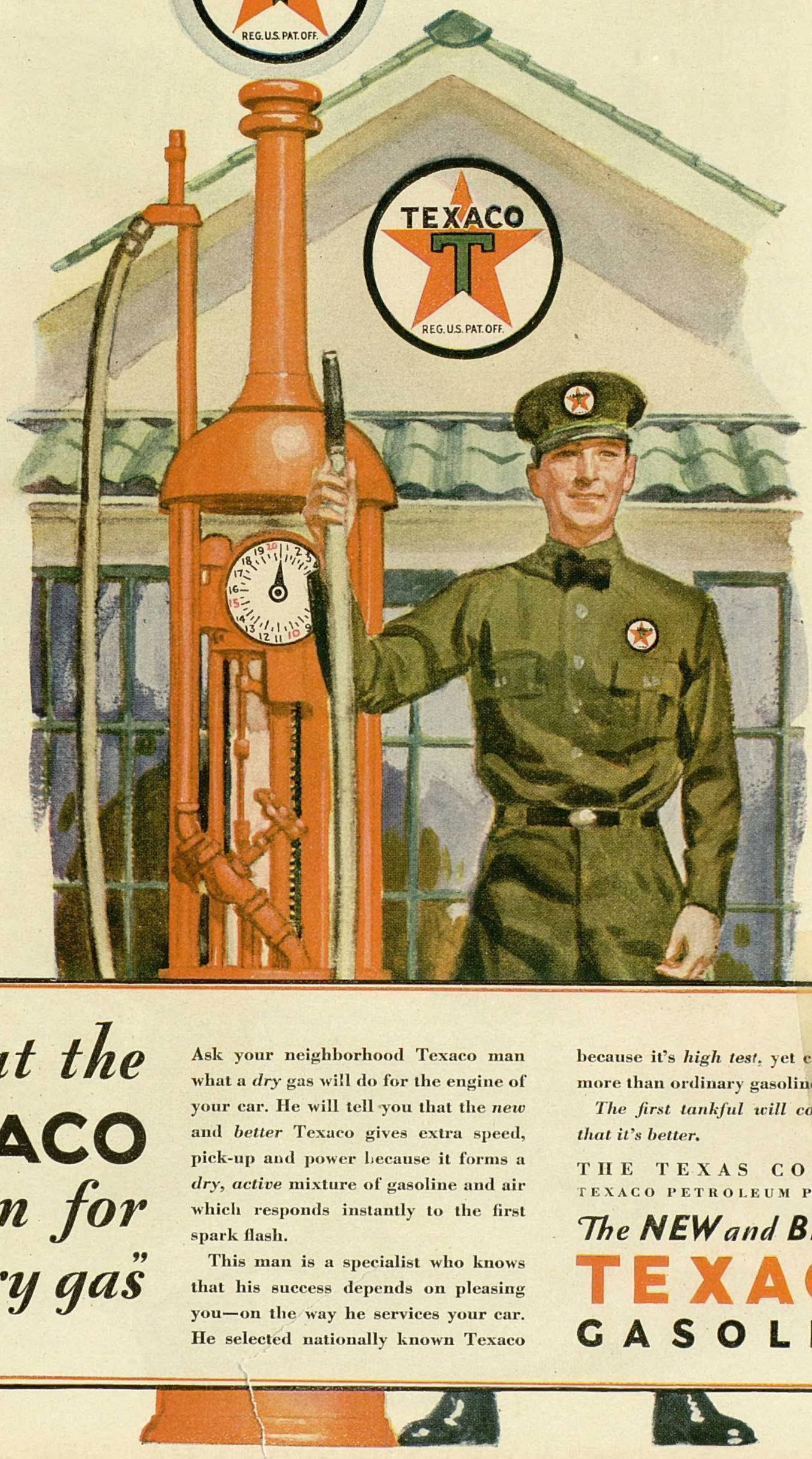

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The first tankful will convince you that it's better.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

The NEW and BETTER
TEXACO GASOLINE

To all young wives:

About feminine hygiene—are you really sure or are you only guessing?

IT IS not difficult to get information about feminine hygiene, but the real question becomes: Is it the information of five years ago, or is it *today's*?

The young wife is naturally disturbed by this kind of doubt. Often she does not know which way to turn for competent advice. If she asks a physician or trained nurse, the advice may appear to be conflicting. These professional people may actually approve feminine hygiene as a healthful measure, but they know only too well the dangers of poisonous antiseptics. That is why they hesitate.

The menace of poisonous antiseptics today

That is the key to this whole question: *poisonous antiseptics*. In the past the idea of feminine hygiene has been closely linked with the thought of bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid. And of course this menace is just as great today as it ever was—if these poisons are put into use or even kept in the house.

The difference today is that these poisons are no longer necessary. The modern woman no longer need fear injury to delicate membranes. No more danger of hardening areas of scar-tissue. No more danger of accidental poisoning—to either children or grown-ups.

Now the discovery of Zonite —absolutely non-poisonous

The discovery that has brought safety and rejoicing to women everywhere is the discovery of *Zonite*. This great germicide-antiseptic is something to be really grateful for. All fear is banished, and yet Zonite is extremely effective and powerful. In germ-killing power it actually *surpasses* any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body.

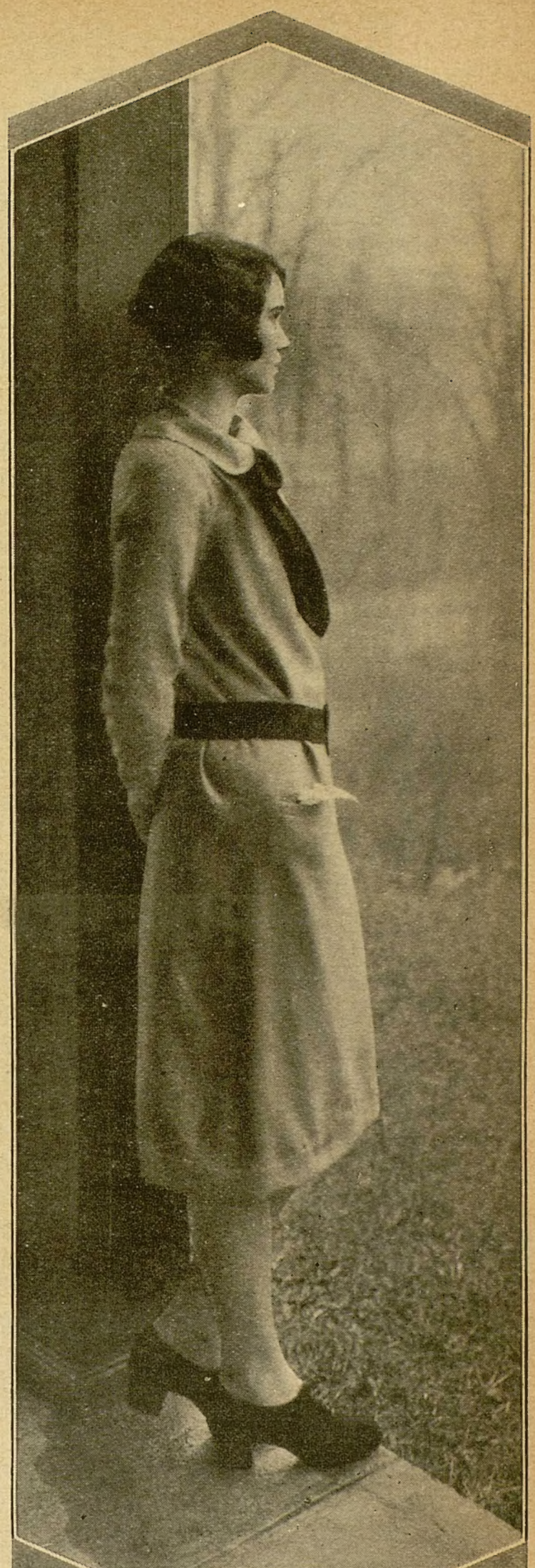
The news of Zonite has swept over the country so rapidly that you can obtain it in any drug store, no matter where you live.

Modern booklet tells all about this intimate subject

Send today for this intimate and valuable booklet. You will find it frank, but scientific. Its attitude is the modern attitude: be well-informed and then decide for yourself. Mail the coupon now. The booklet will come to you promptly. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, skin irritations or tender feet. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1 *Both in U. S. A. and Canada*



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☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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SEPT. 14, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 36

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

IN PRAISE OF PROHIBITION

An old college friend of ours passed the evening with us recently. The talk turned to editorials, and he berated us gently for our stand on Prohibition. He told us he thought we were making a great mistake. Prohibition, he said, seemed to him one of the most interesting and pleasant events that has come up in the past century.

He had a synthetic highball in his hand, and made his remarks between sips thereat. This led us to observe that he wasn't consistent—and that, furthermore, what was in his glass was not as good as it would have been in the old days when it was commercially made and openly marketed.

He admitted that the liquid was not so good and that it cost a lot more than the corresponding article of commerce would have cost in 1912, but he pointed out that the mental stimulation of it was greater than in the days when having and drinking it was not an adventure.

"Think of the fun," he said. "You sneak into a speakeasy, trying to forget the raids you read about in the paper that morning. A shutter opens, and you whisper, 'It's all right. I know Bill.'

"Maybe it takes a little argument to get in, and then the satisfaction is all the greater. Anybody gets a kick out of winning an argument.

"A door is closed and locked behind you, and then a second one is opened. Shades are drawn, and everything is dark and interesting and mysterious. You feel that you are one of the favored few.

"Or, a bootlegger calls you up and gives you not a name but a number. You ask about price, and he tells you it's three dollars more on account of the Jones Law.

"'Will you be here at 7:30 tonight?' he says. You say 'Yes.' Then you have something to look forward to.

"We all have a little of the old devil in us. We used to read about smugglers and pirates and wish vaguely that we could have got into some of those fights at sea and midnight encounters on lonely coasts. Now, if we are invited out on a friend's yacht, like as not the coast guard will fire on us and board us, looking for hootch and finding tea. Or maybe we'll blunder on a rum-runner and see a real battle. It's much better than merely reading about Henry Morgan and a lot of corsairs. It's romantic."

"Well," we said, "think of Prohibition's effect on the young."

"Well, think of it," said he. "We used to go down on the night of a football game and have a lot of beer. Then we'd mill around and steal some signs and barber poles and start a scrap with somebody.

"That was all right, but it isn't to be compared with the thrill of carrying a hip flask. For a kid, it is almost like carrying a gun. He is a desperate character, and to keep in consonance with the spirit of the times, he drinks.

"It gives a girl a thrill, too. She is of the new generation—emancipated, and all that.

"It has been said that professional ladies of the evening have been put out of business by the amateur competition. It's a hard saying," our friend went on, "but after all I have only sons and I'd rather they would go wrong with nice girls than with professionals. Undoubtedly liquor does promote familiarity between the sexes.

"Then there is all this romance of the gunmen who flourish under Prohibition—the Frankie Yales and such we read about.

"Volstead put the boys in dress suits. In the old days they had sweaters and caps, and were tough but not very glamorous. Now they are suave and elegant, move in the highest political and social circles, do their fighting with machine guns right out in public, and make much better reading."

Said we, "We think you are kidding."

"Well," said he, "I am getting along in years. I believe in Prohibition for myself. I can get everything I want. It costs more, but the mental stimulus of getting it is greater.

"The real thing from Canada, I find, gives me more satisfaction than the real thing from Kentucky used to do. It gives me stimulation in so many more different ways.

"I used to oppose Prohibition, but I have been studying the case and I have changed my mind. I am having more fun under Prohibition than I did in the days when there was no more kick in drinking a glass of beer than in eating a tin of baked beans.

"And that's all there is to it. I think I am logical, and I know I am honest. How about another little one?"

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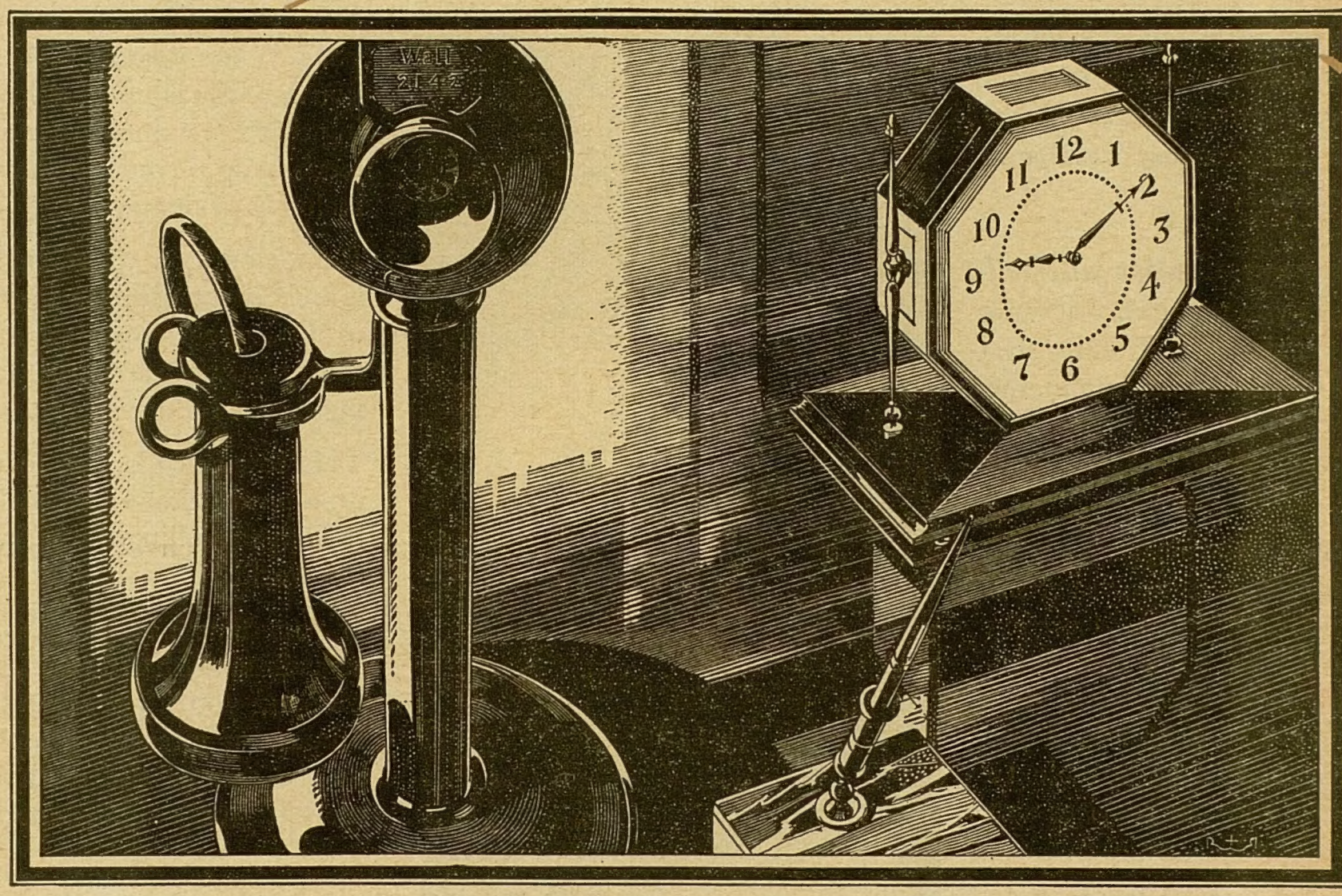
To get the Most Out of your Inter-city Calls



While every hour is telephone hour, there are certain periods of the day better than others to place your inter-city calls. Between the hours of 9.30 a.m. and 11.30 a.m., for instance, executives are busy answering correspondence, seeing visitors and attending to other details. Your calls —those that do not have to go through immediately—are more likely to receive undivided attention if made in the less crowded periods of the business day.

In fact, many business men prefer being called by telephone before 9.30 in the morning, others just before 2 o'clock, and still others after 4 in the afternoon. Telephone calls to other cities are easy and convenient, and the time and money they save are surprising. A New York executive had a business matter to be settled in Indianapolis. He was too busy to go. He placed a telephone call and made the round-trip without leaving his office.

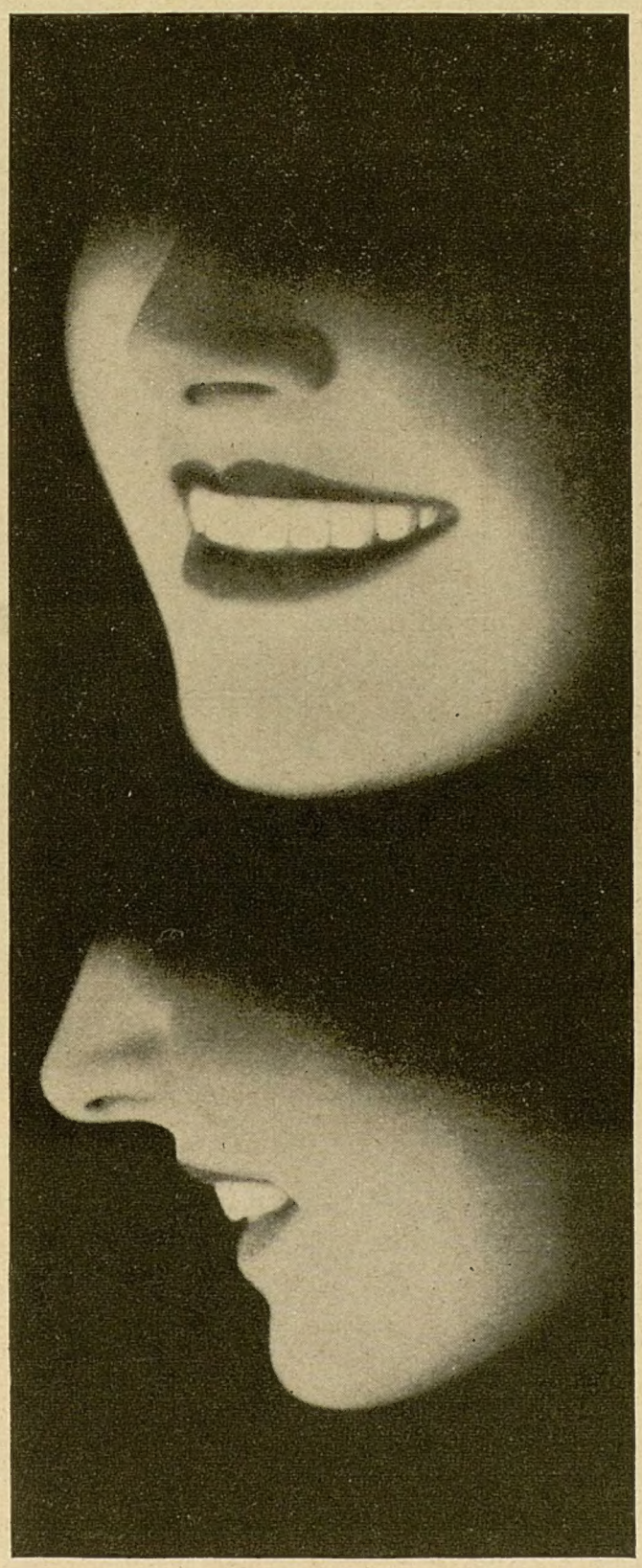
The Bismarck branch of a packing concern estimates that it saves $2450 a month in costs and time out of the office by the use of inter-city calls. Calling by number takes less time. Bell Telephone Service is *Convenient . . . Economical . . . Universal.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

Colgate's Cleans Teeth Best

because actual scientific tests prove that it has highest penetrating* power

Its active, penetrating foam removes decaying impurities from those hard-to-reach places where the ordinary toothpaste cannot go.

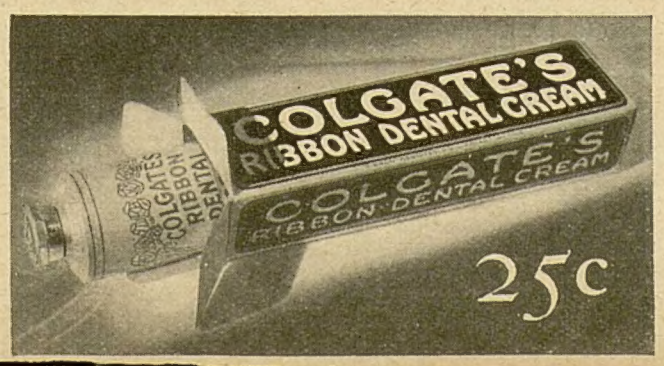


Your dentist will tell you that decay doesn't start on the smooth outer surfaces of the teeth; but in the tiny crevices where food particles and mucin collect. These *must* be kept clean.

Therefore, the sluggish toothpaste which merely scrubs the outer surfaces fails utterly to give your teeth that thorough, scientific cleansing which really protects. Your toothpaste should be able to go down into the crevices and clean them.

A recent test . . . made by a well-known, impartial laboratory . . . proved that Colgate's active foam possesses a greater penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

The reason for this lies in a truly remarkable property (called low "surface tension") which this foam has. This property enables it to sweep down to the very bottom of the tiniest pits and fissures, washing away impurities in a bubbling, detergent wave . . . purifying and cleansing every part of every tooth as no other toothpaste can.



In this foam, of course, is a safe, effective polishing agent which makes teeth sparkle and gleam. Thus Colgate's cleanses with a *double* effectiveness.

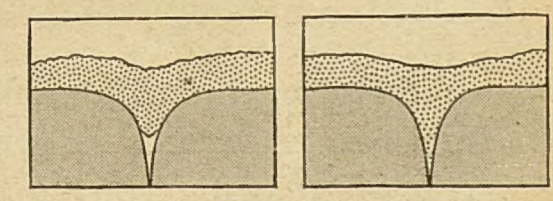
Millions of people get this extra protection . . . why not you? When you use Colgate's you have the comfort of knowing that the home-care of your teeth is approved by the vast majority of dentists.

Remember, too, that Colgate's is most economical—a 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand selling at 25c.

This low price is due to volume production—Colgate's is the largest-selling dentifrice in the world.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into every tiny crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

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Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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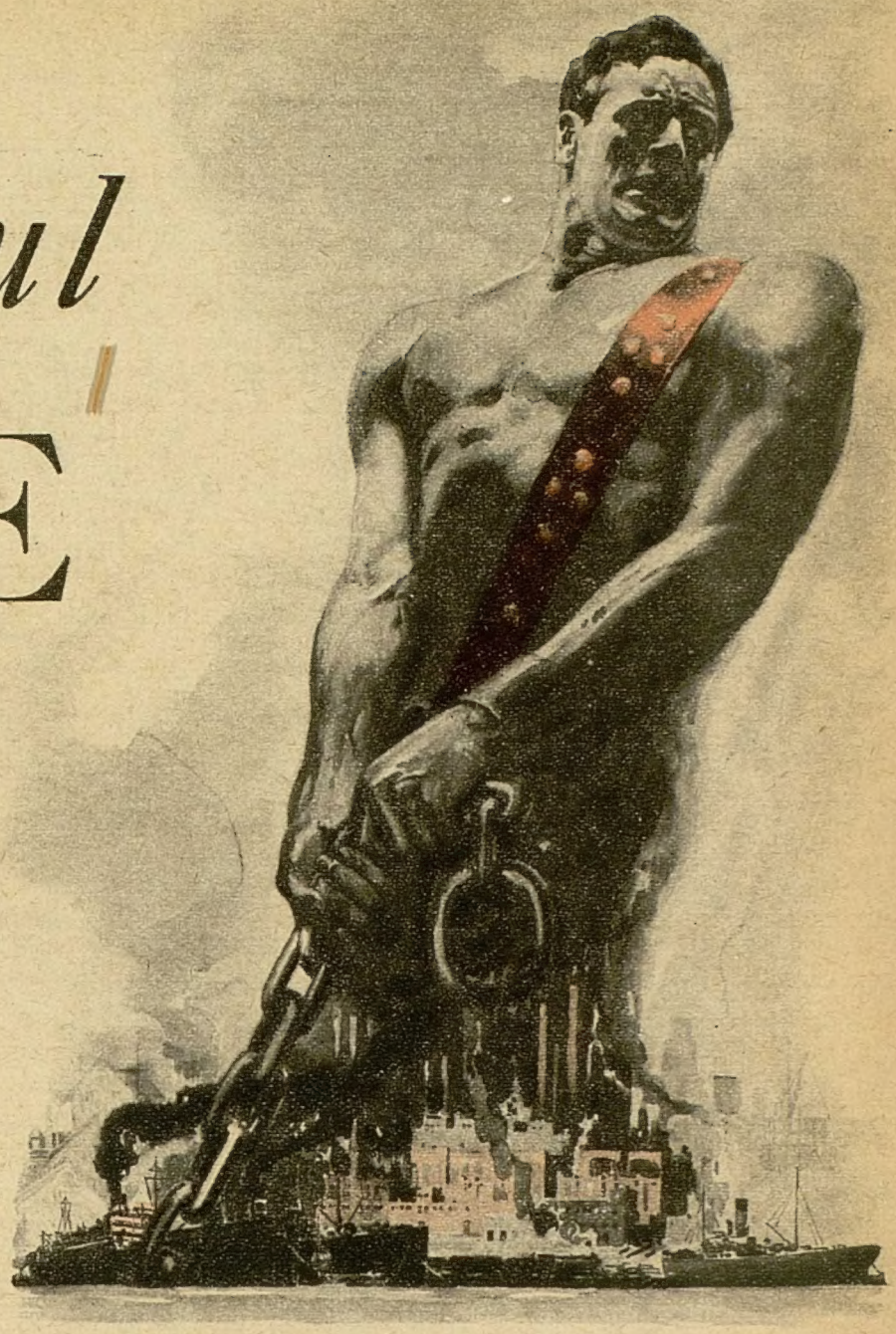
The City of Dreadful NOISE



A Cave Dweller's Complaint

By

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Possibly F. P. A. is most widely known by his initials, since for twenty-five years he has been signing them in New York City to a newspaper "colyum" to which scores of distinguished men and women have contributed, and in which a number of gifted writers first broke into print.

"DOESN'T this noise bother you?"

(1) Yes.

(2) It did at first, but I'm used to it. (a) We never hear it. (b) Nothing bothers me.

(3) No.

In every city in the United States, a nation leading the world in the manufacture of rubber tires, rubber heels, domes of silence, plumbing silencers, pianos equipped with soft pedals, "Silence" and "Quiet, Please" signs for Pullman cars, hotels, and club libraries, the preceding conversation or some variant of it may be heard many times a day. Sometimes it cannot quite be heard.

As one who answers "Yes" to such a question, I have been interested in this theme for many years. I have consulted experts, men who have studied sound and made painstaking research into the effect of noise upon human efficiency—mental, physical, spiritual.

I am a crank on the subject of noise, and I don't care who knows it. I became a crank because my board and lodging—and those of my many extremely dear ones—were dependent upon my setting down on paper a number of words each day. Also, these words (such as they were) have had to be written not later than a certain minute each day. Interruptions worry such workers; noise, sudden and unwonted noise, is an interruption.

My sonophobia, then, is a product of the fear of losing my job, or a fear of poverty. It is no secret to the most unversed psychoanalyst—though I suppose there are a good many psychoanalysts that might be characterized thus—that my most frequent dream is a variant of finding that it is 11:55, and that I have to write, have set in type, proofread, and make up an entire newspaper column before 12 o'clock.

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[THE CITY OF DREADFUL NOISE]
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The most unversed psychoanalyst—and, gentlemen, I am referring to one who I hope needs no introduction—I mean myself—can tell you that that dream means that I have a fear of not being able to have my work done on time, and failure so to do means starvation.

Probably it comes down to a fear of death, but any analyst that charges a nickel to tell me that I have no wish to leave this planet, full of flaws as it is, is a swindler and an impostor.

There is a large part of me, unconnected with the Urge to Work, that hates noise for its own sake.

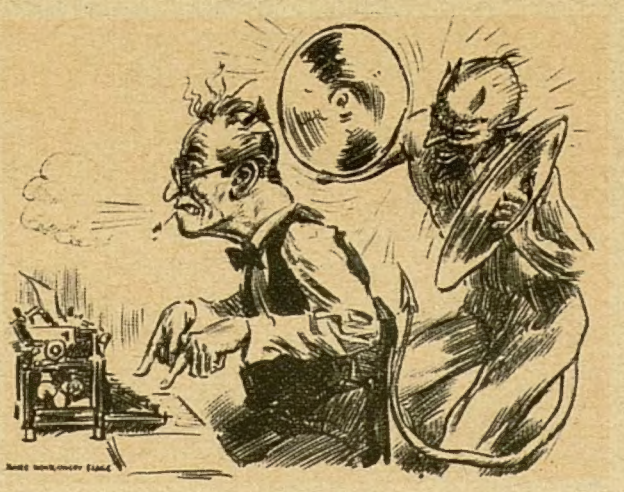
What I hate is the person who makes unnecessary and harmful noise because he is too stupid or too selfish or too inconsiderate not to make it. This feeling intensified leads to insanity, for there are so many persons who so hate noise that they imagine there is a conspiracy of non-silence; that the world spins noisily in space with the sole purpose of annoying them; that the music of the spheres is jazz cacophony and dissonance—paranoisacs you might call them. If you happened to think of it, that is.

"No," he would say, "I've been using stone for years now. If I used that new-fangled stuff I wouldn't know I was writing anything. I've got to hear it. You understand me?"

Sometimes it has seemed to me that the various hammerers, riveters, and other soniferous persons have made an agreement—at times I have thought it was part of their contracts—to keep me from work. It has seemed that at a given signal—that signal being my taking up of a pen—somebody would either break ground for a new building, or tear down an old one, or somebody would begin noisy repairs at the window two feet from my left ear.

It was not merely my delusion of oppression either. For during the ten years that I was staff bard to the New York Evening Mail—an evening paper was an evening paper in those days and you began writing your stuff for the so-called Home Edition, that wasn't on the street until nearly 1 o'clock in the afternoon, at 9 in the morning, and not, as is the way of hodiernal vespertine rags, late in the afternoon a day or two before the date of publication—during that busy decade there were erected in terribly audible distance of my desk, the Western Union Building, the Singer Building, the City Investing Building, and the Woolworth Building.

ALSO they tore down the old Astor House, that old building in front of which the Ragged Dicks and the Tattered Toms of my Algerian boyhood were supposed to have sold papers to or polished the boots of their prospective wealthy but kindly fathers-in-law; that old building which it makes an old New Yorker of me to remember at all, though who that ever had had either an old-fashioned whisky cocktail or a clam chowder at its bar and lunch counter could think of the Astor House without a sigh?



Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg

What I hate is the person who makes unnecessary and harmful noise because he is too stupid or too selfish or too inconsiderate not to make it.

And not only did they tear down the old Astor House, but they also put up another edifice in its place. And to such an obbligato of whistles and steam riveters and hammering of girders and steam shovels as never had been. And I no sooner had moved to the New York Tribune than they began tearing down, ten feet from my second-floor window, the old New York Sun Building. And the Sun Building, with its traditions, was barely cold in the ground, as you might say, when they screeched and banged and woodpeckered a building in its place.

I was a morning-paper boy, but I began work in the afternoon, until I couldn't stand the noise. So I came to work at night. That seemed to give the contractor an idea, so he put a night shift to work on that building.

Now, it is impossible to erect a building, or to carry on the business of a large city, in utter quiet. But it is possible, and it ought to be legally imperative, to conduct city life only as noisily as necessary.

Necessity, of course, is a matter of definition; and the lawyers of the firms and individuals—the less noisy conduct of whose business would cost money—could prove that the noise was necessary. A little quiet, please, while I reconstruct that sentence.

ANY business considers the noise it makes necessary, or, if not necessary, the benefits to be derived from making it less noisy are too expensive and too intangible to install. Such improvements are in the nature of change, and all of us resist change. And most firms and individuals would rather pay an attorney's stiff fee than inaugurate any change of their own accord, either in the interests of public comfort and health or because they believe that noise of some kinds tends to lessen the efficiency of their employees and therefore diminishes their profits.

I can imagine, for instance, a papyrus or maybe a sheepskin salesman approaching one of the letter writers of the stone age—one of those men who hewed his writings on slabs of stone. It is conceivable that such a man, even if it was a short note, made a lot of noise writing. The parchment salesman tells the stone carver that it wouldn't cost much more to use Parcho-Mento, that it would save time, and that there would be less wear and tear on his nerves and the nerves of all those within a boulder's throw of him.

"No," he would say, "I've been using stone for years now. My grandfather on my mother's side—she was a Neanderthal—used stone, too, and what was good enough for him is good enough for me. Why, if I used that new-fangled stuff I wouldn't know I was writing anything. I've got to hear it. You understand me?"

Fantastic? Ask most typists, most authors and reporters who use typewriters how they feel about those typewriters that make less noise than others—let me call it the Nameless.

I have seen dozens of reporters—I can hear three of them this minute clattering away at their stone-age machines—look at my machine in tolerant amazement.

"I couldn't write on one of those things," they say. "Why, if I don't hear those keys I don't know I'm writing anything—I wouldn't feel that I was working."

"Well," I say, "I'd just as soon not know when you are working."

But your noise maker, as a rule, doesn't care a whoop about anybody else. And it is that heedlessness to the health and comfort of others that makes our big cities so unnecessarily and harmfully noisy.

"Am I my brother's shock absorber?" says the noise maker; and yells back his own answer, "No!"

I thought I knew a good deal about city noises, but I found that I was unscientific; there is more—and less, too—to the noise evil than meets the ear.

Experiments have been made, delicate sonometers have been employed in them, the psychology of noise has been studied—not widely enough, I may say, as thus far there has been only one first-rate contribution made to the literature of noise psychology, a monograph written by Professor John L. R. Morgan of Columbia University.

It was from Dr. E. E. Free of New York that I found out the facts about city noises, and it was fascinatingly astonishing to me to find that some of the things I found out were facts and not theories.

For there are many noises in all large cities. New York perhaps is the noisiest city in the world. Yet it contains thousands of buildings—office buildings and dwellings—in whose front rooms the noise is as high as forty-five units (fifty units is what the scientists call half-deafening) and in whose back rooms there is the quiet and calm of the remotest countryside.

It has been proved past any doubt that all noises are not harmful noises. Nor has volume of noise anything to do with efficiency in thought or work. The continuous noise of the New York subway, for example, is terrific. Yet hundreds of thousands of passengers daily are unconscious of it.

They are able to think—assuming they can think away from the subway; they read—I shouldn't wonder if most of the noncommuting city men and women do nearly all their newspaper reading in the subway and elevated cars; and they frequently fall asleep in that great clatter.

For, generally speaking, it may be said that the noise which fails to arouse your interest or imagination is neither harmful nor annoying. When you ride in the subway you do not say to yourself, "If that noise doesn't stop, I'll go crazy."

You hear noise like that with your ear, but not at all with your mind.

If I had to divide noises into the harmful and harmless, I should say that the harmful noises were those that were not rhythmic, that injected a false note or false beat or discord into the general rhythm of life, or rather, the accustomed rhythm of life.

IN the New York Interborough Subway they installed some years ago, in the place of ticket choppers and their boxes, turnstiles. At Château-Thierry, no barrage of 75s that I ever heard was so terrible as the screeching, staccato, irregular banging of those subway turnstiles. At least twice a day I hear them and I am certain that hearing them takes something from me, something that lessens my health and happiness.

I resist the noise. The nickel changers who sit there all day not only appear not to mind the noise, but some of them become so absorbed either in taking a brief nap or in reading some dull tabloid story like Girl Bares Love Pact with Sheik, that I have to yell above the turnstiles' click, "Hey! Change!" The nickel changer's ear is accustomed to the racket; it makes no appeal to his imagination.

I might describe the harmful noises by referring to the man who heard somebody in the flat above hurl a shoe to the floor. "Hey," he cried after about ten minutes of silence, "throw that other shoe and let me get some sleep." Most of the noises that affect us are of the throw-the-other-shoe variety. It is a case of interrupted rhythm.

When Dr. Free made his experiments in many parts of New York City, he found among other things that the noisiest place in town was the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, where Broadway crosses both diagonally.

From 8 in the morning until 6 in the evening the noise here is almost incredible. There is the Sixth Avenue elevated railroad, with a station at Thirty-third Street, so that the noise of trains stopping and starting is great; there are the Sixth Avenue surface cars, the Thirty-fourth Street surface cars, and the Broadway surface cars. And—the most important element in the harmful noises of modern life—there are motor trucks.

For motor trucks, according to Dr. Free—and my nerves and my ears agree with his findings—are the greatest factor in the harmful noise evil. Much of the noise is unnecessary. It is not made by horn blowing—though there is far too much of that—but by loose parts. And loose parts are the result of improper and careless servicing of trucks.

The noisiest spot in New York—Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and Thirty-fourth Street—where the El, three surface lines, and the motor trucks unite in a metropolitan cacophony.

I INTERVIEWED many owners, from those whose concerns owned and operated dozens of trucks to those who owned only one, and broadly this is true:

Most trucks running about the streets of New York—or Chicago, or any other large city—are the property of firms or individuals whose truck fleets are small; most truck owners, that is, own from one to ten trucks. That means that most trucks are carelessly run, operated, and serviced.

A small firm owns two or three trucks; usually they are kept in a public garage, and each truck is cared for by its driver, whose main interest is in making a trip in the quickest possible time. He may not keep his job during the life of the truck, so he cares little about the longevity of the truck.

That the trucks owned by the great department stores and concerns like the American Railway Express are in good condition, run with a minimum of noise, and live longer is ascribable to the fact that they are generally in charge of a man whose sole duty it is to see that they operate at maximum efficiency.

It is also to his interest. It is to nobody's sole interest that the average noisy truck is well cared for.

And as long as there is no law limiting the rattle and bang and roar and cut-out put-put that a car may make, the city noises will not lessen; they will increase.

The surface cars of Manhattan are incredibly noisy. Flat wheels, faulty brakes, running the cars with brakes set, or partly set, useless bell clanging—all these contribute to the city noises.

There is, most persons think, nothing to be done about it. Your lawmaker and your health department official usually live where these noises do not disturb them; complaints generally are made by people sometimes rightly, often wrongly, called cranks.

There *is* something to be done about it. About twenty years ago, for example, Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, living on Riverside Drive, New York, was annoyed by what seemed to her the unnecessary blowing of tugboat whistles. These whistles were audible to residents in the vicinage of Riverside Drive; they kept them awake. Mrs. Rice organized the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise.

She did, I think, most of the work. She called on the Mayor and the Collector of the Port and the Committee on Rivers and Harbors and the master tugmen and the whistlers' union and I don't know whom all.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CITY OF DREADFUL NOISE
Continued from page nine]

Maybe she made herself a nuisance. I am convinced now that if you want to get anything done legally, if you want to have an ordinance passed, you have to make yourself a nuisance. I suppose more laws beneficial to health have been passed because some official wanted to get rid of somebody he thought a nuisance than because the official had a deep conviction that the public health was part of his immediate job.

Mrs. Rice accomplished a good deal for New York's health. Her monument, *ære perennius*, endures in the blue and white signs near all New York hospitals—the Zone of Quiet signs. How long ago this reform was instituted is shown in the fact that signs said Walk Your Horses—Make No Unnecessary Noise.

What she did to make the Fourth of July "sane" in New York is another chapter in the History of Noises.

Of course there are few arrests of noise makers. The police aren't much interested in such petty things. You are kept awake, for instance, by somebody across the areaway who is hurling a party. At 2 A. M. the singing and playing are terrific; it is unrhythmic. and it uses up your energy because you wonder, among other things, when it will cease; and you are angry that people can be so maliciously inconsiderate.

You call the police at 2:30. The desk sergeant takes your name and address; he wants to know whom you are lodging the complaint against; though probably you don't know; perhaps he sends an officer to your house.

By the time the officer comes, the noise may have lessened or stopped altogether. Maybe he does tell the people to be quiet. It is even conceivable that he may arrest somebody for being a public nuisance.

But then you have to appear in court a week or so later. Your indignation at the noise maker is less by that time. You are convinced that unless you have nothing else to do you cannot take the time and energy necessary to lessen the noise evil by the fining of a single offender.

So when the radio next door turns on the Little Giant Ash Receiver Jazz Orchestra you don't complain. When the people upstairs move the furniture every night from 1 to 2 A. M. you let it go at that.

Who it was I forget, but I think it was Dorothy Parker, was watching a vaudeville tumbling act called the Six Flying Rosenbergs. They pyramided, they jumped about on the stage, coming down with great jumps that shook the theater.

"Now," she said, "I know who lives in the flat above."

IN all large cities complaint is made about the noise of the steam-riveting machines. They are ear-splitting, nerve-racking, and distracting, but they are almost negligible as harmful noise makers. For they do not continue forever, like a traffic stream of loose-part cars. Eventually that skyscraper or that apartment building next to your desk or your bed does get put up, and you forget the noise. It is even likely that before the rat-tat-tat-tat stops you may become somewhat accustomed to it.

Perhaps a man who operates a steam riveter may be kept awake for hours by the flapping of a window shade or the buzzing of a mosquito. Such things appeal to his imagination, and he wonders how long that mean old shade is going to flap, or that malicious old mosquito will buzz.

A man may work—I am writing this paragraph—one foot from a grand piano in full flight, provided the person playing plays well. Of course, this really is no lady player; it's my wife. And she does play well, though I say it that shouldn't say anything else.

But it is maddening to try to work near a piano when the annoyer is practicing and making mistakes, or getting the rhythm wrong. Dr. Free himself told me that a number of persons may be carrying on a conversation in audible tones, so that every word may be distinguished, and unless you are interested in the conversation—and if it is like most conversations I don't see how you can be—it will not appreciably affect your efficiency. Only if part of the talk is low and part of it loud do you try to piece out the whole business, much to the detriment of the work in hand.

AND—which is to me the most interesting part of the city noise question—science, psychology, and my experience tell me that certain noises, instead of being detrimental to work, are stimulating. It is like this: A worker—I am talking about a mental worker now, to whom concentration is essential—hearing noise while he is at work, may resist it for an instant, but he knows that he has to use extra effort to overcome that apparent handicap. So he does it.

The average first-class newspaper man can write a better story in a room with countless typewriters clacking and many telegraph instruments clicking and other reporters and city editors shouting "Copy!" than he can in the quiet of his home.

A stenographer noted for her accuracy told me that she makes no mistakes when she works in an office where there are constant noises, such as conversation and telephone bells; that when she takes work home, where there isn't a sound, her margin of error is higher.

She fights the noise; unconsciously she says, "I must keep my mind to the work." What happens is that the worker among noises has to consume more food; but the work, in quality or quantity, unless the noise is horrible and unusual, suffers not a bit.

I was just a little sorry to find all this out, for I have always petted and cotton-wooled myself a little on the noise question. I have tried for twenty-five years, with annually decreasing success, I may add, to have a quiet office. At present, six inches from my right ear is the society department, a garrulous and telephoning lot of girls if I *ever* heard such. One foot from my left ear is the dramatic department, who are no gluttons for laconicism, either.

Wonderful and inspired my work is not—I leave it to my best friends—but it is no worse and no less when I work at home, where every prospect pleases and there is a Shhh-Papa-is-working about the house.

And that house is, I submit, the quietest in the great noisy city. For to the rear, and opposite my bedroom, is the playing room of the Marshall Chess Club. If you haven't seen them, you don't know how quiet a lot of chess players can be. They apparently have no window shades—maybe the flapping annoys them—and often, when we leave for the theater at about 8 o'clock, we see a man with a pawn or a gambit—correct me if I'm wrong—poised as if to make a move, and when we come home at 11:25, there he is still trying to decide.

In the preparation of this article I interviewed many workers in the arts. Most of them said they didn't like noise, and let it go at that. Far more specific was Mr. Deems Taylor, the gifted composer of The King's Henchman, who in his day was no mean music critic.

"Gray," he said, "had the right idea."

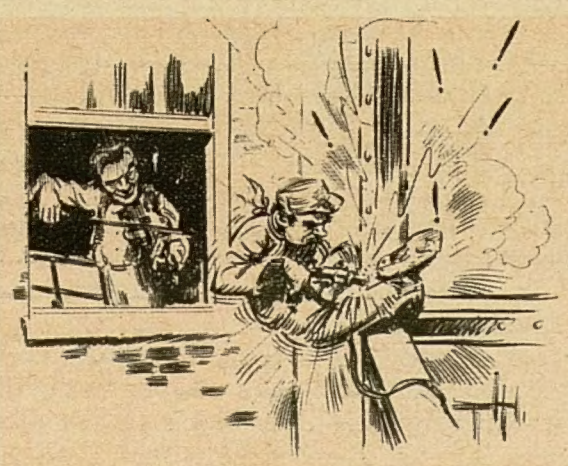
"Specify," I said, knowing that was what he wanted me to say.

"Well," said Mr. Taylor, "Gray wrote:

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

"That," said Mr. Taylor, "is my favorite kind of tenor."

THE END



Picture by James Montgomery Flagg

I should say that the harmful noises were those that were not rhythmic, that injected a false note or false beat or discord into the rhythm of life.

Human Interest

The Story of a Money-Master's Little Glimpse of Love

By

PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG

Pictures by ROBERT W. CROTHER

"Hello, there, Bessie," said Coman. It was almost as if he had known her.

THE first time that Coman spoke to Jim he was merely trying to impress the other passengers with his democracy.

"Well, how are you this morning?" he asked heartily, beaming across at the operator.

And when he emerged from the elevator at the twenty-eighth floor Coman was saying to himself: "It's not every man in my position would show an interest in a fellow like that. It made an impression, too. I'll have to do it again."

But the next time he rode in Jim's elevator Coman did not even see him. He was preoccupied, impatient, and frowning, with much upon his mind. Jim brought the car to a deft stop and smiled as he slid back the door. Coman strode out as if he were angry.

His firm, Coman, Clabaugh & Co., is familiar enough to those who follow financial affairs. To those who do not, perhaps the two words, "Wall Street," with all the vague but impressive notions of Big Money which they instantly conjure up, will be sufficient. Henry Coman was a personage in Wall Street; not so mighty as he would have liked to be, but far from a minor figure.

His ambition was to be known as a wizard of finance, to reach the legendary heights from which any words he chose to utter would instantly roll on to the front pages of newspapers the nation over. He would have city editors order their shrewdest reporters, "Go see what Coman has to say; see if you can't get him to talk," whenever matters of moment were happening in the world of money. To the man on the street, the ordinary mortals, the countless fellows like Jim, he would be a familiar yet awe-inspiring name. Special writers would interview him for the great national magazines.

Bluff old Vanderbilt with his "public be damned" was a figure Coman could relish and wish to emulate. Even "The Wolf of Wall Street" was a name he rather envied, for it spelled picturesque power which appealed to the imagination. But Coman knew that the old order had changed. One must be a benevolent wizard today, a professed champion of the homely virtues, one who hopes —or seems to hope—for the time when all the public will be prosperous little capitalists. Above all, one must be known as a human being like anybody else; one must rise from poverty, enjoy apple pie, be embarrassed by the spotlight, and love his fellow man.

So Coman set out to love Jim, the elevator operator. Some day, when he had reached the heights, a smart reporter searching for human interest would talk to Jim and then tell the world what a big-hearted regular fellow the mighty wizard was. The matter would be cited in Bible classes and inspirational speeches. Common people would glow at the telling of it.

But becoming a financial giant is not a simple matter. Wall Street is filled with men who would be financial giants. The competition keeps one guessing, and often Coman would ride in morose, forbidding silence from the first to the twenty-eighth floor.

But whenever his mind was at leisure to remember his love, he always spoke to Jim.

"Well, how's business today?" There was a real touch of humor in that one, he thought.

"Oh, up and down, Mr. Coman."

"Market's rather skittish, eh?" He glanced from Jim to the other passengers and saw that they were smiling. "Better hold on tight, then, and watch to see how she breaks."

"Can't afford to have any breaks in this business," said Jim. "It's too far down to the bottom! Nineteenth floor. Up? Going up!"

COMAN, wearing a studied smile, watched him carry on his simple transaction. One passenger alighted and another, a clerk wearing sleeve protectors, entered to take his place. Jim had broken exactly even in his deal on the nineteenth floor!

He passed whole days doing nothing but this—a lifetime spent in darting up and down a narrow vertical shaftway. Coman wondered how old he was. Forty-five, perhaps; rather spare in build for a man in middle age. His features were mild and amiably weak—an obliging sort of face. On the lapel of his uniform coat he wore a pink carnation.

"Oh, that?" He squinted down at the flower and grinned. "The missus gimme that this morning. 'Here, Jim,' she says, 'it's your wedding anniversary—your twenty-third wedding anniversary.' And then she pinned the flower on me. She's crazy like a fox, ain't she! Now I *can't* forget to bring her home a present!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HUMAN INTEREST
Continued from page eleven]

The car stopped at the twenty-eighth floor, but Henry Coman paused before he left it.

"Congratulations," he said pompously and extended his hand. "Many happy returns of the day. Ah—smoke?" He passed Jim a good cigar.

In his office, defended against trivial intrusion by a rampart of clerks and secretaries, the thought of Jim still lingered in his mind. Somehow he felt amazed by what he had heard. The mild little elevator man had suddenly doubled, and there in the background was revealed a wife. Coman wondered about his wages. A hundred and fifty a month, perhaps—and two of them to live on it! It might be there also were children. Poor people usually had them.

And then it occurred to Coman that here was a splendid opportunity to be that lovable human fellow whom smart reporters would one day write of. He dispatched a clerk to buy a box of candy, and when he departed for the day he let one elevator pass so he might descend in Jim's. Coman saw with satisfaction that it was fairly well filled with passengers.

"Here's a little present I want you to take home to your wife. Wish her many happy returns of the day—remember? Twenty-three years, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, Mr. Coman. I don't know how to thank you. Twenty-three years married—yes, sir. We was married twenty-three years today."

He seemed as confused as a little old woman who's found a handkerchief. At first he didn't know where to put the package. He stooped to set it on the floor at his feet, but it looked much too handsome for that. Then he glanced wildly around the elevator for a shelf that was not there. He shot past a called floor and had to return. In the end he clapped the package between his knees while he brought his car safely into haven.

"Yes, sir, two of 'em," he was saying. "Boy and a girl. Bessie's a beauty to look at. They all say she looks like Clara Bow. Good night, Mr. Coman. Thank you, sir, for the present. Many happy returns—I'll tell her."

Henry Coman had made his first investment in human interest, and he felt rather pleased with himself. It was strange how similar women were. Mrs. Coman had never pinned a carnation in his buttonhole, but she always managed to convey the idea that something more permanent than a kiss was due on their wedding day. "She's crazy like a fox, ain't she!" Coman chuckled softly in the cab as it turned into Broadway.

Bessie had slipped away, but now she reappeared in anoth

THE elevator soared and fell; a hundred times a day it achieved the heights, only to descend to the depths from which it came. Once, in the space of a rise and fall, Coman made $20,000.

Meanwhile Jim's life was becoming a gradually connected thread of narrative in the financier's mind. On one trip to the twenty-eighth floor he learned that Jim lived in West Fifty-first Street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues—he even learned the number. Again, descending of an afternoon, he found that Jim's wife was named Polly, "and talks just like one, too." His son Aloysius had a job as subway guard; he was now working on the Lenox Avenue line, which meant he saw Negroes aplenty. As for Bessie, who reminded Jim of Polly in her younger days, though Bessie was better looking—well, Bessie hoped to quit her counter at Macy's and become an usherette at the Colony. Bessie was now turned nineteen years, and she'd look slick as anything in one of those uniform suits. Besides, she'd see the shows for nothing, and there was all that pretty music while she worked.

In the course of countless trips up and down that same smooth shaft Coman came to know Jim's family rather intimately. It was curious how parallel, in a domestic way, their lives had run. Coman, a year older than Jim, had been married almost as long. He also had two children, a son and a daughter, the latter the same age as Bessie. When he tried to picture his own girl as an usherette in a movie theater, it gave him quite a turn.

But there was no denying that Jim's family was more—well, friendly. Polly's activities centered around their flat, whereas Mrs. Coman's were dissipated all over the map from Santa Barbara to the Lido, from golf and horses to theater and drawing-room. As for his children—now that he came to consider the matter—Coman seldom saw them.

He felt lonesome this evening, and there didn't seem any help for it. His wife and daughter were going to the opera; Coman, after a wearing day downtown, could not have borne the strain of it. His son was away at college. His closest cronies were golfing in Florida. A boxing card would have suited his mood, but the Garden was dark this evening.

Then Coman thought of Jim in his West Fifty-first Street flat. He went there by taxi—across Fifth Avenue in all its smugness, across Sixth like a poor relation, across the myriad lights of Seventh and of Broadway, across Eighth Avenue burrowing like a mole to make its subway, across Ninth with its straddling L tracks. The street was alive with children playing, for all the chilly rawness of the evening.

Coman entered a dim-lit hallway and climbed a carpetless staircase. The air was strong with homely odors—boiled clothes and cooked things, soup and fish and cab-

ss. *The arms were bare and pretty to look at.*

bage, the smell of moonshine mash. A boy rushed past him down the steps, a chunk of bread crowded to his mouth. A thick, surly man pushed out through a door, eyed Coman distrustfully as he lumbered by, went heavily down the stairs. He heard an accordion whine and the strident sounds of scolding.

"That's Bob," came a voice after Coman had knocked. The door was opened and a pair of brown eyes went wide at the sight of such an imposing-looking stranger.

"Hello there, Bessie," said Coman. It was almost as if he had known her.

"Hello." She hesitated uncertainly, then closed the door behind her so as to face him alone in the hall. "Well?" she challenged in a guarded voice, looking at him, puzzled.

"Isn't your father in?"

"Ye-e-es."

"Will you tell him a friend's come to see him?"

"Oh, you want to see *dad!*" She pushed open the door with a little laugh. "I thought—I was sure I didn't know you."

JIM came forward in his shirt sleeves, collarless and comfortable looking, his suspenders soiled with long and faithful service. There was a pipe in his mouth and a haze of smoke in the air. For a moment Coman thought that the pipe alone was the cause of it, and then he saw the kitchen range like a peacefully steaming volcano.

"My eye, it's Mr. Coman!"

The financier was aware of a startled gasp and he glimpsed Bessie's staring eyes. "Come right on in," Jim was saying. "Polly! It's Mr. Coman."

"Good land! Well, take the gentleman's hat for him, can't you, and help him off with his coat? Good land, it's you, Mr. Coman! I've heard aplenty about you, but I never thought to see you. Jim, for God's sake, get a chair, the one with the cushion."

It was Bessie who took his overcoat and placed it carefully over a hanger. Through an open door he saw her remove a dress of her own to make room for it. A cute little creature, thought Coman; he decided he liked her immensely. And then, in the back of his mind, he was thinking what a fine human anecdote this would some day make for the papers.

"I thought I'd drop around and pay you a visit. Jim here has told me so much about you."

"Did you come in your car?"

"Bessie!"

"No," Coman laughed. "Mrs. Coman took the car and I had to find a taxi."

"What kind of car do you drive?"

"*Bessie!*" shouted her mother.

"To tell the truth, I don't. I've never driven a car in my life. Now, how is that for ignorance!"

"I know; you've got a chauffeur."

Her eyes sparkled as they met his gaze, and something stirred in Coman's blood. How amazing that Jim, simple, mild old Jim, should have such a pert, pretty daughter!

BESSIE frowned as a knock sounded at the door. For a minute there was the low hum of talk in the hallway, and then she returned with a "that's that" sort of expression.

"That's Bob, hey?" asked Jim. "Ain't you asking him in?"

"I'm not going out tonight."

"Ain't going out!" Here, apparently, was an unprecedented thing in the affairs of the house of Jim.

"No, I ain't going out," she mimicked him.

"Well! What's up between you and Bob?"

"Nothing—nor any gloom if there was." Her brown eyes looked boldly at the financier. "It ain't every night Mr. Coman comes to see us!"

Coman felt strangely exhilarated. Polly suggested that he take off his coat and be comfortable, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to sit in his shirt sleeves in the warmth of the kitchen and gossip with Jim and his family. Polly spoke gratefully of the anniversary candy—"the best I ever did eat." Coman put a handful of cigars on the table and struck a match for his host. Jim mentioned their homemade beer and bade Bessie fetch some bottles from the window.

"Well, here's to the numbers!" he said solemnly, holding his glass before him.

"Numbers? I don't get that."

"Good land, ain't you heard of the numbers? Well, I sometimes wish that Jim hadn't. It's been five months this coming Tuesday since he won."

"That just shows I'm pretty near due," Jim nodded sagely. "Tomorrow I think I'll play a dime. . . . On 106," he added after a moment of grave reflection.

Jim's enthusiasm was boundless as he explained the speculation of numbers. Why, hundreds of thousands in Manhattan were playing them every day—all the way from two cents up to fifty or even a dollar. At least two-score in the very office building where he and Coman transacted their daily affairs.

Each morning, barring Sunday, a "runner" came and surreptitiously collected your investment. You gave him a three-figured number with your nickel or dime or quarter. The winning numeral would be found early that afternoon on the financial page of any evening paper. It was a combination composed from the three totals contained in the daily Clearing House statement.

"A nickel pays thirty dollars, taking off ten per cent for the runner. That leaves you twenty-seven dollars, see? That's what I won five months ago coming Tuesday."

"On 639," nodded Polly. "He won on 639. Of course it had to be a day when he just played only a nickel!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HUMAN INTEREST
Continued from page thirteen]

"I'll make it a dime tomorrow. A dime pays fifty-four dollars."

"Why don't *you* take a chance, Mr. Coman?"

The man who would be a financial wizard almost choked on his beer. So Wall Street was more than a jousting field for money giants. The Clearing House totals appeared in round millions only. Big Business rolled them together day by day, and here, hanging eagerly on the outcome, were countless humble investors like Jim with their nickels and dimes and pennies! They were more concerned, indeed, with the financial page than downtown's grandest brokers flanked with tickers. Coman made a calculation. The winning number paid six hundred times the investment, but the odds were a thousand to one against it. Someone was making an easy piece of money—that was certain.

Bessie had slipped away, but now she reappeared in another dress. The arms were bare and pretty to look at, so that Coman knew a fleeting sense of sadness at so much youth and so much eager beauty. Her skirt was short and its stuff of a trashy thinness—and yet, with herself inside it, it seemed a lovely thing.

"Good land, she's put her best dress on!"

"Oh, mom, for heaven's sakes, hush."

"Mr. Coman, I ask you, what do you think she paid for that piece of fly net?"

"Mom! You just keep still!"

"It looks pretty nice on her, I say, no matter what it cost."

"It's not the stuff to be paying money for in January," Polly grumbled. "She goes around in next to nothing. Look at that!" and she slapped her hand on Bessie's hip just to prove that she spoke the truth. "What this girl ought to buy is a good warm coat."

Again something stirred in Coman's blood and he said, "A good warm *fur* coat." He caught his breath, seeing Bessie's eyes. That pert little, pretty little creature was either very wise or very innocent. But does one smile like that who is so very innocent? All the wisdom of the world, of Eve and the wife of Uriah and that red-headed woman of Troy, seemed to be caught in this smile of hers, seemed deep in her half-closed eyes.

THERE were six empty bottles on the table, and Coman felt warm and mellow.

"Here, Jim, a fresh cigar."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Coman."

"Oh, call me Henry. It's shorter."

"Sure, Henry—and you're a good fellow." They shook hands and enjoyed a hearty chuckle.

"Can I call you Henry, too?"

"Bessie!"

"You certainly can. You can call me Henry all you want to."

The wise little, pretty little creature. Now *she* was shaking his hand, and just in the touch of those slim little fingers seemed the closest of understandings.

"What I've got in mind," came Jim's mild voice, "is to play a dollar on the winning number. When I have the hunch I'm going to win I'll back it with a dollar, see? A dollar pays six hundred, taking off ten per cent. I've got it all worked out. Ten per cent of six hundred is sixty; six hundred minus sixty is five forty. That's the way to get rich in a hurry—run a dollar up to five hundred and forty. Bessie, I'll get you that coat then."

She winked at Coman and sniggered.

"Where was your hunch at the day you played just a nickel on 639?" Jim's wife desired to know.

"I had it all right, only I didn't go and back it."

"What I'm going to do," said Coman, "is knock Wall Street into a cocked hat one of these days. I'm going to put over a deal that will take their breath away."

It seemed to Coman the most romantic moment in all his practical life.

"Henry, I'll be so proud!"

"Bessie, don't you talk so fresh. We'll be awfully glad, Mr. Coman."

"I don't know but I'll play *two* dollars," came Jim's voice, rapt in a vision.

. . . . .

It all seemed so unreal to Coman in the chill bright light of morning. Riding down Park Avenue to the office, he kept thinking of his evening's visit as an incredulous, wonderful dream. He alternately smiled and frowned at thought of it. One incident kept recurring—or could it be called an incident? In a way it seemed to Coman the most romantic moment in all his coldly practical life. There they had stood in the shadows of the doorway, and her warm little arm had been tight around his neck, and she had kissed him so sort of fiercely!

How it happened he scarcely knew, but he was aware of rash things said and promised. Another couple had been loitering in the hallway, out of the wind which swept in chill from Jersey, but Bessie in her wisdom had said not to let them scare him. "They're too busy to notice anybody else"—that's what she'd told him. And then, flushed and singing inside him, he'd stepped out upon the sidewalk. He walked home as if on air. Dark shapes of couples stood in doorways, and he had smiled at them. It was potent beer Jim's Polly brewed, and potent magic lurking there in the eyes of Jim's girl Bessie.

ANOTHER thing recurred to Coman—the sudden sense of emptiness when he entered his own rich dwelling. The smoky little kitchen in West Fifty-first Street had seemed so very cheery beside it! There lay warmth and laughter and romance. And here—well, here was reality.

Again Coman frowned at his chauffeur's bearskin collar. He'd have to face the reality. It would be pleasant enough to give Bessie a neat fur coat, and cute she would look in it, too. But a fur coat, or *any* coat, has just one meaning when presented by a rich man to a pert and pretty young woman. Why, a fur coat is the conventional gift in just such cases—the standard mistress' brand mark.

Here would be a pretty item indeed for that smart reporter, intent on human interest, to find in the great man's ledger!

The thought made Coman sweat. He decided to avoid Jim's elevator, but instead he strode boldly into it.

"Morning, Jim." He hoped he didn't look shamefaced. "How's the good family this morning?"

"Fine and dandy, Mr. Coman."

"I certainly enjoyed our evening. Little Bessie—she reminds me of my own little daughter." His face felt rather hot. "Just the same age, too."

"She looks like Clara Bow. Eighteen—out. Mebbe you noticed?"

"Yes, yes," Coman answered largely. "I was thinking, Jim, wouldn't the three of you enjoy a show tonight? I'd like to get you some tickets."

That, he told himself, would be the best procedure. No incriminating fur coat; but he could see that they had some occasional harmless presents like theater tickets or candy. True, he'd virtually promised a coat, but he'd make it up in small things. Bessie would understand, he thought. This is a world of realities.

A week passed, and then in his mail he found this letter:

"DEAR, DEAR HENRY:

"We enjoyed the show so much, I nearly laughed my silly little head off at the harem scene, and the dancing and music was wonderful. But I missed you Henry, or ought I to say Mr. Coman. It sounds so far away, and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

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Milky Way

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KNOWN in Europe for years

AMERICANS returning from Europe first brought news of La Lasine, the famous French antiseptic that is pleasant, can be used full strength, and which kills germs almost instantly. Research shows it particularly suited for use in the mouth because of its lasting effects.

La Lasine has been used abroad for twenty-five years. During the war and during epidemics, European military and Red Cross Hospitals, governments and Royal Households naturally depended on La Lasine. And now it comes to America—new, yet tested by time—in answer to the growing demand those here who know La Lasine have created. Get one of the modern flasks or bottles today at your druggist's.

Economy and convenience
in these Smart Flasks and Bottles

Purse or Vest pocket flask—INTRODUCTORY (1½ oz.)	10c
Traveling Flask, lies flat in luggage (5 oz.)	35c
Home size (round bottle). More for your money (10 oz.)	65c
Hospital and Family Size (round bottle) Most economical where quantities are used (20 oz.)	$1.00

Each flask and bottle has a large Bakelite screw-cap top

A Bit of France for your Bathroom Shelf

COUPON

La Lasine International, Inc.
56 West 45th St., N.Y. (D-9-14-29)

Gentlemen: Please send me generous sized introductory flask of La Lasine. I enclose 10c.

Name (Print).....

Address.....

City.....

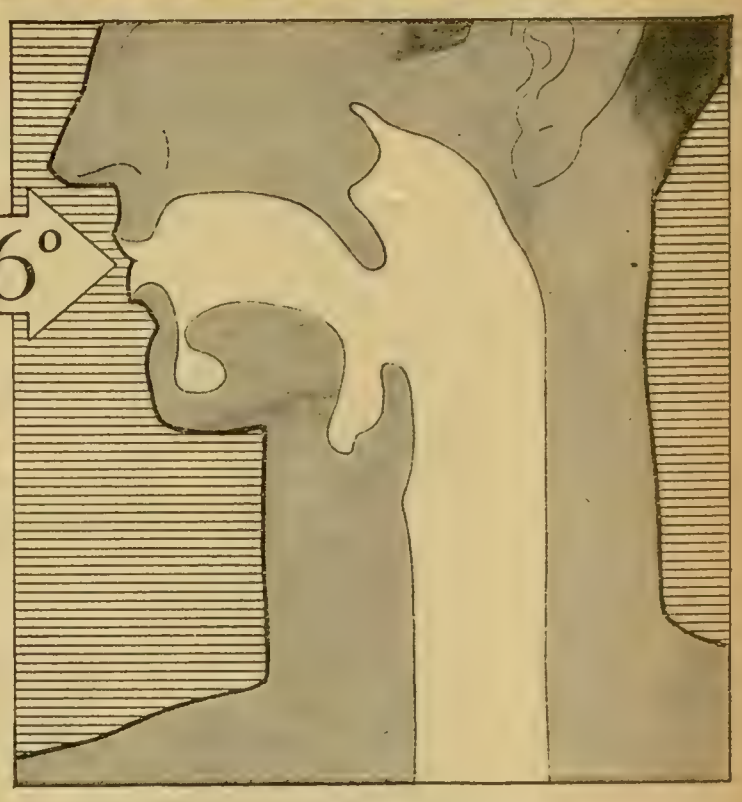
State.....

PRONOUNCED LA LASEEN

LA

The ONE sure method to

A STARTLING FACT WE ALL MUST FACE



At mouth temperature FOOD DECAYS

80 square inches inside your mouth where decay bacteria thrive

When It's 98 degrees in the Shade it's hot!

AFTER every meal, a thin food film forms over the 80 square inches of membrane inside your mouth. The water you drink does not affect it—this tenacious food film clings to the membrane. No matter how conscientiously you brush your teeth, there still remains this 80 square inches of food film. Your tooth brush never reaches this area and cannot clean it. Only one thing can happen to food film at 98.6 degrees—*decay!* Not only does it produce the repulsive odor of all decomposing organic matter, but at mouth temperature decay bacteria thrive. And this unhygienic condition occurs in the area most vital to health, where physicians warn that 30 diseases start!

30 diseases start here

Research at the Academy of Medicine reveals the fact that there are fifty common diseases. Of these thirty find their origin in the respiratory system. They are:

Aortic	Influenza	Scarlet Fever
Arthritis	Laryngitis	Sinusitis
Asthma	Leprosy	Small Pox
Bronchitis	Measles	Sore Throat
Catarrh	Parotitis	Tonsilitis
Chicken Pox	Pleurisy	Tuberculosis
Common Colds	Pleuro-Pneumonia	Typhoid
Croup	Phthisis	Typhoid-Pneumonia
Diphtheria	Pneumonia	Whooping Cough
Erysipelas	Rhinitis	
Grippe		

La Lasine Ends Food Film

Quickly evaporating antiseptics, such as have been heretofore known in America, merely cover up temporarily food film odor. La Lasine, however, by its secret European formula, acts in a new and fundamental way. By its amazing ability to mix with mouth secretions, La Lasine cleanses the membrane, kills decay bacteria, and stimulates the natural flow of saliva. The medication-holding deposit La Lasine leaves on the membrane of mouth and throat not only removes food film, but actually gives protection for hours after.

A Quick Way To A Film-Free Mouth With La Lasine

Just give your mouth a quick rinse with La Lasine. In just a quarter of the time it takes to brush your teeth, your mouth will be *clean!* You only need to hold La Lasine in your mouth a moment—it spreads instantaneously, and quickly does its work. For hours after, you will notice the *clean* feeling that tells you your mouth is free from food film. Use La Lasine regularly every day. Be free from the consequences of food film—unhygienic condition where disease starts—offensive odor which can hinder your success and spoil your happiness.

U. S. Government WARNING

"Food Kept Above 50° Is Not Safe!"

To fully realize just what a food film in your mouth means, all you have to do is think of your ice-box when the ice has melted. The U. S. Government, through the Department of Agriculture warns that "the compartment in which food is stored must be kept below 50° if *rapid growth of harmful microorganisms is to be avoided.* As soon as the temperature rises *a single degree* above 50° F the activity of bacteria becomes noticeably increased." Is it any wonder, then, that thousands are now turning to La Lasine for protection against Food Film?

LASINE

prevent FOOD DECAY in the mouth

[HUMAN INTEREST
Continued from page fourteen]

I don't want you to be far away, I was wishing you were sitting right beside me at the show. Aren't you going to see me soon??? My but isn't the weather cold these days, I'm nearly frozen to death.

"Your little girl friend,

"BESSIE."

Coman reread it twice, smiling a bit as he did so, but vaguely sad as well. The little witch—how delightfully artful her phrasing! For a while he sat there, gazing out the window at a trio of sea gulls wheeling near Trinity's spire. The remembrance of her kisses lay strong upon him, and he was sorely tempted. But in the end he bought three tickets and gave them, with a box of candy, to Jim. He had been too busy, he told him, to pay them another visit.

Bitter winds swept up the bay and made Manhattan cower among its buildings. Cordell Saberle ordered out his private car and organized a stag party. Eight of 'em; they'd run down to Biloxi for a balmy week of golf beside the gulf. "Sure," said Coman, turning his back on Wall Street. This rest was just what he needed.

The week stretched to a fortnight. Then home he came, feeling fit and cheerful, ready to war anew on Money. There was a swing in his step as he strode through the door from the sidewalk. A jovial greeting stood poised on his lips for Jim.

"Halloo, old fellow! By George—" And then he saw it, the black band on the arm that started the car.

"Bessie," Jim mumbled, nodding. "Last Monday—four in the morning. . . . Over at Bellevue," he added.

As from a far distance he heard a voice say, "Fifteenth, please," and Jim's obedient, "Yes, sir." The mild fellow's eyes were wet with tears, and he looked so slight and weaklike standing before the controller.

"Pneumonia," Jim answered his shocked interrogation. "*Double* pneumonia. It took her like a bullet. The weather's been like zero."

The elevator started and stopped, started and stopped, and the door clanged shut and open. Passengers jostled past Henry Coman, standing at Jim's elbow like a great dog rebuked and sorry. A fifth time the door slid open.

"Here's your floor, Mr. Coman."

"No, I'll keep on going."

AT the top, his journey ended, Jim said, "She wouldn't wear next to nothing—no woolens or stuff like that. Bessie was always one for pretty things. She didn't get that coat."

Coman started. What coat was that, he wondered, and his face went suddenly crimson.

"For eighteen-fifty, down on Sixth Avenue. Polly made Aloysius give her the money out of his pay. But she kept putting off the buying of it. Said there was a lot prettier coat she figured on getting."

The car started down its shaftway in quest of further cargo.

"Bessie had a will of her own, poor baby. The coat wasn't nice enough for her."

Still Coman stayed at his elbow, held there as if by a magnet. They reached the main floor with its atmosphere of bustle, and a new crowd surged aboard. Some of them were laughing at a wisecrack made by the starter. Bill Storm of Eggleston, Storm & Sanders seized Coman's hand and said he was glad to see him.

"Have a good time down South?"

"Fair enough," declared Coman.

"Golf and cocktails and sunshine, and we had liked to frozen! Pretty soft for you, Henry! What you looking so glum for?"

"Bad news," he managed to answer.

"Why, the market—"

"The hell with the market!"

"Well, I'm sorry," Storm said, nettled.

Jim had stayed off the job for three days, until after the funeral on Wednesday. Why hadn't he notified Coman of his trouble? Well, he'd thought of doing so, remembering what a good friend he'd been to all the family, but he didn't like to spoil his little vacation. Coman's voice got strained and husky, so he scarcely dared to speak.

It was at the top, after their fourth trip, that he put an arm around Jim's shoulder.

"I want to stand all the expense of it—the funeral, the church, and the rest. I wish to God I had been here with you. I want to stand all the expense."

"Thank you, Henry, thank you." He was glad Jim called him Henry. "There won't be any need of it. You know the numbers? I won the day she come down with it—fifty cents on 582. That give me two hundred and seventy dollars, enough to pay for everything.

"But I'm certainly much obliged to you, Henry," Jim said as they started downward.

SOMETIMES as he sat in his office, busy with affairs of money, stocks and bonds would stand aside for a vision of bright eyes and lips so artfully tempting. Bessie, dead! That vivid, warm little creature, cold and lifeless! There were times when it seemed a thing past all believing, and Coman would stare into space as he dumbly wondered.

So wise of the world she'd been, and yet so innocent. The thought of it brought an ache which dully hurt him—little Bessie trustfully waiting for the coat he dared not give her. In a way he had actually killed her! Through the partition glass he watched the stock quotations thrown upon the screen in the outer office. The ticker clicked on; the sales record flashed before him; and Coman, his eyes upon it, read only the words, "I killed her!"

Once, the evening of his return, he had gone into West Fifty-first Street to offer her mother his sympathy. Children played on the pavement, and beside the gutters were little bonfires burning. His taxi halted in front of the entry where her arms had been tight around him. Ghosts of foolish promises hovered there in the shadows. He thought of the kitchen with its steaming stove, of the mean little flat, of the emptiness now within it.

"Go on," he had ordered the driver. "I'm not stopping. I've changed my mind."

Again the world of reality claimed him. Bessie, who might have been an usherette, was a modest mound in a place beyond the Bronx. Sometimes, remorseful, he sent her flowers; so that Jim, seeing them there on a Sunday, would choke a bit as he thanked him. Great battles raged in the narrow street of money, and Coman's brow was furrowed. One day, in the rise and fall of Jim's elevator, he made forty thousand dollars.

But that was merely a little sample of what Henry Coman would do. On a morning late in spring, when the sun smiled bright on the upper bay, when trees were aleaf in Battery Park, and the little stenos of Wall Street looked gay in their new summer dresses, the front pages of New York's papers told the details of his coup.

A cash price of one hundred million dollars had been paid for a great family-owned industry, and the refinancing plans called for the immediate issuance of preferred stock and bonds, which had already, in fact, been under-

A remarkable biography—

Valentino

by

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

begins in LIBERTY *next week*

written. In addition there would be a huge block of common stock, but all of that was to be retained by Coman, Clabaugh & Co. to pay them for their trouble. Since the original purchase was by option—the money to be paid within thirty days—the transaction had cost Henry Coman not a nickel, yet by it he was richer a hundred million dollars!

A new financial wizard had cast his spell on Wall Street. Suddenly the name of Coman was known around the world—in Threadneedle Street and the Continental bourses, in La Salle Street, California Street, and the Bund of Tokyo, in Cape Town and in Cairo—wherever bankers count their gold and lend it out at gain.

SMART reporters came into Wall Street to hunt for human interest. At breakfast the following morning the wizard read these words:

"Brokers and bankers may gaze on Henry Coman with looks of awed respect, but there is one slender little wisp of a man, running an elevator in a downtown office building, who refuses to be dazzled by the great financier's achievement. 'Henry's just a regular fellow,' James Monahan will tell you, and a paltry hundred million or so is nothing at all between friends 'like me and Henry.'

"Jim—for that is the name he is called by Henry and his other intimates—has been running Mr. Coman up and down the New Amsterdam Trust Building for many years. But their friendship is not merely confined to business hours. No, indeed; Henry has been to call on Jim and his family, and a merry time they had of it, swapping stories and smoking cigars while Mrs. Jim did the dishes.

"Nor is that the only mark of Mr. Coman's friendship. Jim's eyes mist over with tears as he tells how Coman, returning from a vacation down South after the severe cold wave of last February, learned that Jim's daughter had died of pneumonia.

"'Henry felt so bad about it,' said Jim, 'that he rode up and down in this elevator half a dozen times just to talk to me about it. A busy fellow like him, with all them conferences waiting! "Jim," he said, "I want to pay all the funeral expenses, every cent of what it cost. I wish't you'd telegraphed me, Jim," he said. He was bound he'd pay it, too. And flowers—oh, Lord, he sent the prettiest flowers out to the cemetery. Henry's got a heart as big as . . .'"

Coman dropped his paper and abruptly rose from the table.

"Henry!" said his wife. It was one of the rare occasions when she honored him at breakfast. "You haven't eaten a thing."

"Not hungry."

"But you just said you were."

"I was wrong."

"What in the world's come over you?"

Without replying he left the room. His triumph, that had been so sweet, was bitter as tasted aloes.

THE END

GEORGE WHITE, *famous producer of "The Scandals" and other musical shows, tells Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, why he likes the new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream.*

GEORGE WHITE tells Jim Henry:

"Fine for first-night nerves, those new triple-cool MENTHOL-ICED SHAVES"

"PRODUCING elaborate musical shows isn't exactly the best thing in the world for one's temper. And so I try to save my nerves as much as I can. That's why I like your new Menthol-iced. It gives me a good quick shave. The cool tingle of the menthol is like a tonic. And say, Jim, my razor blade seems keener and it certainly keeps its edge longer when I have a Mennen shave."

THE YOUNG MAN'S SHAVE

Menthol-iced really does something for your skin. Skin specialists agree that it (1) tones tired facial nerves, (2) heals minute shaving abrasions, (3) protects the skin. . . Try this young man's shave. At any druggist!

2 TYPES OF MENNEN—

Mennen is the only manufacturer who makes two kinds of shaving cream. First, Mennen without menthol—for years the smooth shave standby of millions of men. Now—Menthol-iced for those who want the extra thrill of menthol. Both creams have *dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen process of softening the beard, lubricating the blade and toning the skin. Both creams lather freely in any kind of water.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

TWO KINDS—MENTHOL-ICED AND WITHOUT MENTHOL

Talc talk by Jim Henry

Mennen Talcum for Men is a special powder for masculine skin—not merely a neutral tint powder. It is scientifically blended with antiseptic and astringent ingredients. A man's skin needs this protection after shaving or bathing.

Thanks to its special formula, Mennen Talcum for Men forms a fine film which is a two-way protection. It absorbs oils and moisture thrown off by your skin. It keeps floating dust in the air from settling on your skin, and working into the pores. And—Mennen Talcum for Men *doesn't show.*

Special Bargain. Big size can for a quarter—or, if you want a bargain, get the traveler's size free by buying the new Mennen After-Shave Special. Contains full 50c tube of Skin Balm with special size Talcum for Men, both for half-a-dollar.

"Chinese" Ward

The Salem Yankee Who Might Have Become an Emperor

By

LOTHROP STODDARD

The Rising Tide of Color Against White World-Supremacy has been the most discussed of Mr. Stoddard's eleven books. LIBERTY'S *readers will recall his articles on features of that subject. His special interest is in race problems and racial heredity, and only those who read many manuscripts can fully appreciate how unusual it is that a publicist of his scholarly attainments should write as engagingly as he always does. When he isn't abroad gathering material, he is at home in Brookline, Massachusetts.*

THE "Terrible Peaceful Rebels" were thundering at the gates of Shanghai! *Terrible Peaceful Rebels* is a queer combination; but that is just about the meaning of their name: T'ai Pings. And China is proverbially a land of queer contradictions—at least, to Western eyes.

They certainly were a strange lot, those T'ai Pings. Their leader had read some Christian missionary tracts during a brain storm; whereupon he had announced that Jesus was his elder brother, and that God, his father, had commissioned him to sweep away the corrupt Manchus who misruled China and establish the kingdom of God on earth. Since the Manchus were deeply hated, multitudes flocked to the prophet's yellow standard. Soon he had taken Nanking, the greatest city of central China, and had there proclaimed the "realm of celestial peace," with himself as "heavenly king."

The condition of China was frightful. The fanatical T'ai Ping armies ranged far and wide, slaughtering and devastating wholesale. The imperial armies which opposed them seemed stricken with palsy. And why not, since the Manchu emperor in distant Peking did nothing but amuse himself in his gorgeous palace, while his generals and mandarins looted the imperial treasury and grafted even on the soldiers' rice bowls? So all central China was turned into a slaughterhouse, the rebellion lasting many years and costing (according to various estimates) anywhere from 10,000,000 to 50,000,000 human lives.

But for the atrocious butchery of innocent civilians, the "warfare" which went on might have been considered a huge joke. Both sides were armed chiefly with spears, bows and arrows, and jingals—mammoth muskets mounted on tripods, which had to be steadied by three men, and which kicked like the proverbial mule.

The imperial troops were especially picturesque in their get-up. They bore huge banners, carried shields painted with devil faces to scare the enemy, and rejoiced in the title of "braves." But their bravery was displayed mostly against peaceful peasants and townsfolk. When an imperial column showed up in the distance the terrified villagers would fly for shelter to the ditches

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

THE imperial "braves" would wave flags, beat tom-toms, blow war horns, and touch off bunches of firecrackers.

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

"Ward's Chinese" proved their mettle on the battlefield, storming the T'ai Ping entrenchments like veterans.

in the rice fields. As the wretched people put it: "The imperial braves are mice to the rebels, but tigers to us!" As for the foreigners down in Shanghai, they contemptuously dubbed the imperial soldiery "the Imps" or "the Imps of Hell."

When T'ai Pings actually hove in sight, the imperial braves would stage a grand dress rehearsal of a battle. They would wave their flags, beat tom-toms, blow war horns, and caper wildly about as they touched off innumerable bunches of firecrackers. But when the T'ai Pings got closer, the imperial army would usually skedaddle, led by their officers. For the officers, being largely opium smokers, would probably be suffering from a "yen-yen" that morning; and, considering their shaking knees, would deem it prudent to get a fair start on their men.

With the T'ai Pings it was different. These "long-haired rebels," as the Manchus called them because they had quit shaving the fronts of their heads as dictated by Manchu etiquette, were much better fighters than the imperial soldiery. The T'ai Pings were poorly armed and their leaders lacked imagination, but they were brave enough, while discipline was strict. Among other things, opium smoking was sternly prohibited, and if any officer was caught indulging in the vice, he promptly "lighted a lamp of heaven"—he himself being the lamp, wrapped in oil-soaked paper.

UNDER these circumstances, it is not surprising that the long-haired rebels, marching from victory to victory, presently threatened the seaport of Shanghai. Now when our story opens, in the autumn of the year 1859, Shanghai had already become what it is today, the chief center of foreign trade in China. By a treaty made some twenty years before, foreign merchants had obtained a strip of land outside the old walled Chinese city; and on this concession they had built a flourishing Occidental town.

Thus far the foreigners had succeeded in keeping the red tide of war away from Shanghai. But now, with the smoke of burning villages looming black on the landward horizon and hordes of terror-stricken Chinese flocking into the city for refuge, it looked as though they might be overwhelmed in some great disaster. To avert this, British and French warships hastily arrived, and merchants and clerks enrolled in a defense force, while their women and children got ready to go aboard the merchantmen in the harbor if a sudden crisis should arise. The T'ai Pings were solemnly warned to keep off on penalty of war with the Western powers, and they temporarily held back. But things looked dark indeed, those autumn days.

And then—a brisk little Yankee sailorman landed in Shanghai, come all the way from Mexico with the avowed intention of putting down the T'ai Ping rebellion and making himself generalissimo of the imperial armies of China! Nothing less and perhaps much more were in his modest plan. And the name of that little Yankee, who hailed from Salem, Massachusetts, was Frederick Townsend Ward.

Such a man, deliberately butting into such a row with such high-flown schemes—*and soon making good*—obviously needs some introduction. And though Ward was not yet quite twenty-eight years old when he landed at Shanghai that eventful autumn morning, he had already seen and done enough for several ordinary men of his age.

He was born at Salem in November, 1831. His father, like so many Salemites of that period, was a sea captain.

Even in his school days, young Ward showed himself a born leader. He was also noted as the best swimmer among all the boys in Salem. Later on, this stood him in good stead, for on one occasion, when mate of a clipper, he was knocked overboard in a fight with a mutinous sailor while his ship was off Cape Horn. Ward, however, proved quite at home in the icy water, caught a rope's end, clambered briskly back on deck, and promptly polished off the mutineer as a Yankee mate should. Which means that Ward, though small, was quick as lightning, hard as nails, and able to lick about twice his weight in wildcats.

Young Ward revealed his taste for soldiering at an early age. When he was just turned fifteen the Mexican War broke out, and the sight of a volunteer company parading through Salem so fired his youthful ardor that he ran away from home and headed for Boston, where he hoped to enlist. But his irate father caught him halfway and dragged him ingloriously home again. Ward next tried to enter West Point, and our army certainly lost a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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great general when another candidate got the appointment.

Probably his father was just as well pleased, for though the elder Ward had by now quit salt water and become a ship broker ashore, he wanted his son to follow the sea. So young Ward was given a junior berth on a relative's clipper ship, and made several voyages in the India and China trade. He proved himself a stern yet just master of men, with iron nerve and extraordinary presence of mind.

From In the Days of the T'ai Pings, by H. B. Morse (Essex Institute of Salem, Mass.)

The walls and moat of Sung-Kiang, the scene of Ward's first triumph.

One stirring episode of those days gives the measure of the man. When first mate, though not yet twenty years old, his ship, homeward bound with a scratch crew picked up at Calcutta, India, was threatened by a fierce squall off the mouth of the Hugli River. Panic-stricken, the green crew refused to go aloft to take in sail. The captain was at his wit's end. Not so Mr. Ward, the mate. Rushing to the powder locker, he seized a keg and knocked the head in. Then he sprang to the cook's galley, snatched a flaming brand, and an instant later stood in the forecastle, facing the muttering sailors. His eyes glaring in the light of the flaming torch, Ward roared: "Get aloft, you dogs, or I'll blow you all to hell!" The mutineers jumped for their lives. In five minutes every rag of canvas was snug, and the ship was saved.

Ward thus proved himself a splendid ship's officer, held a first mate's ticket when he was twenty, and might expect a captain's berth within a short time. But a sailor's life was not exciting enough for Ward. In his blood was the itch for soldiering, and it would not let him rest. We know that he touched at Chinese ports during his voyages, and it is probable that the disturbed state of the celestial empire gave him the germ of the idea which he later carried out. We also know that, during his stays in port, he met and hobnobbed with adventurous spirits—notably with Garibaldi and with William Walker, who nearly succeeded in founding a slave empire in Central America. At length, throwing up an assured profession, Ward plunged into the exciting career of a wandering soldier of fortune.

Courtesy of Essex Institute

"Chinese" Ward in the coat that was his uniform.

CURIOUSLY enough, we know almost nothing of those eventful years in Ward's life between his quitting the sea and his appearance at Shanghai. He was an extraordinarily silent man; never talked about himself, and never mentioned his doings in the rare letters he wrote home. All we get, therefore, are a few tantalizing glimpses of Ward, the gentleman adventurer, in various parts of the world. Apparently he first joined Garibaldi on a filibustering expedition in South America. Next he joined the French army and fought in the Crimean War. Then he seems to have been with Walker in Nicaragua; while still later he was mixed up with some sort of revolutionary affair in Mexico. He once casually mentioned to an American friend in Shanghai that he had been through five Latin-American revolutions, and had never once changed sides.

Such was the silent, war-hardened adventurer who, in the remote hinterland of Mexico, made up his mind one fine day that he was going to China, where he would smash the T'ai Pings' "heavenly king" and carve out a great destiny!

With Ward, to decide was to act. Accordingly, mounted on a humble mule, alone and almost penniless, he set forth across the thousand miles of wild Indian-haunted mountains, jungles, and deserts which lay between him and the California coast. How he accomplished this remarkable feat, heaven only knows.

BUT he did it, and presently turned up in San Francisco, dead broke but bent on getting to China. Fortune favored, and he was soon outward bound, holding a mate's berth into the bargain—though we may feel sure that he would have shipped before the mast if that had been the quickest way of reaching his goal.

Behold our hero, then, as he walked along the water front at Shanghai: a slender, well knit figure of a man, rather shabbily dressed in second hand blue clothes from the officers' slop chest of the ship on which he had left Frisco. Yet, despite his worn garments and the few dollars in his pocket, he strode along with a light heart. For he had *arrived*. He stood on his chosen field of action. The rest was mere detail. And strollers may well have taken a second glance at the newcomer, with his bronzed face framed with a shock of black hair, his kindling blue eyes, his firm mouth half hidden by a dark mustache, and his steel-trap jaw.

To the casual observer at that moment, however, Ward's splendid self-confidence would have seemed conceited folly. Here he was, without money, friends, influence, or local reputation, deliberately planning to buck the apparently irresistible onward sweep of a vast, fanatical rebellion. Furthermore, in order to get even the ghost of a chance to do anything, he had first to win the confidence of the Chinese authorities. And that in itself seemed an almost hopeless task, for the Chinese were both suspicious and contemptuous of foreigners, and had never given them high posts in the imperial service. How, then, was Ward ever to get started?

Well, in the first place, he didn't try to rush things. He attempted no spectacular "stunt," no "telling the world" what he had done and what he proposed to do. On the contrary, he just kept his mouth shut and hunted a job which would earn his bread and butter and let him get the lay of the land and gain the respect of the local community. As for the T'ai Pings, they would keep. Ward realized that China was a big, easy-going country, where even crises move slowly. Indeed, as he himself expressed it later on to an American

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

...Raised His Pay $4800* After Reading This Amazing Book Which Is Now FREE!

*Based on the combined experiences of F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn., A. F. Thompson, Sioux City, Iowa, L. D. Mathers, E. Cleveland, Ohio, and many others.

Caught in a Rut

I wonder I put up with it as long as I did! Every day was filled with nothing but deadly routine and monotonous detail. No freedom or independence. No chance to get out and meet people, travel, nor have interesting experiences. I was just like a cog in a big machine with poor prospects of ever being anything more.

Long, Tiresome Hours

Every hour of the day I was under somebody's supervision. The TIME-CLOCK constantly laid in wait for me—a monument to unfulfilled hopes and dying ambition. Four times a day, promptly on the dot, it hurled its silent challenge at my self-respect, reminding me how unimportant I was and how little I really COUNTED in the business and social world!

Low Pay

Paid just enough to keep going—but never enough to enjoy any of the GOOD things of life every man DESERVES for his family and himself. Always economizing and pinching pennies. Always wondering what I would do if I were laid off or lost my job. Always uncertain and apprehensive of the future.

Desperate

Happened to get a look at the payroll one day and was astonished to see what big salaries went to the sales force. Found that salesman Brown made $200 a week—and Jenkins $275! Would have given my right arm to make money that fast, but never dreamed I had any "gift" for salesmanship.

A Ray of Light

Stumbled across an article on salesmanship in a magazine that evening. Was surprised to discover that salesmen were made and not "born" as I had foolishly believed. Read about a former cowpuncher, Wm. Shore of California, making $525 in one week after learning the ins-and-outs of scientific salesmanship. Decided that if HE could do it, so could I!

The Turning Point

My first step was to write for a certain little book which a famous business genius has called "The MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PRINTED," It wasn't a very *big* book, but it certainly opened my eyes to things I had never *dreamed* of—and proved the turning point of my entire career!

What I Discovered

Between the pages of this remarkable volume, I discovered hundreds of little known facts and secrets that revealed the REAL TRUTH about the science of selling! It wasn't a bit as I had imagined. I found out that it was governed by simple rules and laws that almost ANY man can master as easily as he learned the alphabet. I even learned how to go about getting into this "highest paid of all professions." I found out exactly how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco was enabled to quit his $8 a week job as a restaurant-worker and start making $125 a week as a salesman; and how C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, jumped from $15 a week to $7500 a year—these and *hundreds* of others! It certainly *was* a revelation!

Free Employment Service

Furthermore, I discovered that the National Salesmen's Training Association, which published the book, also operates a most effective employment service! Last year they received requests from all over the U. S. and Canada for more than 50,000 salesmen trained by their method. This service is FREE to both members and employers and thousands have secured positions this way!

Making Good at Last!

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

friend, "the worse the situation got, the more readily the Chinese would listen to my terms when my time came to talk to them." Here again we note Ward's vision, practical Yankee common sense, and iron self-control.

So Ward soon got the job of mate on a little steamer belonging to an American business firm which traded up the great Yang-tze River beyond Shanghai. Most of the river was then in T'ai Ping control, so Ward could look over the rebels at first hand and learn about their ways. Although the rebels permitted this trading, there was much danger from river pirates, and on one occasion Ward saved his vessel from pirates by rousing his Chinese crew to unheard-of prodigies of valor. For Ward had already revealed that almost uncanny ability to win the devotion of Chinese which was to be the corner stone of his future triumphs. News travels fast in China, and soon every Shanghai boatman and longshoreman had heard about this strange "foreign devil" who treated his crew so justly, and who possessed some magic power which made men obey him gladly.

China at the zenith of the T'ai Pings' power, 1861-62; showing the vast sweep of the rebellion that was challenged in those years by Ward, a lone soldier of fortune. The solid line follows the original march of the T'ai Pings in 1853; the line of crosses incloses territory held by them in 1861; the broken line, disputed territory ravaged by their armies, 1853-61; the dotted line, territory held by them from 1858 to 1866.

WARD'S next move in the game was to get into Chinese service. He did this through an English acquaintance named Gough, who commanded a Chinese river gunboat, the Confucius. This boat was not in the imperial navy, but had been outfitted by a patriotic committee of wealthy Chinese merchants in Shanghai, who, disgusted with the grafting governor and the cowardly general who then represented the emperor, had decided to take action on their own account. Recognizing Ward's ability, Gough gave him the berth of first mate on the Confucius. The second mate, named Burgevine, was also an American—a fire-eating southerner after Ward's own heart. The two adventurers struck up a close friendship, and Burgevine become Ward's right-hand man.

Thus officered, the Confucius covered itself with glory in many fights against both river pirates and T'ai Pings, and Ward began to be talked about, alike in the foreign community and among the Chinese merchants of Shanghai. Presently Ward got an interview with his employer, the chairman of the merchants' committee. This was a shrewd old Chinese, Yang Tzetang, the head of the great Taki bank, a man of wealth, a civil mandarin of rank, and with powerful connections throughout the empire.

Ward's chance had come. The general situation was worse than ever, the T'ai Pings were almost at the gates of Shanghai, the Chinese merchants were at their wits' end—and Ward played his hand to the limit. The merchants' association had offered to pay $200,000 to anyone who would save Shanghai from the T'ai Pings. Ward calmly told "the Taki" (as the old banker was usually called) that he, Ward, was the one and only man for the job, and that he would do it in short order if the Taki would pay the bills.

That must have been an interview worth hearing. Ward took a high tone, stated that he intended to run his end of the show without any interference, and told the Taki that he could "take it or leave it." And the imperious old banker seems to have liked it! For Ward somehow inspired the great banker, just as he had humble Chinese rivermen, with faith in himself and his ability to do what he promised. So Ward left the bank with a contract to raise and equip an armed force for a stroke against the T'ai Pings. He was fairly launched on his great career.

NOW, strange though it may seem, Ward began by deliberately undertaking something that he felt would be a failure! This was how it happened: The chief bone of contention between himself and the Taki was the matter of time. The banker wanted a big victory right away, and thought it a mere question of money. Ward warned him that he needed time to pick his men and lick them into shape. When the Taki still begged for quick results, Ward answered: "All right, Mr. Taki. Just to show you you're wrong, I'll round up a scratch force and you'll see how far you will get that way."

So Ward did his best, and in a few days had assembled a choice lot of bums and beach combers. With this outfit, he sallied forth one evening to attack the city of Sung-Kiang — the rebel stronghold, some distance up-river, whence the T'ai Pings most seriously threatened Shanghai.

Next day he strolled casually into the bank, defeated, but holding his head as high as ever. What followed is reported by an American, H. B. Morse, who has written a most interesting book entitled, In the Days of the T'ai Pings.

"There, Taki," said Ward, "you see what haste has done. Now I will set to work in my own way, and in a month I will come to you with a different tale."

"But how did it happen?" the banker asked.

"My men were a lot of drunken rowdies and they took drink along. By the time we got to Sung-Kiang they were making a hell of a noise, and the walls were fully manned in readiness for us. My men fought well, I'll say that for them; but unregulated courage is of no use, so we had to come back. We lost a few killed and had a good number wounded."

"When will you start again?" was the banker's next question.

"When I am good and ready," was the instant reply.

The Taki had had his lesson, and he took this reply in good part, even smiling contentedly as he shook hands with his commander of the forces.

Ward certainly needed all his nerve during the next few weeks, for his apparently ridiculous failure against Sung-Kiang was the joke of the foreign settlement of Shanghai. Even among his fellow countrymen he had

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

INTERNATIONAL

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Blue Valley's 162 Trucks Prove It

Here are a few of the many dairy companies that operate with International Trucks:

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There is a type of International for every possible need from heavy hauling to fast light delivery. We invite you to try one on your job—to give it any reasonable test. There is an International Branch or Dealer near you and at your service.

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; the 1-ton Six Speed Special; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 172 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada and dealers everywhere.

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

From Ti-Ping Tien Kwah: the History of the T'ai Ping Revolt, by A. F. Lindley (courtesy of Harvard Library)

A contemporary artist's impression of a T'ai Ping army, crude but brave and disciplined, going into action.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

lost his reputation. Also, his former connection with William Walker leaked out—and Walker had just failed in a last attempt on Nicaragua and had been ingloriously shot against a wall. So Ward was dubbed "filibuster," "pirate," and even less complimentary names which must have cut his proud spirit to the quick.

But Ward just shut his steel-trap jaw and went grimly on his way. He was very busy preparing for his next stroke. No more beach combers for him! He did pick up a few carefully chosen white men, among them an American adventurer named Forrester who, with Burgevine, served Ward ably and loyally to the end. Most of Ward's recruits, however, came from the Malay sailormen along the Shanghai water front, who were then known under the general term of "Manila men," because so many of them hailed from the Philippines. With his usual unerring eye for a good man, Ward had picked up a Filipino named Vincente, and this bold fellow proved so able a recruiting sergeant that Ward soon had about a hundred Malays ready to serve him with all the wild fury of their race.

A MONTH after his defeat, Ward was starting to capture a big city of 100,000 inhabitants, defended by a moat and stone walls twenty feet high, and garrisoned by 5,000 T'ai Ping regulars put on their guard by his former attempt. The only difference was that this time Ward had the men he wanted and had made up his mind that the job would be done.

Creeping upstream by night in native barges to avoid suspicion, Ward landed below the city. Under cover of darkness and a river fog, the little band of 110 men swam the moat, placed their scaling ladders, and bayoneted the guards on the wall just as a gate crashed in before a log battering ram wielded by others of the party. Shouting and yelling like demons, the Manila men spread through the town, while Ward and his white companions turned a pair of captured brass howitzers on an approaching T'ai Ping column and blew it full of holes. Panic-stricken, the "long-haired rebels" rushed out of town by the other gates, and dawn found Ward master of Sung-Kiang.

Proudly the Manila men paraded before their chief, convinced that he was a god. And how was their god dressed? In an old blue coat and trousers and an even older gray riding cap, with a rattan cane! That was "General" Ward's uniform to the end of his career. He never carried a sword, and led a charge with his walking stick. As he once remarked to a surprised acquaintance: "This cane is enough to direct others, and that is my part of the business."

THE capture of Sung-Kiang made an enormous sensation. The foreign community at Shanghai heard the news with open mouths and staring eyes. The old Taki and his fellow merchants were wild with joy, for Shanghai was now reasonably safe from sudden assault. Ward was duly paid the $200,000, but he seemed to care nothing for money, for he told the Taki to bank it for him, his only personal extravagance being the purchase of a black frock coat. What Ward wanted was victory, authority, power. "I shall be a prince in this country if I am not killed too soon," he said, about this time, to one of his few American friends.

Courtesy of Essex Institute

A modern field battery used against the T'ai Pings.

If such was Ward's ambition, he was certainly going about it in the right way. For Sung-Kiang was not merely the bulwark of Shanghai: it was also one of the seven "sacred cities" of the empire, its temples being visited by multitudes of pious pilgrims every year. The desecration of those temples by the fanatical T'ai Pings had sent a thrill of horror far and wide. So Ward's capture of Sung-Kiang gave him great prestige and advertised his name all over China. Indeed, it brought Ward under the keen scrutiny of a certain rising young mandarin in distant Peking, the capital of the empire. This mandarin was none other than Li Hung Chang, soon to become famous as the "Strong Man of China." Li had already heard of Ward through the old Taki, who was one of Li's correspondents. But Li now sent a trusted agent from Peking to investigate, and the agent's report convinced him that Ward was an inspired genius. Thenceforth Li Hung Chang backed Ward through thick and thin.

And Ward needed such backing, for big trouble lay ahead. The best proof of his genius is the fact that his

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

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Bel Canto Series

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This richly beautiful, sliding door art moderne console of fine diamond matched Walnut, inlaid with Ebony, and panels of curly Maple. Contains the Amrad eight-tube screen grid chassis, extra heavy, with two 245 push-pull power tubes. Built-in electric power speaker mounted on baffle.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

successes were due almost wholly to sheer brains and nerve, and very little to bull luck. Indeed, Ward was handed so many "bad breaks" by Dame Fortune that he seems to have been rather an unlucky man, in the usual sense of the word. Certainly no successful general ever triumphed over a tougher run of bad luck than Ward now had to endure.

It was in the summer of 1860 that he captured Sung-Kiang, which was thenceforth his headquarters. Here he organized a considerable armed force. The faithful Vincente recruited the company of Manila men to a strength of 200 picked Malays and Filipinos, who were Ward's special bodyguard. Also numerous adventurers and deserting sailors from Shanghai were enrolled in a "foreign legion" — among them several trained gunners from British warships. This foreign legion, however, was designed as an officers' corps for Ward's larger scheme: the raising of a Chinese army. Ward had made up his mind that there was good fighting stuff in John Chinaman, if well drilled, ably led, and regularly paid. But with his usual patient thoroughness, Ward refused to start enlisting Chinese soldiers until he had enough white officers for them. So he sat tight in Sung-Kiang, training his white officers' corps, and amassing arms, munitions, and artillery for his ambitious plans.

From In the Days of the T'ai Pings (Essex Institute)

Li Hung Chang at the time when he backed up Ward.

The fly in the ointment, however, was the merchants' committee at Shanghai. Ward's preparations were costly, and the canny merchants who footed the bills demanded something more to show for their money—and wanted it right away. Unless Ward acted promptly, they threatened to close their money bags. So, against his better judgment, Ward was compelled to take the field.

HIS objective was the city of Tsing-pu—the other T'ai Ping stronghold near Shanghai. Through the efforts of the merchants' association (perhaps backed by Li Hung Chang) the Chinese governor of Shanghai agreed to support Ward with 5,000 imperial braves. Ward did not put much confidence in these auxiliaries, but hoped they could at least be counted on to wave banners and make a "hell of a noise." So, in February, 1861, he set out on his risky venture.

Ward's forebodings were more than justified. The T'ai Pings had been much alarmed by his miraculous capture of Sung-Kiang. So they not only garrisoned the city of Tsing-pu with 10,000 of their best troops, but also placed in command an able foreign adventurer named Savage—a former English army officer who had taken service under the "heavenly king." Accordingly, when Ward attempted a surprise attack on Tsing-pu, he found the garrison ready for him, was beaten off with heavy loss, and was himself wounded in five places, including a broken jaw. The cowardly imperial general who "supported" Ward bolted at the first shot, followed by his "braves," and Ward's little force of perhaps 500 whites and Manila men found itself trapped between the city walls and a T'ai Ping army 20,000 strong which had been hidden near by.

IN agony from his wounds and unable to speak because of his broken jaw, Ward gave his orders in sign language from a litter, and his desperate followers cut their way through the T'ai Ping host and got back to headquarters at Sung-Kiang, though minus their field artillery. It was a crushing defeat.

And further troubles were in store. Taken to Shanghai for surgical treatment, Ward languished for months in pain and fever. His recovery was delayed by worry over the grave state of his affairs. The merchants' association was losing faith in him; only the old Taki and the distant Li Hung Chang stuck loyally and kept the wavering merchants in line. But this was not all. The foreign community at Shanghai again jeered at Ward as a discredited "filibuster," while the admiral commanding the British squadron in harbor was furious at Ward because of the British sailors who had deserted their ships and taken service in Ward's foreign legion. This admiral was a picturesque old sea dog, popularly known as "Fighting Jimmy" Hope. And the doughty admiral did not intend to let any "Yankee filibuster" entice his bluejackets from Her Majesty's service. So, when barely convalescent, Ward was haled before the American consul, who, under extraterritorial law, had jurisdiction over offenses committed by Americans in Shanghai.

But Ward now played a clever trick. Suspecting what was afoot, he and the Taki had put their heads together—the upshot being that, when arraigned before the consular court, Ward informed the astonished judge that he had no right to try the case, because Ward was no longer an American citizen, but had become a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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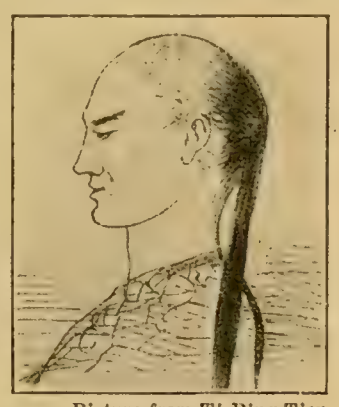
[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Chinese subject bearing the celestial name of "Wah." The consul carefully scrutinized "Wah's" Chinese naturalization papers, but found them in order. So he shrugged his shoulders, and announced: "No jurisdiction in this case. Discharged!"

However, Fighting Jimmy had a trick up his sleeve to match his Yankee opponent's. A British naval officer had been in court watching the proceedings, and no sooner had "Wah" stepped out of the American consulate than the new Chinese subject was seized by British bluejackets and taken aboard Admiral Hope's flagship. Ward's anger reached its climax when he remembered that this vessel was named the Chesapeake, in commemoration of the American frigate captured by the British in the War of 1812—a sea fight immortalized by the gallant Lawrence's dying words: "Don't give up the ship!" To the infuriated Ward, imprisonment on the Chesapeake was adding insult to injury!

Picture from Ti-Ping Tien Kwah (Harvard Library)
A T'ai Ping, with head unshaved.

Well, it was one thing to seize Ward, but quite another matter for the British to keep him. A few nights after his capture, a sampan drifted silently by the Chesapeake as she rode at anchor in Shanghai harbor. Watching his chance, Ward jumped overboard and swam like an otter to the sampan, which disappeared in the darkness. Next day, Ward was back at Sung-Kiang. His able American lieutenants Forrester and Burgevine had kept things going, though they had barely managed to beat off a T'ai Ping assault.



Picture from Ti-Ping Tien Kwah (Harvard Library)
A "brave" of the imperial army.

WARD'S fortunes now took a turn for the better. Though still bothered by his wounds, especially by the one in the jaw, which disfigured his mouth and permanently impaired his power of speech, he set to work with feverish energy. His foreign legion being now well trained, he began enlisting Chinese. By the end of that year 1861, Ward's First Chinese Regiment, 1,000 strong, astonished visitors from Shanghai by its smart drill, clad as the men were in dark-green uniforms of European cut, well armed, well fed, regularly paid, and obviously bound to their chief with a doglike devotion. Since a Second Chinese Regiment was also in training, and other regiments were planned for the near future, Ward was clearly forging a war machine capable of great things.

Indeed, in those closing weeks of 1861 it looked as though our hero might have two wars on his hands: one with the T'ai Pings, and the other —with England! For the American Civil War was now in full swing, and Anglo-American relations were very tense, having reached an acute crisis when, in the autumn of 1861, an American warship had stopped an English liner on the high seas and taken off two Confederate commissioners to England. Backed by an angry British public opinion, which at that time favored the South, the British government demanded the instant release of the commissioners. War seemed at hand, and British regiments embarked for Canada, their bands playing Dixie.

ALL this reacted portentously on the foreign settlement at Shanghai. The British community there were solid for the South; the American community were stanch Union men. Outnumbering the Americans five to one, the British held the whip hand—and made ready to use it. For, in case of war, the British authorities in Shanghai planned to violate China's neutrality by arresting the Yankees, seizing their property, and generally putting the American community out of business. This plan was supposedly a dead secret. But the British reckoned without General Ward!

Somehow, perhaps through Chinese sources, Ward got wind of the plot. He promptly notified the American consul, and assured that anxious gentleman that he, Ward, proposed to take a hand in the game. And that was just what he could do. For, besides his rapidly growing army at Sung-Kiang, Ward had an enthusiastic following among the Chinese of Shanghai, especially among the turbulent elements of the water front. As he quietly remarked to an American merchant who was a close friend: "I was an American before I was a Chinaman, and those English will find it out."

What Ward planned to do has been related by this same friend, a certain Mr. Hayes; so we will let him tell the amazing story:

"Ward determined to mass quietly and secretly, as he could easily do, a large body of his disciplined troops at a point from which a forced march could readily be made without any warning. Also, entirely under his control was a guild of what one might politely call privateers, or junks manned by desperadoes of a piratical class, thoroughly armed. A large body of these privateers he proposed ordering into the river before the settlement, and distributing among the few naval and many merchant

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

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["CHINESE" WARD Continued from page thirty]

vessels flying the British flag.

"On board such junks is carried a fearful engine of destruction known by a name unmentionable to ears polite. It is a species of hand grenade of earthenware, easily broken and filled with a composition not only possessing the destructive qualities of Greek fire but capable of suffocating those among whom it strikes. It is this which places any vessel, however heavily armed, in a dangerous position when at anything like close quarters with a Chinese pirate.

"On the day, grimly said General Ward, on which his British friends should begin the seizure of the property of Americans, the latter would have warning from him of what was to happen during the ensuing night. Of such happenings it was needful for him to enter into but few details. They were summed up with the quiet remark that the next morning would see the British portion of Shanghai a heap of smouldering and looted ruins! To anyone who should read this statement and pronounce it overstrained or fanciful, I would simply remark that the reader did not know General Ward."

Fortunately the war cloud between America and England passed away, and Ward was free to concentrate his energies against the T'ai Pings. Indeed, he soon found himself in close alliance with those very Englishmen whom he had planned to fight. For early in 1862, England, after long hesitation, decided to favor the imperial cause in China; so the local British authorities at Shanghai warned the T'ai Pings to keep away or take the consequences. On this, Ward invited his late captor, Admiral Hope, to inspect his army at Sung-Kiang, and the old sea dog proved himself a good sport by letting bygones be bygones and accepting the "Yankee filibuster's" invitation with an appreciative grin.

AS he watched Ward's Chinese regiments go through their battle practice, Fighting Jimmy was thunderstruck. He returned to Shanghai singing Ward's praises, and was thenceforth his admirer and friend.

Soon after Admiral Hope's inspection, "Ward's Chinese" proved their mettle on the battlefield. Defying the English ultimatum, a T'ai Ping army, 10,000 strong, burst out of Tsing-pu and came burning and plundering toward Shanghai. But they did not get far. Down swooped Ward with his First Chinese Regiment. At sight of those disciplined, dark-green ranks, arrayed like foreign devils, the T'ai Pings retired hastily to an entrenched camp. But the First Regiment, moving like clockwork and headed by a slim figure in a black frock coat and a gray riding cap, stormed the entrenchments like veterans. As for the long-haired rebels, though they outnumbered the attackers ten to one they fled in wild panic to the walls of Tsing-pu. Ward's Chinese had thus emerged gloriously from their baptism of fire, and stood ready to follow their idolized leader through and beyond hell.

Courtesy of Essex Institute

The mound over Ward's grave in Sung-Kiang.

EVENTS now moved rapidly—as they are apt to do when they have been well prepared. To avenge the defiant T'ai Ping raid, both the British and French admirals in Shanghai took the field with a naval brigade, acting in conjunction with Ward's army of 6,000 men. In a short but incredibly fierce campaign, the allies swept the T'ai Pings out of all their strongholds within a radius of thirty miles from Shanghai, culminating in the storming of Tsing-pu. Behind their strong walls the T'ai Pings fought desperately. They were slaughtered by tens of thousands, and the allies likewise suffered heavy losses. The French admiral was killed, Fighting Jimmy was shot through the leg, and Ward got two slight wounds at the price of his reckless bravery on all occasions.

From In the Days of the T'ai Pings

The monument on the Bund, Shanghai, in memory of Ward and other foreigners.

From this bloody campaign Ward emerged the hero of the hour. The

foreign community at Shanghai acclaimed the former "pirate" and "filibuster" with amusingly fulsome praise. The local British officials notified London that Ward should be backed up in every way. Chinese Shanghai celebrated with barbaric splendor. In Peking, Li Hung Chang wrought so effectively that such a shower of imperial honors descended upon Ward as no foreigner had ever dreamed of before. Ward was made a mandarin of the highest button, was commissioned a general and an admiral, and was given to understand that still higher honors were in store. An imperial order gave his soldiery the resounding title of "Ever-Victorious Army!"

The old Taki likewise acted. Convinced that Ward was a man of destiny, he proposed a close alliance in the Chinese way—by taking Ward into the family. In other words, he offered Ward his only daughter in marriage. And Ward promptly agreed. He knew that he needed a powerful native ally in the great game he was playing. And who better than the astute old banker, with his immense wealth and far-reaching influence? There was no spark of romance in the affair; it was a business matter, a political bargain, on both sides. Taki's daughter was little more than a child, and Ward had never set eyes on her. Even after the marriage, celebrated with great pomp, Ward saw almost nothing of his child wife. He was much too busy winning battles.

FOR hardly was the marriage ceremony over when alarming tidings arrived. The ablest of the T'ai Ping generals had taken the field. With a mighty host, he had crushed an imperial army, and was coming full tilt downriver toward Shanghai.

Hastily the allies prepared to meet the coming storm. Ward massed his Ever-Victorious Army, now numbering over 10,000 men; while a British expeditionary force, just landed, joined the Anglo-French naval brigade. The summer of 1862 saw a whirlwind series of battles, bloodier even than the spring campaign. The T'ai Pings fought furiously, and one of Ward's detachments was cut off and destroyed. But Ward himself was still ever-victorious, and the T'ai Ping hordes were stayed. Once more Ward returned triumphant to Shanghai, the hero of China.

Ward now stood on the crest of the wave. How high did his ambitious gaze aspire? We cannot say for certain; yet those who knew him best assure us that he envisaged nothing short of the imperial throne. And, after all, why not? Consider the situation: A worthless emperor had recently died, worn out by debauchery. The empire was governed by a regency in the name of his sickly son, who was a mere child. The prestige of the Manchu dynasty was at a low ebb. The T'ai Ping rebellion had shown how weary were the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wesley Bennett of California got this bike without a penny of cost!

Basketball days are coming! Play the game with free equipment.

You too can get all your football equipment free—just like Herbert Fletcher of Massachusetts.

Oh Boys! dandy prizes free!

BOYS! Here's your chance to get some wonderful prizes free! Send the coupon below and we will mail you our big catalog showing more than 350 great prizes. Thousands of boys all over the United States and Canada are winning football and other sporting goods outfits, musical instruments, roller skates, bicycles, games, and many other things every regular fellow wants. It's easy! In addition, we will show you how to earn money every week. We supply full instructions. You don't need to leave your own neighborhood. Work in your spare time—on Saturdays or during a few hours after school—just as you choose. Send the coupon today. Remember it costs you nothing. Don't miss this opportunity to make money and win prizes!

Mail today

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, *Boy Sales Division,* 9-14-29
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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RADIO TUBES

Standard Since 1915

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Exact, uniform construction in all Cunningham Radio Tubes is reflected in their absolute dependability. Ask for them by name.

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DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

"CHINESE" WARD

Continued from page thirty-three

Chinese people of Manchu misrule. And who, pray, were the Manchus? Were they not themselves foreign conquerors who had imposed themselves upon China many generations before? Why, then, might not another foreigner, a superman, who knew how to win Chinese hearts, and who had thrown in his lot with them, aspire to the Dragon Throne? It is one of those fascinating might-have-beens which we glimpse, now and then, athwart history. A Salem Yankee become Chinese emperor! Fantastic? Yes. Impossible? No.

One thing was certain. Ward's road to power lay over the body of the "heavenly king." And Ward now made ready to deal the T'ai Pings the first of a series of shattering blows. As autumn drew nigh, he marshaled his Ever-Victorious Army for another campaign, while from the north, Li Hung Chang dispatched an imperial host toward the rebel capital, Nanking. Ward opened the campaign with a smashing victory, and pressed forward with his advance guard to storm the rebel stronghold of Tzeki. It was the morning of September 21, 1862. The artillery rumbled up and prepared to cover the infantry attack. Cool and unconcerned as usual, General Ward stood in front of his troops, and started to raise his cane to signal the assault. Suddenly he staggered, pressed his hand to his side, cried, "I'm hit, Forrester!" and fell. A random shot had torn through his lungs.

A BELLOW of wrath went up from the Chinese battalions; the Malay bodyguard wept and gnashed their teeth with rage; the infantry columns rushed like fiends to the assault, and the T'ai Pings paid dearly that day. But the general lay dying in the ward-room of a British gunboat on the river, and next morning Ward was no more. Instead of a throne, a tomb.

It was an impressive tomb, for China duly honored her adopted son. In the holy city of Sung-Kiang, the scene of Ward's first triumph, stands a memorial shrine where to this day incense is burned to the memory of "Wah" and pious offerings are made to cheer his august spirit in the world beyond. No other "foreign devil" has ever been so signally honored.

Yet the rest of the story is a sordid, sorry tale. To begin with, the wealth which Ward had so carelessly left lying about was promptly embezzled by old Taki, his thrifty father-in-law, and by greedy Shanghai mandarins.

AND far, far sadder was the embezzlement of Ward's fame. For the Ever-Victorious Army was taken over by the British, and Ward's successor, a brilliant young Scotchman, soon became known as "Chinese" Gordon, who ultimately crushed the T'ai Pings, and years later perished heroically in the Egyptian Sudan, fighting the beleaguering Mahdist hordes at Khartoum. Gordon was thus Ward's military heir, reaping where his American predecessor had sown.

Now understand, it was not Gordon, that knightly, chivalrous soul, who robbed Ward of his just due. Gordon, like Ward, was a man of action, who spent his life in deeds and left few written words behind. But Gordon's British biographers are not so blameless. Instinctively or purposely, these literary gentlemen have consistently belittled Ward. In their hands he sinks to a mere Yankee adventurer, casually mentioned in the preface of Gordon's story. According to them it was all Gordon, with poor Ward a forgotten figure, lurking dimly in the background. As Ward's friend Hayes well puts it: "The rebels took his life, the imperialists took his money, and Gordon's biographers took his fame."

THE END

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

CAN you tell a story in less than 1000 words? LIBERTY wants short short stories, and will pay $100 apiece for any accepted and published.

Since this announcement was first made, in a recent issue, we have had a deluge of "short short" manuscripts—more than 14,000 were submitted in the first three weeks—but we have a large staff of readers, and are ready for more. *We cannot, however, undertake to answer inquiries or enter into correspondence concerning these manuscripts.*

Each story will be printed in a single page, and no story intended for this page can be considered if it is more than 1000 words long. It may be as much shorter than this as you like.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclosed a stamped and addressed envelope—*not merely stamps.*

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The first story accepted under the terms of this offer appears on the next page.

Fixed

Picture by CLARK FAY

A Short Short Story

By

F. R. BUCKLEY

An Irishman who was educated in England and France. He started out as a reporter on London and New York newspapers, and subsequently took to doing things for the movies—editing trade papers, writing continuities, etc. Since 1920 he has devoted himself to fiction, which is his vocation, and pistol-shooting, which is his hobby.

BEHIND the sights of a Thompson submachine gun, the city knew no cooler man than Benny; but he was not used to court rooms. His eyes, shuttling under rather mangy eyebrows, rested serially on witness stand, bench, lawyers, policemen, the mob of spectators—and saw nothing but a large oak chair, which, in point of fact, was not visible at all. It had machinery about it, that chair—straps, and peculiar brass things at the head and foot. Somebody was sitting in it. Somebody was being lifted out of it, and put on a little white stretcher and wheeled away. The head rolled—helplessly, like Heinie Meyers' after the shooting. And Benny Webber, staring fixedly at a ventilator, saw the face. It was his own.

"Mister!" he said in a choking voice, and gripped Counsellor Kaplan's elbow. "Mister! Fer krisakes! We gotta have that alibi! I got it all fixed, mister. I'll get the chair if you don't lemme use it. I—"

Smiling benevolently, Mr. Kaplan sat down by his client and drove a fist savagely into his ribs.

"Are you gonna shut your trap?" he demanded, still smiling. "Ain't I told you a dozen times your alibi's no damn' good? Ain't I told you I've got it all fixed to beat first-degree? Rap any more about your alibi, and I'll quit you flat."

"I'll get the chair!" whined Benny Webber. "This judge is a hellion, an'— Why won't you tell a guy what you're doin'?"

"The less you know—" began Counsellor Kaplan; and stopped, eying his client. If Benny Webber was to have a chance for life, Benny Webber would have to take the stand, and tell a long, untrue story about his dealings with Heinie Meyers. There was no blinking the fact that as he was he would stutter himself into the death house.

"Listen, you rat," whispered Counsellor Kaplan, patting him on the shoulder for all to see. "And if you don't rely on this an' forget your story, by God, you'll burn. See that fourth juror from the end? The stupid-lookin' guy with the fat face? *He's fixed.*"

"Fixed?"

"Yeah, fixed. He's got two hundred smackers of your fall money in his jeans to stand out for manslaughter. If we get that, he gets two hundred more; if he don't get away with it, the jury's hung. My man saw him last night, an'—"

"Court!" cried an attendant, and the State proceeded to try Benny Webber for that he did on the 8th of July last past Henry Meyers feloniously kill and murder.

The testimony was as usual. Several people called by the State had seen Mr. Webber shoot Mr. Meyers down in cold blood; several others, called by the defense, had seen Mr. Meyers start the proceedings with a sawed-off shotgun. Mr. Webber himself favored the latter view, and told of Mr. Meyers' dabblings in the more spicy kinds of vice. The district attorney, as in duty bound, demanded the death penalty; Mr. Kaplan, as a family man addressing family men, asked the jury whether the self-defensive exterminator of Heinie Meyers should not rather be awarded the civic medal. And so, with a totally incomprehensible charge from the judge as *bonne bouche*, the jury retired. They stayed retired for four hours and were locked up. Mr. Kaplan burned for the morrow; he was proud of that bit about Benny as a public benefactor and wanted to ask his juryman how it had gone with the panel. But the jury remained in session. Answering the judge, a foreman whose deserted store was causing him acute anxiety, said that they were not agreed. As he said it he looked bitterly at Mr. Kaplan's juryman and the counsellor took heart.

IT was late that evening before they rendered their verdict of manslaughter, thus sending Benny Webber away for twenty years; and it was a week after that ere Counsellor Kaplan thought it advisable to interview him for whom his artist's soul yearned. Meantime, he had heard rumors; and he greeted the stupid-looking ex-juror not only with the two hundred dollars, but likewise with praise. Even before he asked after the effect of his argument, he belched congratulations.

"You had a hard time," said the counsellor, "but you stuck to it. That's the kind of man we *need* on juries! Whole eleven against you, wasn't it?"

The stupid-looking man nodded as he stuffed bills into a vest pocket.

"Yeah," he said. "Every last son-of-a-gun of 'em. An' you didn't make it any easier for me, mister, I can tell you that."

"I didn't? Howja mean?"

"I tell ya," said the stupid man virtuously, "there ain't many guys've stuck it out, the way they threw the hooks into me, but that's the kind of guy I am—I contracted for manslaughter, an' manslaughter it was goin' to be. That foreman—"

"Never mind him. How do you mean I made it harder for you?"

"Why, that line about Webber bein' a great guy for bumpin' this Meyers off. It kind of got me myself, come to that."

The stupid man arose.

"But manslaughter I'd promised, an' manslaughter I delivered," he said, reaching for his hat. "All the rest of them sons of guns was for turnin' him loose."

THE END

Songs and Hokum

Messrs Jolson and Lee Try It Again

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Marion Nixon, Al Jolson, and Davey Lee in Say It with Songs, the latest film of the mammy artist.

In the following reviews the photo plays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ SAY IT WITH SONGS

AL JOLSON, the Broadway minstrel who set the motion picture business upon its ear back in 1926, literally and figuratively, is with us again in his third Warner Brothers effort. This is Say It with Songs.

Incidentally, Say It with Songs was presented in New York on the exact anniversary of Jolson's Vitaphone début, August 6. The date is a memorable one in the history of the films, for that night the Warners fired the film that was heard around the world.

Billie Dove, who plays the heroine in Elinor Glyn's film The Man and the Moment.

Say It with Songs has all the so-called popular ingredients. It has Jolson; it has little Davey Lee; it has several tons of sentimental hokum, and it has seven brand-new songs. There isn't a mammy melody among them, either, but Jolson sings often about Little Pal.

I regret to report that the plot seems to waver between Weary River and Sonny Boy. Jolson plays a flip, happy-go-lucky radio singer. When the manager of Station QRSA tries to steal his wife, the air entertainer beats him up. The manager dies and unlucky Joe Lane goes to the penitentiary.

Still, he manages to sing over the radio to his little boy. Later, when he is released after one of those oddly brief Hollywood sentences, Joe has a tough time of it. His little boy is crippled by a truck and he thinks his wife loves another.

Jolson sings to little Davey on his knee and on the radio. And all the time he is in the pen he encourages the prisoners with an uplift song, called Why Can't You? It runs—

> Violets from tiny seeds
> Push their way through the weeds,

—the implication, of course, being that any convict can be a hardy violet and make good. Jolson gains screen assurance as he makes pictures. He strives too hard for sentiment, but his Vitaphone singing grows better. Marion Nixon is lost as Joe's bride. Tiny Davey Lee, however, is as good as he was in Sonny Boy as their son. Better make the most of Davey in Say It with Songs. Right now he is out of favor with his Hollywood film bosses because his parents took him upon a vaudeville tour. So you won't see him for awhile.

★ ★ HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY

The complaint is made continually that foreign pictures can find no market in America. Just to prove its impartiality, Paramount imports the UFA-made Berlin film, Hungarian Rhapsody, which was screened under the guidance of Erich Pommer. This Pommer tried his luck in Hollywood two years ago, when the foreign invasion was at its height.

Hungarian Rhapsody has some of the charm of a UFA film of some seasons ago, The Waltz Dream. It tells (silently and with too many complications) of the amorous advances of a general's restless wife in the direction of a handsome hussar. At the height of the amorous rendezvous the young officer is saved from discovery and ruin by a farm superintendent's self-sacrificing daughter who loves him. So he marries the girl, gives up his uniform, and becomes a worker. Thus the film is in modern Europe's democratic mood.

The appeal of the film lies in the picturesque background of the Hungarian peasants' annual harvest festival, and in the details of a small cavalry garrison. Willy Fritsch is good as the hussar and Lil Dagover admirable as the indiscreet matron.

★ THE MAN AND THE MOMENT

The Man and the Moment (First National) is an Elinor Glyn legend of the idle rich and of a marriage in name only between a beautiful heroine (Billie Dove) and a handsome smasher of planes (Rod La Rocque). Its big moment comes when Billie swims home from a yachting party. Just fair.

(No stars) COLLEGE LOVE

College Love is Universal's feature-length development of its collegiate series of short reelers. It tells of college life and football such as has never been visioned anywhere outside of Hollywood. Stay away—unless you want to suffer for dear old Universal.

Do you know that—

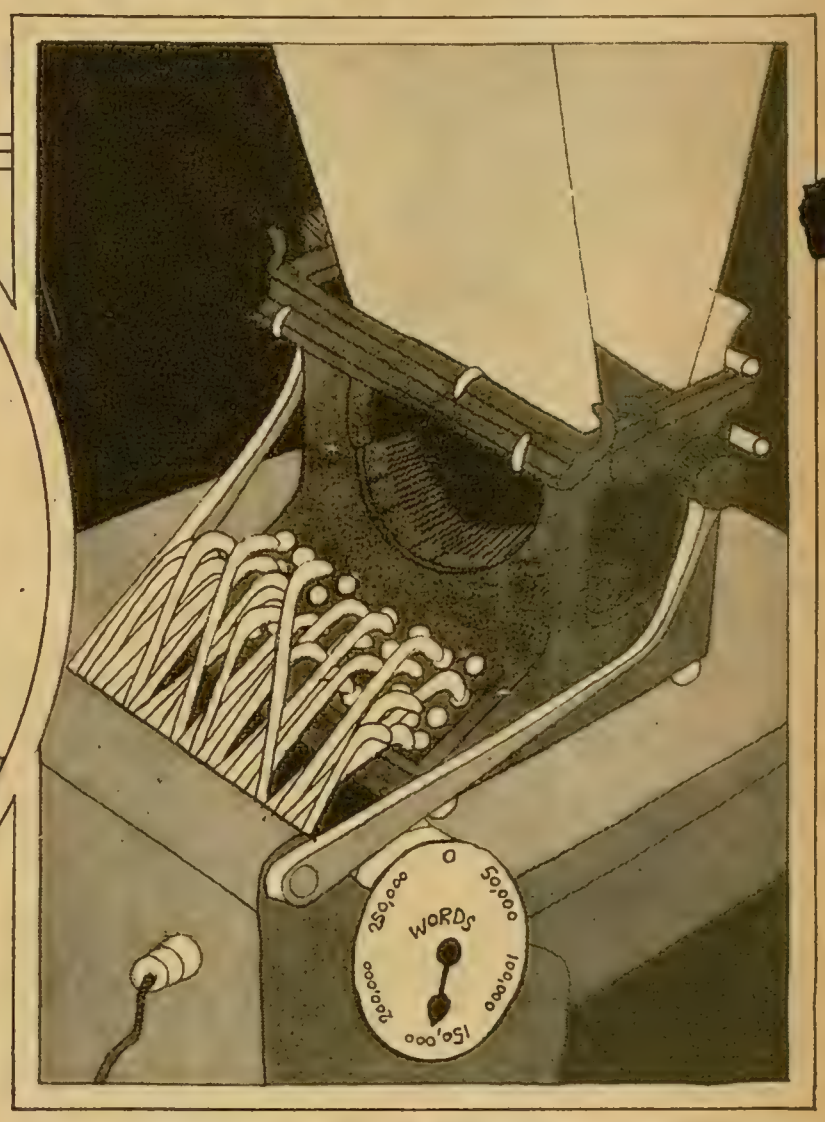
Last year American theaters with sound-reproducing apparatus grossed $450,000,000 out of the country's total of $600,000,000 in receipts? . . . Sound enthusiasts claim that 20,000,000 more patrons visit movie theaters each week now? . . . Colleen Moore is going with RKO?

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE COUNTRY IS *ALMOST* PERFECT. Now that War and the Demon Rum no longer exist and Crime is on the decline, nothing remains to be accomplished but the invention of a special ink which will fade out in a month's time for the writing of love letters.



THE AUTHOR OF THE MONTH. A still further simplification of the what-to-read problem.

"WELL, that kept their minds off the real issues for quite a spell this time."

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH of Uncle Sam in the act of making an earnest effort to settle down peacefully to the enjoyment of the fruits of his extraordinary prosperity.

Clothes Make

A Story of Love and Lingerie

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

who, after distinguishing himself as an aviator in the World War, immortalized the exploits of his companions in a series of stories. Since the war he has divided his time between writing fiction and running cotton mills in South Carolina, but he told us recently that he meant to drop literature and try to get into the war in China.

Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON

"THAT line about the guy making the best rat trap in the world to get a path beaten to his door is all the bunk," said Joe Gish. "If he didn't wrap his trap up with a picture of a pretty girl getting into a rumble seat, he'd never sell a one of them. And he'd have to get an advertising agency to put up signposts for him."

"Advertising is an exact science," I admitted. "But after all is said and done, it's the merit in the article that establishes the market."

"Maybe so," admitted Joe. "But it certainly pays to advertise. No matter how much the merit of the picture, a good frame is essential to the sale."

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Do you think all those advertisers are fools?" he asked, pointing to a row of posters across the street. "Do you think the Strawless Brick Company would pay Walter Rockland a hundred dollars an hour to paint luscious ladies for their signboards if all they've got to do to sell bricks is to make good bricks?"

"What's that got to do with wrappers?"

"An advertisement is just a wrapper stuck where you can't miss seeing it. A soap manufacturer can't put soap boxes all over the mountain sides, but he can put posters there. Hence, Walter Rockland. He was the high priest of the reach-for-the-skin-you-love-to-touch crowd. And you'd think that he would develop sales resistance if anybody would. But he fell for the wrapper stunt himself."

"How do you mean?"

"Thereby hangs a tale. I'll tell you about it."

And here is the story of the merit of the product, the appeal of the wrapper, and the choice of the purchaser, as I got it from Joe:

Walter Rockland was an artist and was breaking even with the wolf by painting portraits. A magazine editor saw one of them about the time his circulation began to show the inroads of the tabloids, and he hired Walter to adorn a few tales for him. For the public won't read a story that hasn't got a picture of a pretty girl doing something she shouldn't. And the advertisers won't buy space next to reading matter unless the public reads it.

So Walter became an illustrator and gave the world more dishabille and décolleté than the authors could get through the mails.

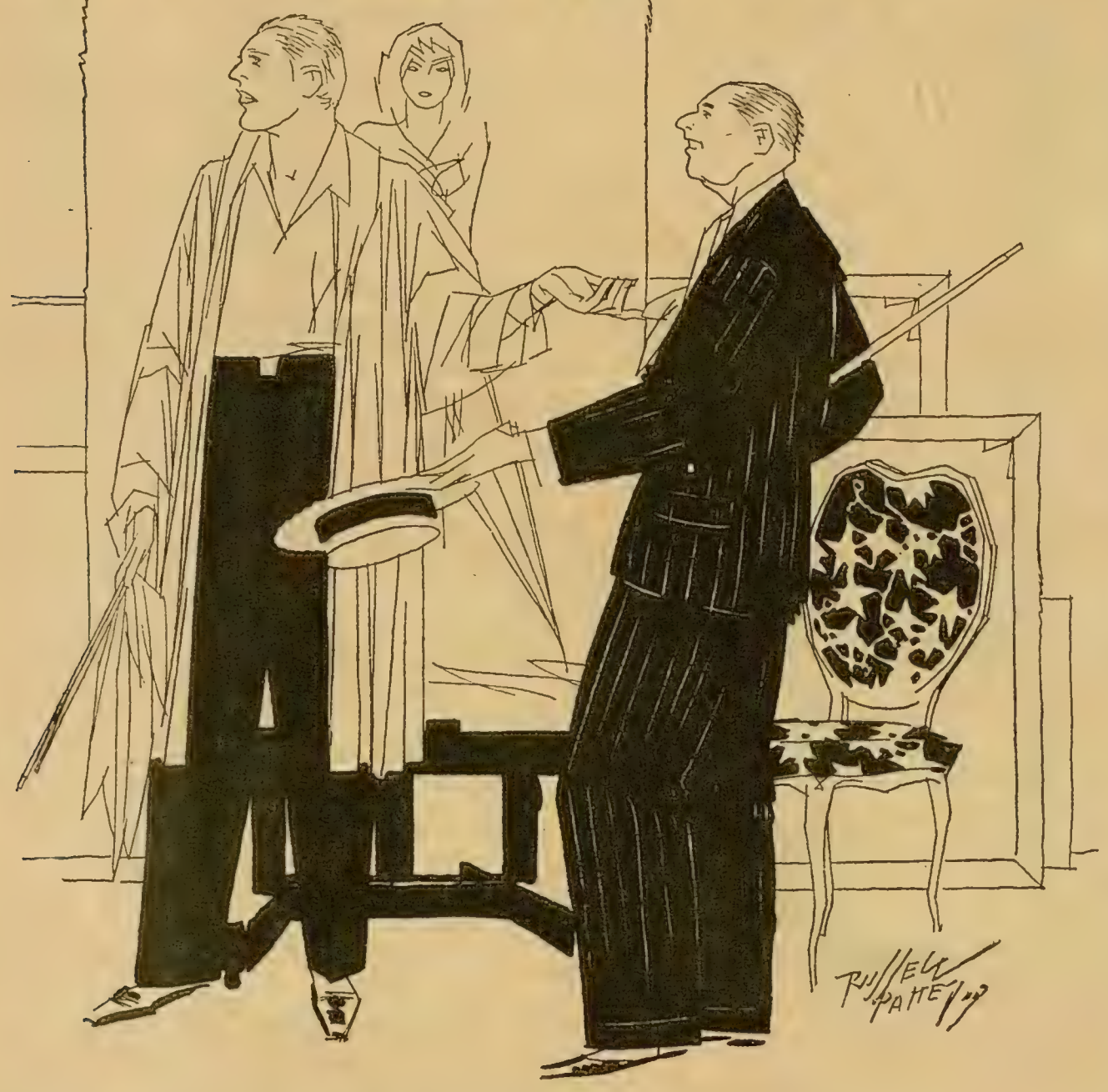
Miss Bard came out to see what was going on.

The advertisers followed the public eye and decided that it would be better to give their gold directly to Walter, so they lured him away from the editors to decorate their billboards. Then he was a commercial artist and painted more luring ladies than Peter Paul Rubens. Wherever people chewed gum, wore shoes, or played saxophones, he told them what kind to buy. And he said it with dimples.

In this he was aided and abetted by a little girl named Bard. She had everything the doctor ordered. From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli you'd see her—at least, the best parts of her. You could learn more about curves from her than from Einstein, and the sun never set on her Junoesque incarnations. Of course, no one knew it was the same girl that sold them tractors, asphalt, and silver polish, because sometimes she was a blonde Swede telling the world how to imitate her alabaster blush with Rustproof Rouge, and sometimes she was a dusky Egyptian proving that Cleopatra's come-hither was due to her choice of breakfast foods, and sometimes she was Madame Butterfly preparing to make the navy by perfuming herself with extract of cherry blossoms—now obtainable at any drug store. But this Jezebel's perfect thirty-six furnished the theme song and Walter did the continuity for the sales campaign.

Well, one morning he got a canvas ready for work and then had to wait for her to take her pose. She came in from the dressing room, dropped her kimono, and took

the MAN



Walter introduced them. Mr. Mears bowed.

her position on the dais. She was clothed in what the fashion magazines call "tailored lingerie." Whatever it was, there wasn't much of it.

SHE took her pose on a bench and leaned her right hand on an umbrella. Walter made a few motions with his brush and studied her shoulder for a minute. She changed her position nervously. He traced a line on his canvas and when he looked up at her she had moved again.

"For Pete's sake, get set," he told her peevishly. "You're not supposed to be Fatima entertaining the sultan. What's the matter with you? Out late last night?"

"Yeah," she shrugged and sighed. "This Jones Law gin is hard on the nerves."

"You must have been out dancing with one of the college boys," he said.

"Us models have to have our exercise and we can't afford these new electric vibrators. We have to take it where we can get it. Why the bleary eyes? You look like a fat girl's shirtwaist."

"How's that?"

"Been out on a big bust."

"I have."

"Well, take a drink of turpentine and let's make it snappy. I'll try and stay still, though I feel as if I was dislocated this morning. That boy said he was from Yale, but I think he was lying. Musta been from a chiropractic college. His fraternity grip was that old Spanish custom. I kept on telling him I was a good girl, but he wouldn't believe it. I finally tapped him over the head with a bottle. I'm getting tired of being insulted just because I'm a model and pose for a living. If you owned a house on Forty-ninth Street, that wouldn't make you a bootlegger. When I'm not working I keep my clothes on, all right. What have clothes got to do with it, anyway?"

"I don't know," Walter admitted. "I haven't had time to read Carlyle, Rousseau, Mrs. Eddy, or Beatrice Fairfax. Our ancestors invented clothes to keep themselves warm, but the women have discovered some other use for them."

"What's that?" she asked.

"To keep the men warm," he explained. "Adam was the boss of the garden until Eve put the first scallop on a fig leaf."

HE worked for fifteen minutes in silence and then raised a shade nervously to change the light.

"What's this going to be?" she asked him as she relaxed. "Another one of those should-she-ask-him-in pictures?"

"A poster for an umbrella company," he informed her.

"Well, for walking back home!" she exclaimed. "What sort of management is this? Just why are you going to have a lady advertise an umbrella in her boudoir?"

"Ours not to reason why, ours but to go and try," he told her. "I don't know. Why did they want a close-up of your knees for a vacuum cleaner ad? Why do they have flappers standing on windy corners to advertise nail polish? If a salesman wants to put over a sunburn lotion he gets a picture of a jane using it. And where is she sunburned? I'll give you one guess. If some horse doctor is trying to sell mule liniment to the farmers in Kansas, he'll get a picture of a chorine using it and I'll bet you it won't be her wrist she's sprained. The public must be served. And if the public likes to gaze at Nature's handiwork without any retouching by man, then the sales department has to give it to them."

"But what would I want with an umbrella in this rig?"

"You're holding it so the public can admire the stanch frame and graceful silhouette."

"Why not put a bathing suit on me and let me be on the beach under the umbrella?"

"No. A bathing suit hasn't been eye tonic since Ziegfeld abolished hips. It doesn't give the proper emphasis. It hasn't any sex appeal. When you see a picture of a girl in a bathing suit you naturally suppose that she's going to take a swim."

"What am I going to do in this scenery?"

"That's the idea exactly! You've got the point. The prospective buyer gets a glance at you and then takes a good look at the picture to find out why you're undressed. Then he gets dissatisfied."

"Dissatisfied with what?"

"With his old umbrella," Walter explained. "Then he goes out and gets a new Bombproof umbrella as the advertisement tells him."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"What's the title to this masterpiece?" she asked.
"'Bombproof Umbrellas Speak for Themselves.'"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

"Then where does he go?"

"Well, if he's had an opportunity to admire your stance, he'll go buy some golf clubs; if he likes your shoulders, he'll go buy a pair of suspenders; or if he fancies your neck, he may subscribe to a correspondence course in parachute jumping. You never can tell. But there's no use in drawing a picture of a lady weighing herself, trimming a corn, getting her exercise, writing a letter, beating a rug, feeding her dog, admiring her pearls, cracking ice, or reading the latest novel in anything but her best step-outs. It's a standard costume —boots on John Bull, a beaver hat on Uncle Sam, chaps on a cowboy, goggles on Lindbergh, and scanties on Miss America. You can't tell the boys which brand of cigarettes a lady smokes without showing them on which thigh she was vaccinated."

"What's the title to this masterpiece?" she asked.

"'Bombproof Umbrellas Speak for Themselves.'"

"I'd like to know what this one is saying," she remarked.

He was working with bold strokes now, and in an hour the picture had taken shape.

There were sounds of footsteps on the stairs and a knock came on the door. Miss Bard picked up her kimono and retired to the dressing room.

Walter opened the door and admitted a lady who was garbed in the latest and best styles. Her hat, gloves, stockings, shoes, purse, corsage, jewels, and complexion all harmonized and blended into a stunning apparition. There was no question but what she knew how to organize a chic ensemble. She looked good and she knew it.

"Good morning," Walter greeted her. "It's so kind of you to have come."

"Not at all," she assured him. "I was anxious to claim that original drawing you promised me. And I wanted to see your studio. This is the first time I've ever been in a real artist's studio."

He waved a hand to welcome her to it. She walked around the room and admired the pictures on the wall. She took a good look at the easel where Walter had been working and blushed. Then she saw Miss Bard in the dressing room. Miss Bard sent her back as good a look as she received, and both noses emulated the compass by pointing due north. The lady of the fashion plate was no longer enjoying her visit. She was evidently embarrassed by realizing how little Miss Bard had on under her kimono, and she decided to cut her stay short.

"It's marvelous to be able to put things you see and feel on canvas," she murmured as she left. "It's a wonderful gift. I must run along now. You're coming to dinner tonight, aren't you?"

"Certainly," Walter assured her. "Here's your picture all wrapped and ready."

He bowed her out.

MISS BARD strolled out of the dressing room and took up her pose.

"So that's where you got your hangover last night!" she commented. "Out dining with Lady Clara Vere de Vere, eh?"

"Yep."

"Like it so well you're going back for more?"

"Sure."

"Her father must have been a centaur. She's got a neck like a horse."

Walter said nothing, because there was as much truth as jealousy in what she said.

"Any cowboy would be proud to have her cantilever legs," Miss Bard continued. "No broncho could ever dislodge her. She's sure dressed up like a sore thumb. But I'd hate to have to have her around the house after she shed her glad rags."

Walter still said nothing.

"I hope she doesn't like her feet," Miss Bard remarked.

"Why?" he bit.

"Because after a couple more good dinners she's never going to see them again. She'd look like a top now if her ankles weren't so fat."

"Miss Warren does not pretend to have a professional figure," Walter assured her, "but she is considered quite smart in spite of your opinion of her anatomy."

"My Gawd!" Miss Bard exclaimed. "Are you taken in by Worth, Patou, Poiret, and a couple of silkworms?"

"I am not insensitive to Miss Warren's charms, if that's what you mean," he told her.

"Well, you go to your church and I'll go to mine," Miss Bard commented aloofly. "There's no accounting for taste. You won't be the first man to kiss a cow."

There was another knock on the door. Miss Bard picked up her kimono and retired again.

A natty gentleman appeared in a striped suit and a melancholy mood.

"Oh, farmer, have you a daughter fair?" he greeted Walter. "You look as if you were working."

"I am, unfortunately," Walter admitted, "and I've got a taste in my mouth like Sitting Bull's sweatshirt."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

LEARN about the Marquette with your hand on the wheel and your toe on the throttle! Let this superlative new six show you, on the road, that Buick has built the world's most outstanding performer in the moderate-price field. Know the thrill of soaring from ten to sixty miles an hour in high gear *in 31 seconds!* Of stepping up to 60 or 70 miles an hour any time with delightful ease, smoothness and security! Discover MARQUETTE performance —performance distinguished from that of every other car in the moderate-price class. Only Buick skill, experience and manufacturing genius could have achieved, in a car of such modest price, both brilliant leadership in action and equally remarkable low cost of operation. For the gasoline and oil consumption of the Marquette sets a surprising new record for economy . . . its weight is so balanced that tire mileage is phenomenal . . . so wonderfully is it engineered and built that service costs are reduced to an absolute minimum. Yet owning a Marquette and enjoying its exclusive advantages become very convenient and economical under the liberal GMAC plan. And Marquette is not offering remarkable performance and economy alone—With these is a host of *other* exceptional features: Beautifully finished, faultlessly tailored Bodies by Fisher, expressly designed for greater comfort. A new type of waterproof, wearproof, dustproof upholstery (introduced on the Marquette). A wonderful new, sloping windshield that eliminates glare. Airplane type stepped-size bearings. Dustproof tilt-ray headlights—and many other extraordinary betterments. This matchless new six is providing more complete satisfaction in outstanding performance and economy . . . in new beauty, comfort and luxury . . . in all-round value than has ever before been offered at the price. See it, drive it today.

Six body styles, $965 to $1035, f. o. b. factory, special equipment extra.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

"The set with t

STEWART

Ra

BUY the Set witn the Punch! Get the thrill of listening to a *winner*. Hear the CHAMPION that has knocked out all previous standards of radio performance—the new Stewart-Warner.

It packs the PEP of an All-American half-back—the PUNCH of a Dempsey—the PRECISION of a master fencer.

Performance? You'll marvel at it—the way it brings stations booming in from far and near, night and day—stations you never knew existed. And the new Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Speaker re-

The Jacobean Period Console. Surfaced with beautifully grained American walnut with African walnut ornamentation. Hinged lid; enclosed back. Approved cabinet No. 35. With the new Stewart-Warner AC Radio and the Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer built-in. Priced, less tubes $142.50*

All these Big Features

Plug-in for Television

8 tubes including Rectifier

New 245 Power Tubes in a New "Push-Pull" Hookup

Choice of Two New Powerful Circuits—Screen-Grid or Balanced Bridge

Air-Cooled Built-In Power Unit

Plug-In for Phonograph

Automatic Voltage Regulator

No AC Hum—Yet 100% Sensitivity

4-in-line Variable Condensers

Built-in Aerial

Completely Shielded Chassis

Gold-Plated Connections

Visible Angle Dial—Kilocycle Readings, as in Newspaper Radio Programs

Also 25 Cycle AC; DC and Battery Models

S

The new S
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Bronze. Wi
Grid Radi
Warner Ele
producer bu
With Dyph

Stewart-Warn
Burnham Ph

he Punch!"
WARNER
dio

oduces programs as realistically as though the sts were in your own living room.

re's the Champion Go-Getter! Here's the Set h the Punch! The Punch that gives champion- performance from one end of the dial to the er. The Punch that banishes all AC hum—yet ains 100% sensitivity. The Punch that gives vol-e, selectivity and realism of tone never before red in radio.

ur choice of two powerful new Stewart-Warner uits—"Screen Grid" or "Balanced Bridge"—each g two 245-type power tubes in a new "push-pull" kup. MODERN—even to plug-in for television. OROUGHBRED—even to 22-carat gold-plated nections, *throughout.*

gardless of what radio you may intend to buy, go to your nearest dealer and, as thousands of ers are doing, hear the Set with the Punch—the Stewart-Warner. Test it! Compare it! Note colorful new table and consolette models, the gnificent period design console cabinets. *Expect* anding performance, *anticipate* unusual beauty this Champion Radio *has* it. For a very small payment you can put it in *your* home—now!

WART-WARNER CORPORATION
CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.
*All prices slightly higher west of Rockies

EWART-WARNER

"The Voice of Authority"

rs of Screen Grid and Balanced Bridge Radio Receivers
Electro-Dynamic and Dyphonic Reproducers

The Sheraton Period Console—approved cabinet No. 58. American walnut combined with fine domestic and imported cabinet woods. Sliding doors; enclosed back. When furnished with the new Stewart-Warner Screen-Grid or Balanced Bridge Radio and built-in Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer, [less tubes] $165.50*

rner AC Radio in combi-efully proportioned con-ng Jade Green or Golden w Stewart-Warner Screen-e Stewart-namic Re- $128.50* less tubes] producer $119.50* [less tubes]

The 17th Century English Period Console approved cabinet No. 47. Of antique finished American walnut; with carved ornamentation. Sliding doors; enclosed back. With the new Stewart-Warner AC Radio Receiver and built-in Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer [less tubes] $154.50*

rt-Warner Screen-Grid Table Radios, $95.00* [less tubes]

proved Console Cabinets manufactured by Louis Hanson Company, Chicago; oh Corp., Los Angeles; and McLagan Furniture Co., Stratford, Ont., Canada.

"Voices"

Captain William Sparks

THE vigor in their advertising expresses the vigor of thought and action that has made The Sparks-Withington Company, manufacturers of Sparton Radio and Sparton Automobile Horns, one of today's outstanding organizations in the radio field. Beginning the manufacture of radio early in 1926, the sales curve of this company has literally skyrocketed to a peak among the leaders.

Sparton's background was twenty-five successful years in the highly competitive automobile horn field. During this time they developed unusual horn "voices," building their business on the "sale of sound."

When Sparton entered the radio field it was to market another "voice," but this of a different kind. Success for Sparton Radio came the first year; amazing growth the second, and a recognized position among the leaders the third. This year—1929-30—Sparton expects to more than double last year's sales.

During the period of its most remarkable growth, LIBERTY has been their base national advertising medium. During the last nine months of 1928 and thus far in 1929, LIBERTY has been the only national magazine used regularly for Sparton advertising. A two-color page appears each month, and Captain William Sparks, president of the Sparton organization, comments in the letter we show.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY

SPARTON

JACKSON MICH. U.S.A.

Mr. Sparks

May 21, 1929

Liberty Magazine,
Tribune Square,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

The writer has been intending writing you for some little time relative to our advertising in Liberty Magazine, which we have been running now for a period of about two years.

We are using constantly two colors and want to tell you what a nice print job we think you are doing in our two color work, and we have had very good results from our use of your space.

Wishing you continued success, I am

Very truly yours,

W. Sparks

President-General Manager
THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY

WS:C

LIBERTY

A Weekly for Everybody

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

"I just stopped by to see if you wanted to join me in a drink and lunch."

"All right," Walter agreed. "I'll knock off. I need a drink. Wait a minute and I'll be with you."

Then he called into the dressing room, "That'll be all now, Miss Bard. Come back at two."

Miss Bard came out of the dressing room to see what was going on.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Be back at two," he repeated.

The new arrival stared until his jaw dropped. The open kimono was enough to persuade him to buy a carload of cement, a kitchen range, a set of farm implements, and the Harvard Classics.

"Oh! This is Mr. Mears, Miss Bard," Walter introduced them.

Mr. Mears bowed. Miss Bard favored him with the smile that had taught a million spinsters the way to win husbands by using Enamelo Tooth Paste and wearing a tight sweater.

"Er-er—delighted," was the best he could manage. His jaw was still on the floor. "Er—I say, would you like to go along with us and get a drink? I know a little place here in the neighborhood that has synthetic gin made from real alcohol. Then we'll have a bit of lunch, eh?"

"It sounds to me like the bells at a rich uncle's funeral," Miss Bard told him. "Wait until I wiggle into a dress and I'm with you."

Walter slipped off his smock and looked in the door of the dressing room while they were waiting for Miss Bard.

"Hey, hey!" he cried. "You can't wear that stuff out. I don't want it all creased up. I'm not nearly through with this picture."

"All right, all right," she agreed. "But remember it's mine when you do finish. I can't afford to buy such nifty rompers."

So Miss Bard took off the lingerie and put on underwear. Then she slipped into a Mother Hubbard dress, snapped a belt around her waist, slapped a hat on the back of her head, and announced that she was ready. She resembled a mail sack for the through express.

A moment later they all left, Miss Bard and Mr. Mears in high spirits and Walter following in disgust. He didn't consider it any treat to take lunch with his model. Why hadn't he invited Miss Warren to lunch with him?

SEVERAL weeks later Miss Bard, clad in a string of pearls, was posed on the dais with a can of soup in one hand.

"When are you going to finish this masterpiece?" she inquired as he paused to study what he had just painted.

"This afternoon, I hope."

"Well, I guess I'll knock off for good after that," she told him. "I'm going to get married and I want a couple of weeks to get together a trousseau."

"Willy Mears?" he inquired.

"Yes," she admitted.

"Poor devil! I thought you'd hook him. 'And in fourteen minutes by the clock, she made ten thousand dollars,'" he quoted.

"Well, he's not complaining, and I didn't do it in fourteen minutes. It took two weeks to get him around to proposing."

"The boy was an optimist. Now turn just a bit to the right."

The soup advertisement was duly finished and Miss Bard ceased to be a model. She parted with her former employer amid a shower of adjectives and a few delicate references to his ancestors. It was definitely understood that he was not going to be invited to attend the nuptials.

Walter secured the services of another model. She lasted two days. She was so sweet and saintlike that the finished picture resembled a candy-box cover for St. Valentine's Day. It would never induce any young farmers to buy lightning rods.

The next model was no better. For a week he struggled

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Shaving Secret that only a Woman could tell a man.

Only a woman tells men this secret of shaving—

shaving preparations should be as finely made as the best facial products for women.

WHAT choice then, could be more logical than the products of Houbigant—makers of the finest women's preparations.

First, there is Fougère Royale Shaving Cream—a non-caustic, non-irritating balanced blend of lather that does more than ease off your beard. It soothes your face with secret ingredients that do away with after-smart or burn.

As a comfort companion for after-shaving, there is Fougère Royale Lotion—a cooling, ten-second rejuvenator that sends the blood surging back to your face. Briskly tones the muscles. Dissipates the lines of fatigue. Leaves your skin feeling like a piece of silk. Besides, it's styptic.

Then, for the finale to a perfect shave, there's Fougère Royale Talc—a real man's powder, soothing, invisible and super-fine.

Just mail the coupon below for generous free samples, mildly perfumed with the wholesome, outdoor fragrance, Fougère Royale (Royal Fern)—gratis, of course.

Shaving Stick, 75c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c
After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Talcum, 50c

Fougère Royale
Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal
After-Shaving Lotion

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. H 1
539 West 45th Street, New York
You may send me without charge, trial containers of Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

[CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN
Continued from page forty-five]

along with her and threw the result in the trash box. He was getting more and more irritable and doing less and less work. One model came in to pose after wearing tight garters. He sent her back into the dressing room to wait until the circulation was restored. When she returned he was madder than ever because she'd been sitting in a cane-bottom chair.

In three weeks he tried five different models and learned fourteen new profane nouns. Nothing about the studio suited him and his work suffered accordingly. He didn't envy Willy Mears, but he needed inspiration.

He dismissed his last model and was sitting looking at his easel in disgust when the door opened and there stood Miss Bard.

He jumped to his feet to welcome her and his jaw dropped as low as Willy Mears' had when he first saw her.

For she had bought a trousseau—an elaborate and becoming one. Peeping out from under a little red cloche hat were a few of the curls that had once sold a million bottles of Permanent Wave Shampoo. The lips that had brought dividends to the Ginproof Lipstick Company were generously pointed up with a sample of their product. The classic curves that had duped ten million women into buying uplift brassières and downtown corsets were now as prominent as a red nose. The trim ankles that had once put over Mammoth Trucks appeared to advantage above lizard-skin pumps. The dimpled knees that had formerly made Cheerful Cheese a household word were more alluring than ever in a new shade of beige stockings. And as she crossed them and lounged back in a chair, there was visible some of that lace and silk without a glimpse of which no advertising campaign can successfully stimulate the sale of roller bearings, freight cars, traffic lights, convertible bonds, gas mantles, or steam shovels.

Walter admitted a lady who knew how to organize a chic ensemble. She looked good and knew it.

Miss Bard had taken a page from her rival's notebook and the patient was distinctly improved. She would have sold Casanova's Autobiography to the Watch and Ward Society.

"How're things going?" she inquired.

"Rotten," Walter told her truthfully. "The studio hasn't been the same since you left."

"I miss the old place," she said with almost a catch in her voice. "I just thought I'd drop in today and have a last look at it. It doesn't seem right for me not to show up here every day and get a crick in my neck."

"No, it doesn't," he agreed enthusiastically. He was craning his neck for a better view. "I wish you hadn't left."

"Do you really?"

"You bet," he said, and he meant it.

HE studied her carefully. There was no doubt but what she presented a most alluring picture. Not even Miss Warren was better tailored. He was carried away by her beauty. His pulse began to speed up and the color mounted to his cheeks.

What a fool he had been to let this girl leave him! There was not another like her in the world. The spirit of Romeo stirred him as the spring breeze from the park rustled her skirt and wafted to him a strange fragrance. On the impulse he walked over and picked her up in his arms and kissed her full on the lips.

"Don't leave me," he begged. "You belong here. You'll never be happy with that fool Mears. He's got a lot of money, I know, but he'll never love you as I will. You are mine—mine forever. With you here I'll paint pictures that will make history."

Miss Bard returned his kisses ardently. She had apparently come back for that very purpose. Certainly she was pleased with this new development. With a sigh they both relaxed into each other's arms.

"But are you sure you love me?" she questioned after a long moment of bliss. "I didn't want to leave you. But you never seemed to care for me. You never even gave me a tender word or look. You were so discouraging! How was I to know how you felt?"

He was making up for it now.

"What about Miss Warren?" she asked.

"To hell with her. You call up Mears and tell him to go soap his ear."

He still held her in his arms and caressed her, vastly intrigued by the intricacies of her costume. Finally she pushed him away and smoothed out the wrinkles in her dress.

"That's enough for now," she said. "How's the work?"

"Not so good. I promised the Industrial Audit Bureau a new picture of a girl in a tub, but I can't seem to get it right. It was almost finished, but I gave up an hour ago."

SHE studied the canvas on the easel a moment.

"Do you want to finish it now? I'll pose for you if it will help you any."

"You bet it will! Suppose we do that. It'll only take half an hour. Then I'll be free for a week and we'll get married and go away somewhere for our honeymoon. Just take off your clothes and sit there on the floor with your arm on the chair as if it were the side of the bathtub."

Miss Bard obligingly slipped off her trousseau and took her pose as indicated. Walter seized his brushes and set to work. A line here, a line there, and the picture began to show life. He knew now just what was lacking.

Suddenly he put down his palette and walked over to the dais. Miss Bard tilted back her head and puckered her lips for the expected kiss. As his fiancée she had a right to expect different treatment than when she had posed by the hour.

"Move your shoulder back to here, like this," he told her. He placed her in the desired position and studied the perspective. "Lean forward a little," he told her. "A little more. That's right. I want to show enough to make it interesting but not enough to entertain the censors."

Then he went back to his easel leaving her unkissed. The mood had passed with her trousseau. The balloon was deflated. There'd be no ascension. She was a model again—the same model who had posed before him for years.

He knew every curve and dimple; he had put them on a hundred canvases just as he was doing now. And as he put them on, the effect of the trousseau was lost as his pulse slowed down to normal.

Twice he pushed her and pulled her into new positions and ignored the invitation of her lips. The picture was progressing rapidly. His confidence was restored and he smiled to himself.

In an hour he put down his brushes.

"That's fine," he said. "It only needed touching up."

Miss Bard got up and reached for her clothes. She noticed that he was cleaning a brush. She put them on thoughtfully.

"Good-by," she said and held out her hand. "I think I'd better marry Willy Mears after all."

"Good-by," he repeated as he shook it casually. "Thanks awfully for posing for me."

"You're quite welcome," she said. "And thanks for the valuable lesson in psychology."

"What lesson?" he asked in surprise.

"That clothes make the man and familiarity breeds contempt," she told him. "No wonder they cover up brides with a veil. Scheherezade didn't save her life by telling stories—she just kept her clothes on. And let me give you a tip in regard to your overstuffed Juliet. You can't always tell what's the depth of the well by the length of the handle on the pump. Good-by."

And she left him with a tear on her cheek.

Mrs. Mears profited by her experience. She is now one of the best-dressed women in modern society. But in spite of the popular custom of putting the best knee forward, she is the personification of modesty. She never gives anyone more than a fleeting glimpse of the charms that once stimulated international commerce. She is as careful about overexposure as a photographer and her costumes follow the Victorian ideal. She doesn't actually revert to hoop skirts, but neither does she wear whoop skirts.

HOWEVER, in spite of her apparent prudery, she is very popular with the gentlemen—particularly with her husband.

But Walter Rockland's experience didn't influence his actions. He proposed to Miss Warren about the time the spring styles appeared and was accepted. As a compliment to his bride he did two portraits of her. After he exhibited them he became famous overnight. So he became an artist again and gets untold sums for doing society portraits. Now no woman over thirty would think of letting anyone else paint her, for, regardless of what his eye sees, his hand still remembers Miss Bard.

But he still falls for the wrapper in spite of the time he spent behind the scenes. He couldn't resist the posters and invested heavily in Florida real estate at the time of the boom. Now he can't figure out why all the beautiful ladies that were shown gamboling on his lawn wore evening gowns. They should have worn divers' suits.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is meant by cutting the Gordian knot?
2—What is the capital of Iceland?
3—What is pitchblende?
4—What is a nonagenarian?
5—What is specific gravity?
6—What are first-year cadets at West Point often called?
7—For what term are justices of the United States Supreme Court appointed?
8—In what state is Roosevelt Dam?
9—What is the highest denomination postage stamp now issued by the United States?
10—What pugilist was called Ruby Robert?
11—What native born Virginian is a member of the British Parliament?
12—What does the French phrase *fin de siècle* mean?
13—Who founded the Society of Jesus whose members are called Jesuits?
14—What is pomology?
15—What is the pay of a United States Military Academy cadet?
16—What animal is incapable of vocal sound?
17—Who painted the Mona Lisa?
18—What is the sacred river of India?
19—Whose picture is on the new ten-dollar bill?
20—Who wrote the book of Proverbs?

(Answers will be found on page seventy-nine)

The Stimulation of
a Brisk Walk
an Expert Massage
a Cold Shower
all in a wonderful new
Parisian Body Tonic...

APPROACH your evening's social activities with the vigor and allure of the true Parisienne. Use her methods for revivifying the exhausted body, of restoring the blood to active circulation, the skin to glowing youth.

No need to carry the fatigue of business or shopping over—into evening's playtime hours. Use Cheramy's Body Tonic—a new Eau de Cologne that combines the stimulating effects of a brisk walk, a cold shower, an expensive massage by an expert masseuse—all in a few drops and a fraction of the cost.

Pat it on your tired skin—over your tired body. How cooling, tingling, soothing. Into each pore it rushes—cleansing, toning, deodorizing. Your skin awakens, glows, grows supple. There's a new elasticity in every muscle. And a flower fragrance—delicate, sensuous, delightful—pervades your very being.

Just mail the coupon below. It brings you free, a generous Flacon of Cheramy's Eau de Cologne, a tonic for the body and most popular in Paris.

FLORAL
EAU DE COLOGNE
by
CHERAMY
PARIS

ODEURS

JOLI SOIR (Gloaming) — POIS DE SENTEUR (Sweet Pea)
FOUGÈRE — MIMOSA
MUGUET — ROSE
JASMIN — VIOLETTE
LILAS — CHYPRE
LAVANDE

CHERAMY, Inc., Dept. E 1
539 West 45th Street, New York

You may send me without charge, a trial flacon of Cheramy Eau de Cologne—a new tonic for the body.

Please designate perfume desired

.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Vox

It Looks as if There Is Still Some Slight Disagreement About Prohibition

DENVER, COLO.—Have never Vox Popped before, but how could anybody help popping after reading Edward Doherty's article, "Drinking on the Atlantic"? Is that why the title of the cover was "All Wet"?

Here are a few statistics about that article—just the high spots.

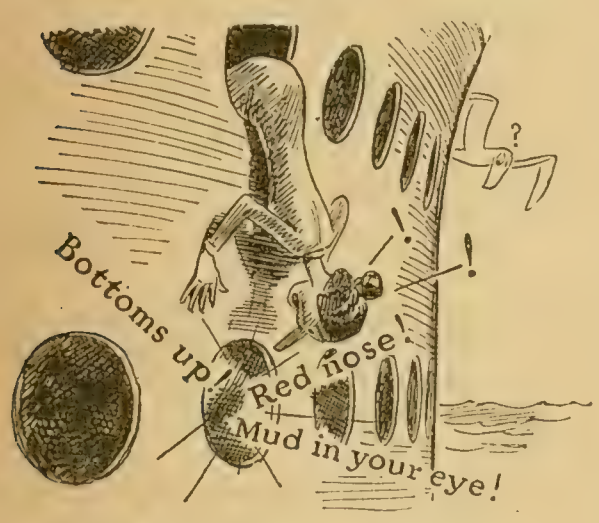
Some form of the word "drink" was used sixty-five times. Liquor was mentioned twenty-seven times, wine fourteen times, beer thirteen times, champagne eleven times, other drinks fifty or sixty times.

Did the author know any other words, and did he get paid for all these repetitions?

I think he did mention eating one time when the liquor was all gone.—*O. W. Kremer.*

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.—I consider the article by Mr. Edward Doherty, entitled "Drinking on the Atlantic," as being but another bit of wholesale evidence tending to support the well known proposition that the surest way of inciting the normal individual to insist upon exercising what he considers to be his inalienable rights is for someone to try to deprive him of these rights.

To me, the keynote of the situation, both as set forth by Mr. Doherty and as found throughout our reformer-ridden land, lies right in Mr. Doherty's statement to the effect that some W. C. T. U. delegates aboard the ship noticed that cracked ice and ginger ale were being carried into a stateroom near to theirs (horrors, shivers, and instant elongation of olfactory organs). Forthwith, "one of the dry ladies complained to the captain." She assumed that liquor was be-



ing drunk in a stateroom which she indicated, and she wished the captain to stop it.

Here we have the case of one passenger among the many thousands then traveling the high seas getting the idea that someone unknown to her, located in a stateroom the exclusive use of which has been purchased for the duration of the voyage, and in which she has absolutely no legitimate interest, is, perhaps, doing something of which *she* does not approve.

Therefore she demands that the chief executive of the great Leviathan shall forcibly, if necessary, invade the privacy of another.

The acts, habits, beliefs, and thirsts, if you like, of the individual should be exclusively the affair of that individual, and of none other so long as they do not interfere with the rights of others. One should not be subjected to keyhole espionage.—*A Reader.*

It's Probably the Weather

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Votre editorials—ils sont buenos. Ego enjoy 'em très multum. Tuum fable, "Kept" is—quid dîtes-vous?—hot und snappy. Je read Bert Green. Il est muy funny, nicht wahr? It is to make of moi-même un bright garçon ut je lis "Twenty Questions." I know so muy petit. Your whole book—c'est le plus excellent—sed les deux cross word puzzles! They are very much 2 dam difficilis. Non è vero? —*Fils d'el Vetustus Sod.*

Glad You Liked It

SEATTLE, WASH.—You editors of LIBERTY surely do know your stuff when it comes to picking stories. I just finished the cleverest short story of this year, to wit, "Traffic Jam and Applesauce," by Faith Baldwin. What a huge sense of humor!—*Faith Baldwin Fan.*

Just a Gesture?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Pardon me if I smile a little when your editor, in "The Passing of a Great Race?" speaks of the British Empire walking down the hill toward the sunset.

The present Labor Government in England, though it may be somewhat socialistic at home, is, internationally, just as imperialistic as preceding governments there have been. The gesture in connection with abandoning the Singapore base is just a gesture. It may be intended to help induce Uncle Sam to part with what may be called his strategic pants in the coming naval disarmament conference. This was about the only part of his raiment left to Uncle Sam in the last conference by the genial and generous Mr. Hughes.

You say that Singapore could never be used against the United States. Why not? It could strike at the Philippines, and there is still some national honor left. Britain has, openly at least, no alliance with Japan, now. But one could and would be made if it was to the interest of the British Empire.

Singapore would be useful to such an alliance.—*A. R. Brown.*

You'll Have to Give Her a Little Time to Think

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It's funny—we think of good form and bad form as fixed things, but they're always changing. What was good form in 1919 may be bad form in 1929. Helen Hathaway's article, "Keeping Up With Etiquette," made us realize this, and was good as far as it went, but I wish it had gone further. It should have told us what to do in really serious social emergencies.

For example, I was at a dinner at which my host, an Englishman, was try-

ing to carve a very tough and slippery duck.

Just when he thought he'd got it licked, it up and skidded right off the platter, and landed plunk in the lap of the woman next him.

Was he fussed? No, he never turned a hair.

He leaned toward the lady and said coolly and politely, "Madam, may I trouble you for that duck?"

Now, I want Helen Hathaway to tell us if he did right.—*F. Brewster.*

War Before Women and Wine

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—I have been reading your war story, "Knights of the Blue." As one who knows something about those days may I congratulate you on finally publishing such a story in simple, unadorned fashion without a lot of bunk and extraneous stuff? More power to the authors! They have not stressed dissipation to the exclusion of the real business at hand: the prosecution of the war.

It is by far the most interesting story of one aviator's life—which would be that of all—that I have read.—*Sherley White.*

Women and Wine Before War

BEACH BLUFF, MASS.—The only trouble I can see with your mag. is that there is too much wine, women, and weird whoopee. Time was when I'd enjoy it because of the darn good sport articles and prize-fight accounts. But them days is gone forever.—*J. L. Roach.*

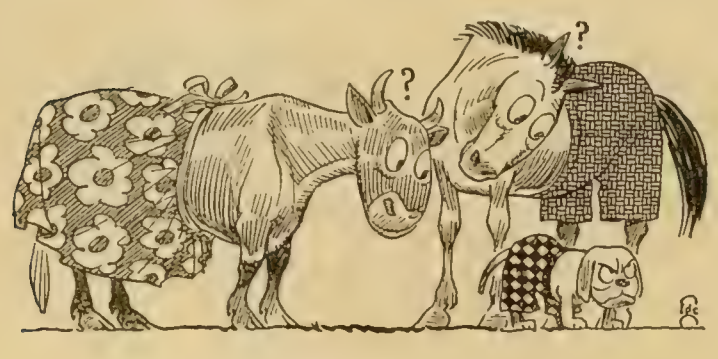
Oh, Yeh?

CHICAGO, ILL.—I think LIBERTY is worth a nickel despite the fact that we get the Sears-Roebuck catalogue for nothing.—*K. D'Arcy Bittle.*

Pop

A Few at Random from the Pile Marked "Delmar"

ASHTABULA, OHIO—Viña Delmar is writing up a large cross section of American life today in the manner that has won undying fame for a number of gentlemen long since dead, and whose works have been crowned as classics. Delmar's stories are weak sisters of unabridged editions of these literary masterpieces. Her critics are probably descendants of the people who thought women's legs were nasty, and that cows and horses should wear trousers.



No one is compelled to read her stories. Those inclined to live that way will be attracted by the living examples in their communities, just as water finds its level, and won't be spoilt by an occasional story.—*A. H. K.*

TORONTO, CAN.—Talk about realism! Viña's "Kept" is super.

It is pure ignorance that prompts the thoughts of those calling it "cheaply immoral."

It is real everyday life and could only come from a very clever mind.—*One Who Reads a Lot.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I like "Kept." I s'pose, to the minds of the antediluvians, it's vulgar trash—yet, if you're willing to sit down and read the story for what it is, you'll have to admit that it's life. Life with a capital "L."

Maybe not as you and I meet it, but as other people are meeting it.—*D. O. E.*

FORT WAYNE, IND.—You started out with a flare, old-timer, but you're fizzing out like a wet firecracker! Your public is becoming very much fed up on your gin-soaked stories; your "what the hells"; your "Jees"; your "cripes"; your women having babies, or about to have them.

Each installment of "Kept" leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

There is absolutely nothing fine or inspiring about it—not even a sense of humor.

"Kept" is simply a sordid, sexy, boresome recital of several unmoral, unmarried morons, living and partying together.

Rotten stuff, Viña! Wouldn't want a daughter of mine to absorb it. Thank heaven my Peggy is only—a Boston bull pup! Jees, Viña, don't do it again!—*Helen Guerrier.*

NEWPORT, R. I.—"Kept" is splendid! Its characters live and breathe, it progresses with a movement as natural as life itself, and it's written with an art that conceals art.—*Lucy M.*

Oh, It's Quite All Right. Don't Thank Us

WINNIPEG, CAN.—Allow me to express my appreciation of your magazine, to which I have been a subscriber for some months.

I enjoyed "The Happy Parrot" very much, and being an ex-soldier I was very much interested in "The Red Napoleon," right up until the last chapter, where Mr. Gibbons cracked his big joke. He had the Canadian provinces as full partners in the United States of America. I choose to believe that Mr. Gibbons was having some fun, and that he is not really quite so ignorant of the feelings of the Canadian people.

Mr. Gibbons' kind suggestion to the contrary notwithstanding, we prefer to remain full partners in the greatest empire the world has ever known. We prefer to live where the laws are obeyed and rigidly enforced; where the crook goes to jail and the murderer hangs, both within a very short time of the commission of the offense. And, last but not least, where there is no prohibition.

The Stars and Stripes is, no doubt, a great flag from Mr. Gibbons' point of view, but for real personal liberty and equality we Canadians prefer the Union Jack, which has always stood for liberty and justice, thank you.—*T. F. Johns.*

Kind Words for Cross Words

MINEOLA, TEXAS—The many Vox Poppers—both pro and con—have failed to comment on what, to me, is one of the best features of your magazine, and that is your very excellent cross word puzzle pages. They are certainly the best to be found in any periodical and are alone worth the nickel every week.—*Mrs. C. F. Howe.*

We Get the Idea

CHICAGO, ILL.—LIBERTY is a bad, rotten, not-to-be-borne, excruciatingly awful, incomprehensibly atrocious—aw, what I mean is, it's a punk magazine.—*Harry.*

A Moral Tale. Yessir

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Permit me, as a reader, to express my sincere appreciation of your story, "Happy Day," by R. J. B. Denby. It is an excellent argument for sobriety, and demonstrates in an adroit and readable manner the manifold dangers of mixing alcohol and gasoline.

It is gratifying to see LIBERTY beginning to take this attitude. Come on in, brother—the water's fine! Encore!—*B. W. Mason.*

Why, Fay!

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—"Sally of the C. O. S." was fine. Walton Green interests me always. I would like to compliment him on his wonderful characters. Luigi was O. K. I'd like to find a man like him. No foolin'!

I can see that big, black-eyed Sicilian, smoking his cigarette, and fine though Dr. Tolley was, I wish Sally could have had Luigi.

He thrilled me, that beautiful black-eyed brute!—*Fay Lee.*

A Couple of Mere Men Speak from the Heart

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I read your editorial, "Clothes."

If men once bring themselves to the point where they can discard their coats with a perfect feeling of propriety on any occasion, it will not be so long, then, when they will shorten their trouser legs, loosen their neckbands, and commence to know something of the benefits of sun and motion.

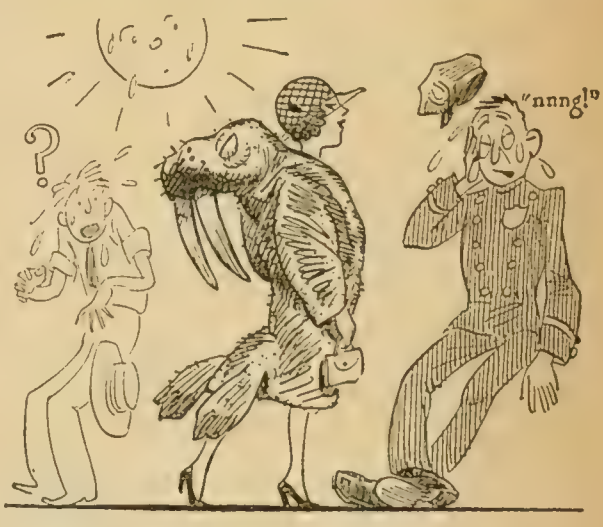
Take off your coats, brothers!

You may catch up with your sisters yet.

Especially if they insist on wearing furs in summer.—*F. W. McGrath.*

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Your editorial, "Clothes," in the August 10 issue, was rotten.

What do you mean by saying that women are more sensible than men when



it comes to dress? Women just dress that way because it's the style. If the style experts should advocate walrus skins for midsummer wear, the women would start wearing them, and saying they just simply adored it.

And who are the style experts? Men, ain't they?—*Just a Reader.*

"Then ye who'd bid adieu to care,
Come here ana smoke it into air."
—Anon.

A cooler smoke in a DRIER pipe

Pipe smokers:

Back about 1870, James N. Wellman developed a secret tobacco process which won instant and widespread favor. It yielded a fuller-bodied richness, mildness and flavor which just seemed to "go" with a pipe.

Wellman's Method, used exclusively on Granger Rough Cut, is what makes it so fragrant and mellow, so sweet and cool.

Big, shaggy flakes — not like finely cut hot-burning tobaccos, but "Rough Cut" to burn slowly down to a clean, dry ash.

All in a common-sense soft package, foil wrapped to give the best protection, at 10 cents. A whole bookful of reasons why it's "in more pipes every day!"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

...in more pipes every day!

"Cigars, Cigarettes—"

A New For the Love o' Lil

ATTA boy! The visiting Lions were playing the home town Wolves. And that's really all Lil knew about baseball. Surrounded by shouting fans who seemed to be on springs, she felt like an old maid at the mothers' meeting for September. She was painfully squeezed into her two-dollar box seat between Sandy and the railing, and certainly resembled the flattened middle olive at the bottom of a jar.

"I do wish I had more room for my feet," she murmured. "I have to sit pigeon-toed. I wish this man behind us would park his knees somewhere else. My poor shoulder blades— "

"Forget your shoulder blades!" Sandy yelled.

Several conservative ladies who were courageously flaunting sun backs turned to stare at him. One said, "Fresh."

This week's cover picture.

"Keep your eye on the ball," he continued, pounding his straw hat on the rail. It looked as if a cow had been eating it. "Hennessey's up. Watch the ball!"

Baseball wasn't billiards. Lil knew which one to watch, but she didn't bother. She'd been squinting at Hennessey right along and he hadn't hit the ball yet. She powdered her nose and watched her husband jump up and down.

"Hey, play ball! Play ball! We didn't pay two bucks to watch you guys fight!" This was the man behind Lil. He removed his knees from her shoulder blades to stand up and whoop like a Piegan chief at a war dance.

"Say, keep your bloomin' shirt on," Sandy said.

Poor Lil didn't quite dare turn around. But she looked hurriedly to right and left. Why, all the women were wearing bright new winter felts! Most of them were red. She must buy a red one to keep in style.

"Dear," she said, nudging Sandy, "how do you think I'd look in one of those sweet new red felts?" Her voice was very wistful. She nudged him again.

"FOUL!" he bellowed, nearly knocking her lower jaw loose and sprinkling her teeth in her lap. "Absolutely foul. Go back to that base."

Any other wife would have been insulted. But Lil just rearranged her jaw, wiggled her ankles which had gone to sleep, and started to giggle.

"Three strikes for five cents. Everybody gets three strikes in this game. Now, beat it. Slide—SLIDE!"

"If I hear anybody else say, 'Slide,'" Lil said to herself, "I'll get up and scream. This place is the worst zoo." She got out her shopping list and jotted down Flea Powder.

"Peanuts!" a man shouted in her ear. "The game isn't the game without peanuts. Peanuts!"

"Dear, buy me a bag," she asked Sandy. He didn't hear. And he was chewing gum so fast that he couldn't stop to say Yes or No. He looked like a wreck; as if he'd been out all night; as if—

"If peanuts were headache tablets," she told herself, "I'd buy a quarter's worth. I'd hand over a ten spot and wouldn't ask for change. This is hectic!" Her hat felt too tight and her temper was pinching her, too.

"See?" Sandy whispered like a sailor politely pointing out a coil of rope to a visiting landlubber. "Bases are full. See? Two strikes. Two balls. And Joe Hennessey—"

"Cigars, cigarettes, chewing gum, chewing tobacco, and candy," a vender butted in, slopping raspberry pop on Lil's new green flannel dress. "Get your ice-cold pop here. Ice cold!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Hold-up.)

The Game that Had EVERYTHING

A Fourteen-Inning Thriller of 1928

By

HUGH FULLERTON

(Eighth of a series on "greatest games" chosen by various baseball notables)

Wide World photo

Jack Hendricks, Cincinnati pilot, who got his greatest thrill in a Giant-Red game.

JACK HENDRICKS, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, still has doubts as to which one of three games gave him the greatest thrill in his long career as player and manager.

"Every New York-Cincinnati game is a thrill to me," he told me. "There are three that I recall vividly. One was when the Reds were four runs behind in the ninth inning. McGraw left the bench and I yelled at him that he would better stick. He started for the clubhouse. Before he got there the Reds had scored four runs and tied it up.

"Another was that great seventeen-inning game. New York was six runs ahead in the eighth. We scored two in the eighth, four in the ninth, fought them for seventeen innings, and won.

"But, everything considered, the most thrilling of the three games I recall was that of September 23, 1928, at the Polo Grounds. Everything that goes to make baseball happened in that battle, and it was the best pitched and played of them all."

The situation when the Reds and Giants met on the Polo Grounds, New York, on September 23, was tense. The Giants had virtually put Cincinnati out of the pennant race earlier and the Reds were fighting to return the compliment. New York was rushing forward in the race after a relapse, and striving to overtake the wobbling St. Louis Cardinals, who led by only one game. McGraw sent Genewich, his young pitching star, in against Adolfo Luque, the Cuban.

© Underwood & Underwood

Genewich, who won for Giants.

In the second inning the Giants scored a run on Terry's drive, Jackson's single, and Hogan's two-base hit. For six innings Cincinnati's batters could do nothing with the speedy pitching of Genewich. Then, in the seventh Joe Stripp lofted a fast ball into the stands for a home run.

From that until the fourteenth inning the game was one of the most desperately fought and sensational of all struggles for that pennant. Even before the score was tied the play had bordered upon the sensational, for in the fourth inning Kelly had crashed against the left-field barrier to make a marvelous catch, and in the fifth the Reds, led by Hughie Critz, had made their one hundred and eighty-eighth double play of the year, breaking the record of the major leagues.

The announcement came that the St. Louis team had won its game from Brooklyn, and when Wally Pipp opened the ninth for Cincinnati with a three-base hit it looked as if the Reds had accomplished their purpose and snatched another championship from McGraw's closing fingers. Then came the play of plays of the game. Allen drove a fly ball out to Welsh and, as the ball settled into the outfielder's hands, Pipp leaped from third base and raced for the plate. Welsh, seeing victory escaping, hurled the ball toward the crouching O'Farrell. The ball and the runner seemed to arrive almost at the same instant, but O'Farrell had the plate blocked, and, as Pipp slid desperately at the rubber, his foot seemed to be warded off by O'Farrell's leg. Umpire Pfirman waved the runner out and the crowd went wild. So did Hendricks.

Fighting harder they went into extra innings. In the tenth an amazing catch by Jackson started the Reds' half of the inning, and after that they filled the bases—only to be held scoreless by Genewich's great pitching. Pipp's magnificent one-handed stop of O'Doul's hard-smash checked the Giants in the eleventh.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Luque, the Reds' hurler.

In each round, chances opened up, but neither team could force a runner to the plate until the fourteenth. The players were wobbling with weariness and strain when Lindstrom singled. Instead of bunting, Terry crashed the first ball pitched. The ball shot straight at Luque with terrific force. He half blocked it with one hand and it rolled slowly toward Critz. The boy who is declared the greatest fielding second baseman of all time attempted a brilliant play. While at top speed he scooped the ball with one hand and hurled it toward Pipp. The throw was wild. Before the ball was recovered Lindstrom was on third and a moment later Jackson ended the struggle with a clean hit over short, the Giants were still in the fight, and Cincinnati was balked of its vengeance.

THE END

THE BOX SCORE

CINCINNATI

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Critz, 2b	4	0	0	4	2	1
Dressen, 3b	6	0	0	0	3	0
Pipp, 1b	6	0	1	17	2	0
Allen, cf	6	0	1	2	0	0
Stripp, rf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Kelly, lf	6	0	1	4	0	0
Hargrave, c	5	0	0	8	2	0
Ford, ss	5	0	0	4	5	0
Luque, p	5	0	1	1	1	0
Totals	48	1	5	40*	15	1

* One out when winning run scored.

NEW YORK

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Welsh, cf	6	0	1	5	1	0
O'Doul, lf	6	0	0	1	0	0
Ott, rf	5	0	0	4	0	0
Lindstrom, 3b	6	1	3	0	6	0
Terry, 1b	6	1	2	22	0	0
Jackson, ss	6	0	3	2	7	2
Hogan, c	2	0	2	3	0	0
Mann†	0	0	0	0	0	0
O'Farrell, c	1	0	0	4	1	0
Reese, 2b	5	0	1	1	4	1
Genewich, p	5	0	0	0	6	0
Totals	48	2	12	42	25	3

† Batted for Hogan.

Cincinnati	000	000	100	000	00	—1
New York	010	000	000	000	01	—2

Two-base hit—Hogan. Three-base hit—Pipp. Home run—Stripp. Stolen base—Critz. Sacrifice hit—O'Farrell. Double plays—Ford to Critz to Pipp, Welsh to O'Farrell. Left on bases—New York 16, Cincinnati 8. Bases on balls—Genewich 3, Luque 2. Struck out—Genewich 6, Luque 6. Umpires—Pfirman, Klem, and Quigley. Time—two hours and thirty minutes.

Kept

The Story of a Girl Without the Law

By
Viña Delmar

Pictures by
James Montgomery Flagg

"You'll leave the Packard at the curb when you go."

Part Twelve—(Conclusion)

HUBERT got the car and started toward his official home. It was nice and early. He'd probably catch Helen while she was breakfasting or dressing for golf or something.

She was not breakfasting. Had she gone already? He strode to the kitchen and found Nellie polishing silver.

"Good morning, Mr. Scott."

"Good morning, Nellie. Has Mrs. Scott gone out?"

"No, sir. She ain't up yet."

"Could you—er—do you think you could call her? This is about her regular breakfast-time, isn't it?"

Nellie bent lower over her work. "I couldn't call her," she said. "She gets up when she's ready unless, the night before, she's told me to call her. I wouldn't call her for nobody."

This was a distinct and offensive challenge to his importance. Hubert couldn't let it pass unnoticed.

"I suppose because my work keeps me away you've forgotten me. I'm your employer."

"No, sir, you ain't. My employer is asleep upstairs."

"You'll be out of a job this afternoon."

Nellie laughed with a loud, free recklessness. "You so big around here, you go wake Mrs. Scott up," she said.

Hubert walked out of the kitchen. Fresh, damn dinge! Many a time he'd handed her extra dollars. Well, anyhow, he remembered one time distinctly. He hated to see the poor girl put out of a position she'd had over two years, but he didn't know how else to answer her impudence. She couldn't be permitted to talk to him like that. He'd have to tell Helen.

He remembered Nellie's last words to him. Well, no, he'd better let Helen sleep.

It was an hour and a half later that she came downstairs. She was wearing a kimono of printed silk. Always something different. Gee, she probably spent a barrel of jack on clothes.

She looked at him and said, "Good morning. Did you want to speak to me?"

"Yes."

"Well, wait till I've had my breakfast, will you?"

"Sure."

"Would you like something?"

"No, I've eaten."

"All right. I won't be long."

She sailed into the dining room and took her place at the head of the table. Nellie came to her at once and they smiled at each other with strangely intimate and understanding smiles. Hubert thought that it was no wonder that Nellie was fresh. Helen treated her as though she was an equal.

"Fried eggs, Mrs. Scott?"

"No, poached, please."

"Yes, Mrs. Scott."

ALL through Helen's breakfast Hubert bit his nails and kept repeating to himself the points which must be driven home when he made his request. Five thousand dollars. Great investment. Why, one of the Wall Street men told me— Helen would fall for that Wall Street business. Well, it wasn't any of her affair if he didn't invest in anything. He'd give her her five thousand dollars back some day soon. Great investment. Five thousand dollars. Why, one of the Wall Street men told me—

Cripes, the way she did things was sickening. Colored table linen and glass breakfast dishes. Who did she

And please go soon before this morning is spoiled."

think she was to throw money around like that? Probably had those fool colored sheets on her bed, too. White sheets had been good enough for his mother. Five thousand dollars. Great investment. Why, one of the Wall Street men told me—

II

"HUBERT, this is too much. When you try to rob me it is just a little more than I can bear without speaking up. You have no way of returning five thousand dollars to me and in your heart you know that you haven't. Haven't you any scruples at all? You would walk out of here with five thousand dollars of my money and be utterly untroubled by the thought that you'd never be able to return it. That's robbery, Hubert. Of course you say that you'll return it, but you know perfectly well that the chances are very slim. That is, you know it if you ever face facts with yourself.

"I can't imagine, of course, the processes of your mind. You got fifteen thousand dollars for your business. That was the most money you ever saw in your life. You sold what it had taken you twelve years to build, and being dazzled by the amount spent it in a year's time and expected to pick money off the pavements after that. People tell me things, you see, and because I know you so well I'm able to make quite a story out of what they tell me.

"I had thought, of course, that I was being fairly decent to you. I let you come and go as you liked because I considered you as a poor, dumb animal who had a certain meaningless attachment for this house and for the boy you helped to create.

"You haven't contributed five cents to the running of this house or to the support of Hubert since you retired. I never asked for it.

"You came here and insulted my intelligence time after time. The lies you told me were absurd, but I let you go along without argument because I pitied you a mind that would conceive them.

"You've never considered me for a single instant. You bought a Nash roadster for your red-haired mistress on time and gave this address because you weren't using your own name in Inwood. Then you let the payments lapse, once, though you had money then, and they phoned here about it.

"OH, yes, I've known there was a woman since then. Isn't her name Cory? I supposed it was because you were calling yourself by that name. Yes, I found that out. That was another sweet moment. Nellie told me. Fancy how I felt when she told me that the boy she goes dancing with saw you at all hours of the day and night with a plump, red-haired girl. He was washing cars in the garage you used in Inwood and heard people call you Mr. Cory. I guess you didn't place him when you saw him there, but he placed you.

"Outside of these humiliations I didn't mind at all. Not because I'm broad-minded or generous but because you haven't meant anything to me for more years than I can remember. I let you have complete peace, the woman, freedom, and my Packard. However, you're not going to rob me.

"I suppose I could have told you a long while ago to stop all the fiction about Steve Flynn and your mythical job. I thought, though, that it would be kind of cruel to let you know that I knew. It would have taken all the wind out of your sails, I'm sure. You must have felt like a very gay devil of a fellow deceiving your wife. I suppose you and the lady involved took every precaution of which your joint mentality thought. You probably grew delightfully frightened every time the bell rang lest it be me with a detective. I thought it all over, but couldn't deprive you of that.

"As I say, Hubert, I had thought I was being perfectly decent to you. I even felt sorry for you when I saw you getting shabby-looking and noticed that you had to change and garage the car without service. Then, too, Jack—that's the young Negro again—reported to Nellie that the Nash was gone and I understood thoroughly. Please believe that I did not pump Jack or Nellie for information. I'm not above that sort of thing, but I wasn't interested. I thought of giving you a little money. but I changed my mind. What was the use? It would only mean one idiotic action on your part, or two, or three—depending on how much I gave you.

"It never occurred to me that you would try to borrow from me. Good heavens, Hubert, the more I think of it the more fantastic it seems. You who never so much as bought a loaf of bread or a can of soup for the house when you had fifteen thousand dollars. And to think of giving me guff about a five-thousand-dollar investment! Why, you wouldn't even know how to invest it if you had the money. But of course you didn't intend to. You just wanted to ride high for a while with Miss Cory again and I could do without my five thousand. That's colossal nerve, Hubert.

"I dare say Miss Cory isn't a bad sort. I hold nothing against her. But she isn't going to have her roadster replaced on my money. I refuse to be robbed. I suppose I'm mean and unreasonable, but I don't like to lend five thousand dollars with absolutely no chance of it ever coming back.

"Now, I want to tell you something else, Hubert. What you tried to do today closes the long, tedious, senseless incident that was our life more or less together.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHE sat down beside him. Suddenly she turned and hugged him fiercely.

[KEPT Continued from page fifty-three]

You are no longer free to come to this house. I never want to see you again because I am no longer sorry for you and that means that my last cordial feeling toward you is gone. If you have anything upstairs, please get it. I want no loose ends trailing about. This must be the finish. Don't invent a yearning to see your son as an excuse to return, Hubert. You know where he works if the desire to see him overpowers you.

"I suppose it isn't necessary to add that you'll leave the Packard at the curb when you go. And please go soon before this morning is spoiled. I shall always remember it and cherish it as an occasion upon which I exercised tremendous self-control. If I had chosen I could have been nasty."

III

WHEN Hubert left the apartment Lillian went to the chair by the window. For once she did not gaze down into the hot, glittering street. Some strange impulse caused her to turn the chair so that she sat regarding the shabby, dusty little room. The door of the kitchenette closet was open and she saw a cake of yellow soap with coffee grounds clinging to it, an empty condensed milk can, and water dripping with persistent dreariness from the unpolished faucet.

Hubert should not have gone out. His cold was very bad. She sighed. He really had had to go. She was fairly certain that he had gone to borrow money from one of his friends. She wondered which one. He really had to have some money. Anybody who saw him would recognize how necessary it was for him to have a doctor's care. Poor Hubert. A cold was rotten. She hoped that he wouldn't borrow much money. Money was so hard to repay and they had one obligation now. Her ring would have to be redeemed. That would probably be around sixty dollars or so. Now, if Hubert borrowed twenty-five today that would be all right. They'd only have around a hundred dollars to pay out when they got on their feet again.

Lillian ran her hand over her thick, wavy hair. A sudden thought had come to her. Shocking and terrifying it came like a jeer from an angry mob. She sank an inch lower in the chair and looked at the room and gave herself up to disquieting thoughts. There seemed to be a curious brittle silence. Everything waited with a pitying politeness while Lillian Cory's little brain struggled to encompass a fact. Only the water continued to drip into the sink with a nerve-racking regularity.

The small room seemed to grow smaller and hotter. The furniture seemed shabbier, dustier, more rickety. She thought of the roaches, the people upstairs, the garbage-laden dumb-waiter. She thought of the butcher who never let her see the meat he chopped, the one unblemished pair of stockings she owned, the haircut she needed.

Was it true that things would never be better? That Hubert would never be on his feet again? She tried to brush the doubt from her mind, but it would not go and she knew that it would not go because it belonged there. It was the truth. This period of getting by on nothing was not the tedious intermission she had thought it. This was the show. The two cars, the shopping orgies, the long drives and carefree days—*that* had been the intermission. Of course!

Hubert had sold his business and had had money to burn. They had spent it. There was nothing now and he could not even get a job.

Perhaps he was incompetent. Certainly. Funny how thick she had been. He was never going to be able to furnish another home for her, replace her roadster, or trick her out again in new outfits. He wasn't able to. He wasn't a slam-bang, live wire of a business man.

How could she have been so dense? Why, God, if he had had the brains it takes to hold a decent position he wouldn't have acted as he had with all that money.

She sat for a time musing on her stupidity and on Hubert's inadequacy. A couple of dumb-bells, she and Hubert. Well, God must love dumb-bells, He makes so many of them. That had been in a book she had read. Funny how she had been so dumb all the time and just now had realized it.

Trucks were passing her door with scraping and rumbling noises. Passenger cars were honking horns. Children were shrieking. The usual sounds of the street had recommenced. The moment of silence that had been given her was past now, but she had used it well. She was even satisfied to accept the truth and not try to cast it out by kidding herself.

She reviewed all that had passed through her mind in the last ten minutes. She was giving herself one last chance to find it all empty foolishness brought on by low spirits and worry. No, it was true.

When she was thoroughly satisfied that the facts which had presented themselves were honest, well-meaning facts she went to her bedroom and dressed.

She dressed quickly but carefully. She stopped to press her blue georgette dress, but did it without waste of time. She was out of the house in twenty minutes.

When she came back it was noon. She looked hot and tired, but there was a new aliveness about her. She did not throw herself on the couch, but began at once to straighten the apartment. She made the bed and washed the breakfast dishes. She mopped the floor in all the places that the rug didn't cover and she dusted thoroughly even into places that had not been reached since she had rented the apartment. She stopped once and ate a slice of bread and butter. When she had finished she went to the window to watch for Hubert.

IT was a few minutes past 1 when he came. She saw him walking toward the house and wondered about the car. Her first thought was that he had been in an accident which had completely destroyed the car but left him hale and hearty. She convinced herself that he had been to the garage first and had walked home to save himself a trip later. As he came toward her she studied his expression anxiously. Had he had any luck? How was he feeling? His expression told her nothing.

She thought it took him an unusually long time to reach the apartment. He probably was warm and ill. She drew away from the window and opened the door. She stood waiting on the threshold listening to his footsteps. Slow footsteps. If she hadn't seen Hubert coming she would have thought a very old man was climbing the stairs. He must be pretty sick.

He came in and sat down immediately. "Hello," he said. "God, it's hot."

"Yes. Why didn't you drive home? You could have taken the car back when you were more rested."

"I came down by train. That's what delayed me so. I had to wait for a train and then fell asleep and rode past my station and had to come back by subway and everything. It was a nuisance. What were you saying? Oh, the car? Why, I left it with Helen. She—she wanted to borrow it for a day or two. I hadn't the heart to keep refusing her any longer. It will probably be hell to get it back from her, but you know how she is—excitable and all. She always liked the car, you know. I promised her once that sometime I'd let her take it for a day or two. I thought I'd better let her have it. We don't use it so much any more."

"No, of course not. I didn't know you were going to see Helen today, though."

"Neither did I. I met her on the street. Worse luck."

He hadn't got any money. If he had he would have said so by now. She put her hand on his forehead. It felt hot. He was taking off his coat and there was a little breeze coming in at the window. Oh, he'd have pneumonia sure.

"Hubert, you're feverish and everything. Please go to bed."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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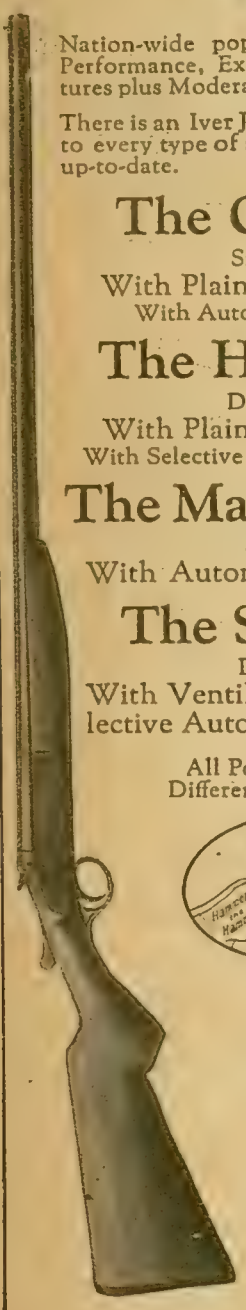

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KEPT

[Continued from page fifty-five]

"Go on. I'd roast to death in bed. I'll tell you what you can do for me, Lil. Run me a nice cold drink of water."

She turned the dripping faucet on full force and the water splashed on her arms and face in a vindictive little shower. She brought him the water.

"Thanks, Lil."

"You're welcome. Did you—did you see anybody today beside Helen?"

"No, Lil, I didn't. I'll tell you the truth. It might sound silly to you, but the training you get when you're a kid lasts all your life. My old man always hammered it into me that borrowing money was right next door to stealing it. I went up there today with full intentions of borrowing from Carl Feldman or the McKays or any of the dozen guys I know well. But I'll be damned, Lil—I couldn't bring myself to do it! I just couldn't. I wanted to, but I kept thinking of what my old man used to say and I swear I couldn't bring myself to going near one of them. They'd have given it to me. I know they would have, but I just couldn't ask."

"Well," said Lillian after a moment of thought, "if that's the way you are, you just are. I understand, all right. It don't sound silly to me. I can figure people having funny little ideas. Only you feeling so rotten and all I did hope that you would get some money. You wouldn't ask Helen, I suppose."

"That would be the same thing, Lil. Borrowing from her would be just like borrowing from anybody else. And worse, because she's a woman."

"Yeh, that's right."

LILLIAN sat down. She looked at Hubert. He looked terribly beaten. Perhaps he had always known what she had just discovered that day. She thought he looked as though he would like to cry. That was probably her imagination. He was just warm and tired and perhaps a trifle blue. Men didn't really cry.

She watched him for a few seconds more. Presently she arose and crossed the room to the couch. She sat down beside him and put her arm around him.

"Honey," she said. Then again, very sternly, "Honey, listen. It's all right. We'll pull through. Listen. I went downtown today and got a job. Honestly, I did. I start tomorrow. Handkerchiefs, of course. Now, don't you worry. Wasn't that smart of me? Oh, go ahead—say it was smart. And listen—I'll run you a nice cool bath. How will that be? And later I'll take you on for a checker game."

She tried to brush the doubt from her mind, but it would not go.

She went to the bathroom and started the water running for his bath. It was only after he had bathed that she remembered that a cool bath would probably be dangerous with his cold. She worried quite some about it and played a very bad game of checkers.

Hubert cautioned her twice to keep her mind on the game. It was only, he revealed as he jumped one of Lillian's men, by strict concentration that he was able to beat her consistently.

IV

FIVE-THIRTY P. M. in the subway. Lillian Cory standing on the platform of a north-bound train. God, what a crush! That fellow with the mustache seemed to think that he could push right through her if he kept trying. Why didn't people build department stores down at the Battery, anyhow? Then shopgirls who had been standing on their feet all day would be sure to get a seat. God, it was hot, too! A nice thundershower now. Well, not exactly now but right after she got indoors.

Crossing her eyes and looking downward Lillian could see that her nose was shiny. Oh, the devil with it! In this heat a person couldn't be bothered. Gosh, it was only 125th Street. She wondered if the ride used to seem this long in the old days. Well, she'd get so again that she didn't mind it. It takes time to get back in the swing of things. After all, this was the first time she'd seen a subway rush hour in nearly two years.

The train groaned and swayed as it went its way. Lillian was in no danger of falling, tightly packed in as she was by other warm, crushed individuals.

Inwood at last. Lillian stepped briskly down the stairs, rearranging her clothes as she walked. She went to the butcher's first and purchased two lamb chops. She said she wanted

them cut thick. The butcher nodded and cut them thin. He knew very well that anybody who dealt there couldn't afford thick chops. Next door she bought a head of lettuce and a large tomato. She crossed Post Avenue and stopped at the drug store for a jar of vaporub. A small jar.

Well, now that was done. She wondered how Hubert was. He was such a fool about that cold.

She was relieved to find him on the couch in the living room. He was lying in his pyjamas with a sheet drawn over him.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello. How are you?"

"All right, I guess. How was the job?"

"Fine. I think I'll like that store. Of course it's only the first day, but you can tell pretty much about it."

He nodded and she turned away to put the lamb chops to broil. He was glad she was home. It had been a miserable day. First of all he hadn't felt so awfully good. Then, too, he had been kind of worried about one thing and another. And lonesome. Now the Packard, for instance. Lillian would probably be asking for it soon. Oh, well, it was silly to worry about that. He could get around it all right. No use crossing a bridge till you come to it.

IT looked good to see Lil flying about the place putting dishes on the table and washing the lettuce. He sure had missed her. Well, soon he'd be out all day too. Soon as this cold let up a little he'd get something to do. He'd see how fellows got those jobs driving cabs or laundry trucks or anything like that. Gee, a fellow couldn't starve. God knew that he was as smart as any guy holding down a big job with stenographers and office boys at his beck and call, but, Lord, he couldn't starve just because nobody else recognized ability.

He was a good driver. He ought to be able to get a truck or a cab or something. If not there were other jobs. He'd have to find out about them.

He wondered why Helen's refusal of help had suddenly made him see that he must buckle down and take any job at all. Was it because he had been depending on Helen to reach down and pull him out of his troubles? That couldn't be it. He wasn't the kind who depended on other people. He never had been that kind. Well, to hell with the cause of his waking up! The fact was that he had to pitch in and do something that would get him at least twenty-five bucks a week.

"Dinner's ready," Lillian said.

"All right." He pulled himself from the couch. One step and he was at the table. The plate before him bore a lamb chop, several lettuce leaves, and two slices of tomato.

They ate in silence. Once Lillian asked him if he wanted more bread. He did and when she arose to cut it he asked for more lettuce, too.

Afterward he went to the couch again and Lillian washed and dried the dishes.

The summer night came down over Inwood. The children summoned each other with strange calls somewhere between a yodel and a wail. A feeling of loneliness came over Lillian. All up and down the street there were groups of people talking and laughing. She wondered if Anna and Louise were somewhere together tonight. Perhaps Theresa was with them. They would all have bright-colored slippers and organdie dresses and would be laughing about something. They wouldn't even mention her name. Nobody ever again would mention her name. Her mother might once in a while—that is, if she was still alive.

A young woman paused in the street below Lillian's window. She had a trim figure, small, slim feet. She called, "Say, John Gilbert's up at the Dyckman tonight. Want to come?"

She was addressing the girl at the window above Lillian's. Besides, Lillian had known by her voice that it wasn't Theresa. Hubert coughed. Lillian went to get the vaporub. She had forgotten it till now.

"Say, Lil, don't put that on. I got to go out tomorrow and it might make matters worse if you smear me up. You know, it opens the pores and all."

"What are you going out for?"

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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IN LIBERTY SOON!

KEPT

Continued from page fifty-seven

"I've got to get a job, Lil. Anything. You know—driving a cab or cashiering or anything they'll take me for."

She bent low over the vaporub jar as she unscrewed its cap. "Yes," she said, "I know. But don't go yet. Wait till you're better."

She sat down beside him. The jar was clasped idly in her fingers. He looked at her questioningly. She seemed to have forgotten what she had intended to do. Suddenly she turned and hugged him fiercely.

"Love me?" he asked.

"Don't be a clown."

"Gee, Lil, you're a good scout."

"Here, let me see your chest."

She took a blob of the vaporub in her hand and began to massage him. He lay back with his eyes closed, submitting to her care.

The calls in the street continued. People greeted each other with loud hellos and left with equally loud good-bys.

Loud people shouting from window to window and across streets. Shouting even when they stood beside the person they addressed.

Hubert heard them. He opened his eyes but closed them again. Lillian thought it was as though he had opened his mouth to speak and had reconsidered.

She put a towel over his chest and buttoned his pyjama coat, then went to sit by the window again.

THE children's calls died away as the night grew older. Even the voices of the grown people were quieted as they sought their beds. A summer's night it might be, but there was work to be done tomorrow.

For the first time in her life Lillian wondered why God troubled to create mankind. Was it for the same reason that people kept pets?

She stared up at the sky as she wondered. Its blue darkness reminded her that it was growing late. She, too, had work to do tomorrow. She sighed and picked up the clock. She set the alarm for 7.

Hubert turned and looked at her.

"Come on, ickle boy," she said. "Time we went beddy-byes."

"Yes, I suppose so." He got up. "Say—you know, I was just laying there thinking how much alone you are. You haven't got a friend, Lil. Suppose something happened to me?"

"That's a sweet thought. I hate to discourage you, but you're pretty strong. Nothing will happen to you."

"I know. But suppose something did? Gee, you used to have so many friends—Theresa and Mary Jackson and Anna and Louise. Look, they're all gone."

"Oh, them," said Lillian. She was turning out the lights and she spoke carelessly over her shoulder. "To hell with them. They're only weak-kneed little no-accounts passing me up cold because I'm a kept woman. Come on, hon—get to bed."

THE END

Prizes!

AWARDS have been made as follows for the detection of errors in Mistake Picture No. 1, which appeared in LIBERTY for August 3.

FIRST PRIZE—$500

Phyllis A. Winkler,
308 Forest Park Ave.,
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SECOND PRIZE—$200

C. A. Leighton,
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THIRD PRIZE—$100

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6817 E. End Ave.,
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E. S. Boyd,
2119 Dow Ave., Burnaby
New Westminster, B. C.

Robert Brown,
1930 E. 84th St.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. W. E. Burch, Jr.,
2450 Hartray Ave.,
Evanston, Ill.

John T. Carlsen,
306 N. Cuyler Ave.,
Oak Park, Ill.

Bernard J. Carr,
434 Robinson Pl.,
Shreveport, La.

A. R. Carter,
525 Sullivan Ave.,
Waterloo, Ia.

Mary Chazal,
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R. W. Condon,
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R. P. Coons,
1537 Chartres St.,
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Harry L. Craddick,
716 Fourth Ave., S.,
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266 E. Lucy St.,
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R. L. Deeney,
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Mrs. H. Fricke,
2708 Center St.,
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Walter C. Georg,
848 Grant Blvd.,
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Donald E. Glade,
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Mrs. Edna Graef,
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George Halberstadt,
7020 26th Ave.,
Kenosha, Wis.

Lila M. Hannah,
1300 Missouri Ave.,
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H. H. Harriss,
441 Luray Pl., N. W.,
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Ethel M. Kydd,
36 E. Twelfth St.,
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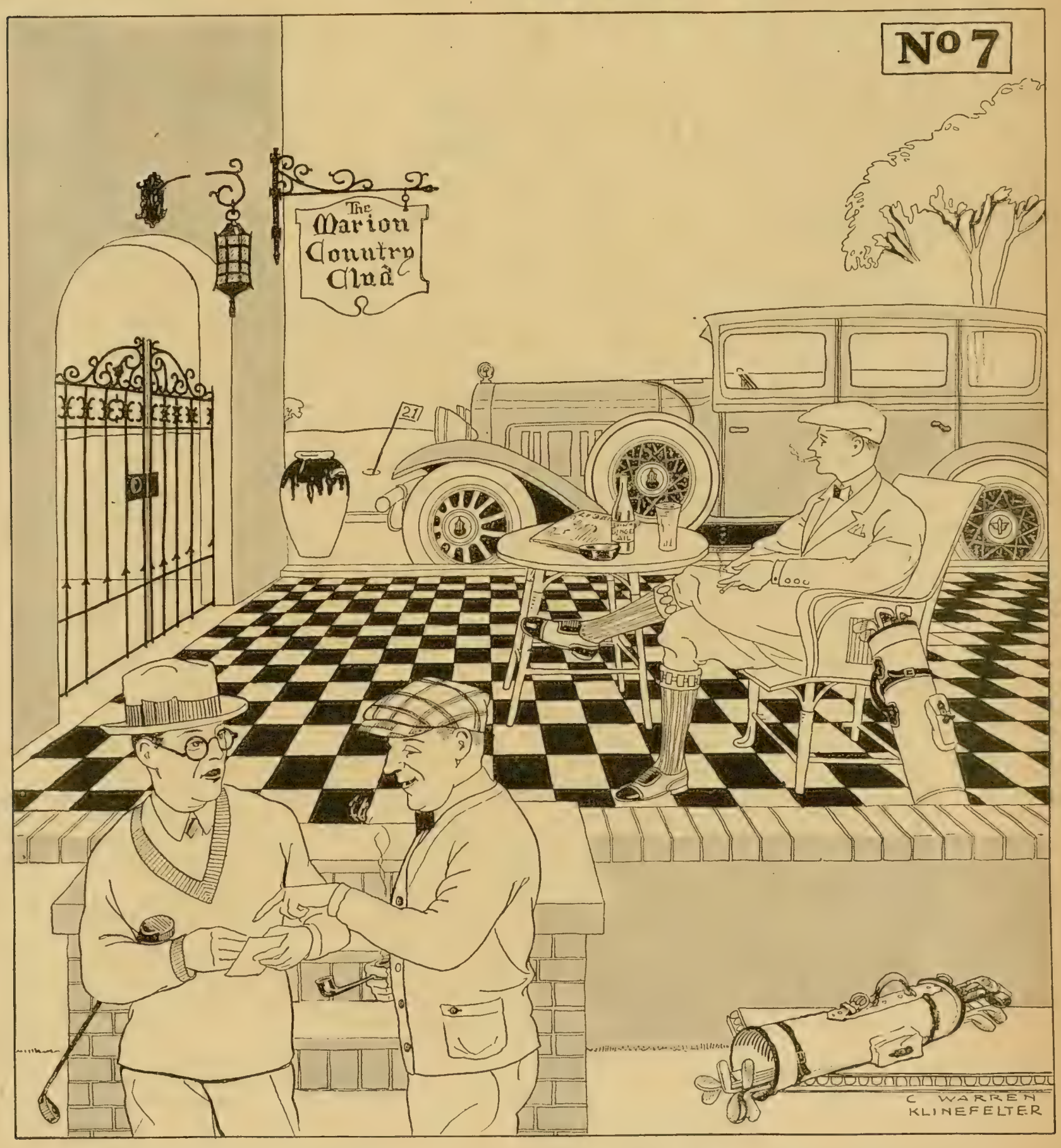


Rules and Regulations Covering This Contest

IN drawing this picture the artist made between forty and fifty mistakes. How many can you find? LIBERTY now offers $1,000 a week for the most skillful detecting of mistakes in the series of drawings of which this is the seventh.

You may indicate the mistakes by drawing on the picture itself (or a tracing of it) or, if you prefer, you may describe them on a separate sheet of paper. *Be sure to state somewhere the exact number of mistakes you have found.*

You need not purchase a copy of LIBERTY to compete. Copies of LIBERTY MAGAZINE may be examined at our various branch offices or at the public libraries free of charge. Neatness and ingenuity of arrangement, as well as accuracy and the number of mistakes detected, will count.

These Prizes Are Offered Each Week

First prize	$500
Second prize	200
Third prize	100
Forty prizes of $5 each	200
Weekly total	$1,000

In case of ties the prizes will be duplicated.

This contest is not open to professional artists, nor may any employees of LIBERTY WEEKLY or their families compete. Entries should be addressed to MISTAKE PICTURES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and must be mailed within one week of the date of this issue. No entries will be returned, and LIBERTY cannot engage in correspondence on the subject of the contest.

When Waves Are Permanent

By Eileen Bourne

SLIPPING down to Renée's or to Joseph's, to Eugene's, Pierre's, or to Charles' to get a permanent, so you won't have to think about your hair again for a long time, is one of those insidious optimisms that do not bear their promised fruits.

Slipping down to the permanent waving center is quite all right. But believing that you're going to get your hair off your mind with the operation is the stuff of which gay but slightly exaggerated dreams are made. You may get your unflattering straight locks to follow the undulations of a natural wave. If your hair is oily, you may experience a temporary relief from the hair steaming and drying procedure. But, kindly disposed though we are toward waving machines and skillful operators, we still must make the reservation that they are not miracle workers.

Here is a beautiful soft permanent wave, indicating a healthy scalp.

They save us time, it is true; they spare the embarrassment of the "stringy" days in between marcels; and no doubt they provide us a comforting revenge over the naturally curly-haired darling we envied so bitterly during our junior years. Still, a permanent simply does not get the hair off the mind. And a skilled, conscientious operator would be the last one to tell you he offers surcease from hair labors with his fifteen-, twenty-, or thirty-dollar fee.

He may improve the appearance of an individual with a sparse and naturally poor head of hair, but he cannot transform her hair into a luxurious growth. He may make a more beautiful coiffure out of lovely hair; but his permanent, no matter how skillfully done, can promise nothing in the actual preservation of naturally good hair.

Permanents are grand things. But with the increase in the numbers of them enjoyed in the last couple of years, there has been a striking increase in the number of persons suffering hair and scalp disorders. Through no fault of the permanents, understand, but because of the blind optimism already referred to—that a permanent wave disposes of the necessity of hair brushings, scalp oilings, frequent shampooings, and general scalp and hair tending.

A permanent wave ought to be looked upon for exactly what it is—a purely decorative touch. In no way does it either promise or involve the practical in connection with hair and scalp, unless the persons suffering from excessive oiliness accept it as a temporary relief expedient, which it frequently is.

One should take as healthy a head of hair to the scene of the operation as is humanly possible. A permanent wave will pick up loose ends and relieve the face and neck of stringy wisps, but it will not give life to lifeless hair, nor will it affect the scalp for the better by so much as one round dime's area. The advantages to oily hair, even, are but temporary, and often of fairly brief temporariness.

What I am pleading with you for is not a resignation to straight locks, but simply for a more widespread recognition of the permanent wave as a decorative measure and not as a remedy for hair and scalp troubles or even as a preservative measure.

Compare the permanent to make-up. Rouge and powders do not preserve the beauty of the complexion, neither do they make a poor skin healthy. Cleverly applied, they may submerge mild defects, but the most beautifully made-up complexions are accomplished over skins without imperfections.

So with permanents. The healthier the hair and scalp, the lovelier the waved coiffure.

Some conscientious operators refuse to wave hair that is in a sickly condition. They are long-sighted business heads. They know an unsatisfactory job will reflect on them. And they are familiar with woman's infantile faith in the permanent as a miracle worker, also with woman's unreadiness to admit that the fault might lie with her hair.

Before having a permanent, lifeless and dyed hair should be subjected to treatments. The condition that causes dandruff or any other scalp disorder should be cleared up. If the scalp is excessively dry, the permanent will result in making the hair drier. If it is excessively oily, its owner may rejoice with reason for a period, but later she suffers a reaction of the oily condition.

Though the hair may get the loveliest of waves, its condition and that of the scalp remain unchanged. Though one may pay anywhere from thirty to fifty dollars for her expertly done permanent, it is still a permanent wave. It is not a permanent coiffure, as some women seem to feel they are entitled to secure with even less financial outlay. As one expert suggests, a woman would not think of buying an evening dress and wearing it for six months without pressing, brushing, and caring for it.

AT the current moment excellent permanents may be obtained, permanents that will not harm the hair or require more after care than keeps a naturally wavy head in condition. But, as in all pursuits where the demand is heavy and money-making prospects ripe, there are some abominable permanents practiced on guileless heads—crude, hurried jobs done by inexperienced persons, and woefully hard on the hair.

Economy is one of the things we cannot urge in this respect. The best operators are invariably found in establishments of reputation. For experience and skill we must pay in other directions. And since a good wave is so attractive, it is worth paying for, even at the sacrifice of some item of dress or jewelry, if necessary.

Generally speaking, where the wave has been performed by an experienced operator—and the operator is of far more importance than the machine—no ill effects are experienced until the recipient brings them on by her own unhygienic prejudices against "disarranging the wave set" with a brush. Not only do women refuse to put the brush to their waved hair, but they sleep with nets on. If the scalp becomes tight, dry, and scaly, as it eventually must with this form of neglect, it is not the permanent that is to blame. It is simply the gullibility of humans to expect from an embellishment the service of so practical a tool as a hairbrush.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No. .....

City ..... State 161

What FUR—and How?

By Bettina Bedwell

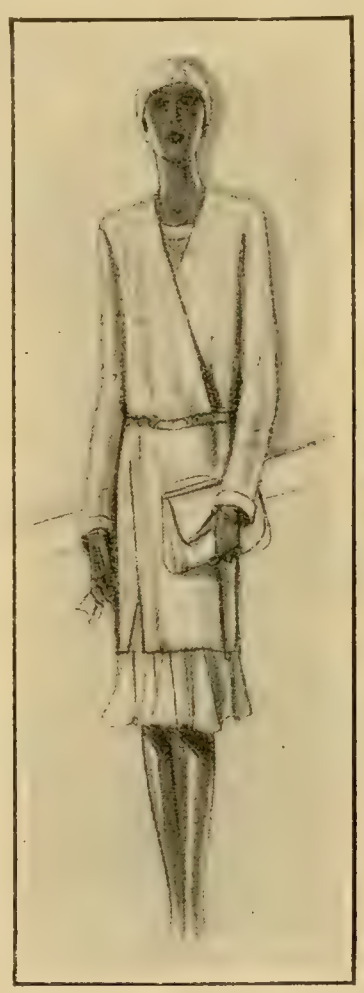
Paris.

WHAT fur, ladies? All sorts of little animals are trembling in their burrows, wondering whether they or madame will wear their winter coats. In certain sections of fashion it looks like a furless winter. Never have I seen so many unfurred topcoats as are now passing before these eyes in the salons of the grand couturiers. There is a new kind of silky, long-haired woolen that is replacing fur for such coats, and should be decorated by the S. P. C. A. They've the grand chic.

But when we get dressed up and go out among 'em, what fur? For there is fur, and plenty of it. Not fox, though—or at best very little. The foxes can emigrate to England if they want to be chased. The furs that Paris is trapping for her smartest daytime costumes have bobbed hair, either natural or done with scissors and razor.

The little lambkins are going to be clipped and made into coats. They're wearing their hair a bit longer than the shaved lamb of yesteryear. Caracul stays right on in the style band wagon. Ermine too, both summer and driven white. Paris is hunting far and wide for the little mink and broadtail. She still loves astrakhan and krimmer. Beaver, nutria, and golden seal are pouring into Paris, too.

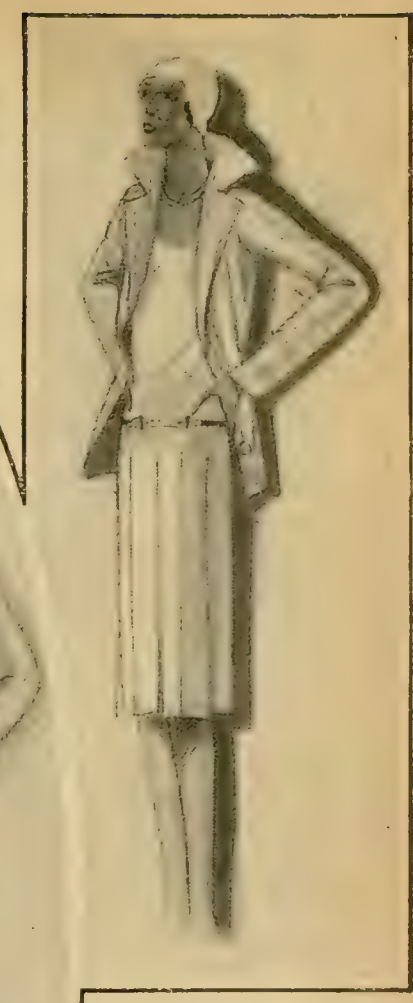
And how are these furs being treated by the French designers? This is as important to fashion as the fur itself. They are not being made into voluminous coats that make even a slender lady look twice her real size. They are being cut up into little slim jackets, or used to make supple shirred collars and cuffs for satiny woolen coats, and they are being made into lovely draped daytime coats that leave a fluted eight inches of skirt visible below. They are also being used for sleeves, scarfs, hats, and even for glove tops.



Vionnet drapes summer ermine by crossing two front panels in a diagonal line.

Molyneux makes short jackets of mink, with wide collar and revers.

Talbot replaces fur cuffs by long fur-cuffed gloves on this black broadcloth afternoon suit.



Schiaparelli quilts white caracul to give novelty to this short jacket.

Suzanne Talbot, that archpriestess of the new, has launched a new fur and new ways of using it. She has brought in clipped and not shaved lamb, and in its original silky whiteness.

Look at the illustration in the oval and you will see how she uses such fur on a black broadcloth jacket and godet-flared skirt. First of all, let me tell you that those big, melon-shaped cuffs on the jacket are not cuffs at all but tops to white antelope gloves, and you may wear them or leave them off as you will. The collar and bands of the jacket are of clipped white lamb, and the new Talbot tricorne hat of black satin has a brim of the same fur.

Our first illustration shows you Madeleine Vionnet's new draped three-quarter-length coat of summer ermine, which scorns a collar. Two wide panels of the fur form the front of the coat. They are crossed, and split from the coat body near the bottom. They are held firmly in place by a cunning leather belt of brown with a very long gold buckle. The long, loose sleeves have narrow turnback cuffs. This coat is for wear over a variety of dresses in contrasting color.

Second, we present Molyneux' mink coat with generous collar and revers, the career of which is cut short at the hipline. It is worn with a two-piece frock of the very new striped tweed which is almost as light and transparent as georgette, and which comes in tones of brown and beige.

At the upper right is Schiaparelli's very short quilted jacket of white caracul, for sports. This jacket has a standing collar and revers of fur held down and patterned by machine stitching. It is lined with red wool, and is worn over a white wool frock with a narrow belt of red leather.

* * *

Paris takes its smart green for fall from the bottle.

Necklaces and bracelets of enameled forget-me-nots are a novelty from Norman Hartnell.

Chinese carved crystal makes big-link belts, bracelets, and necklaces, featured by Suzanne Talbot.

It's a long way around the bottom of the smartest evening skirt—sometimes all of six yards.

The smart hat for wear with tailleurs is of plain or printed felt, brimmed.

How They Drink in Canada

III—Prohibition and Liquor Control in Ontario

By

FREDERICK PALMER

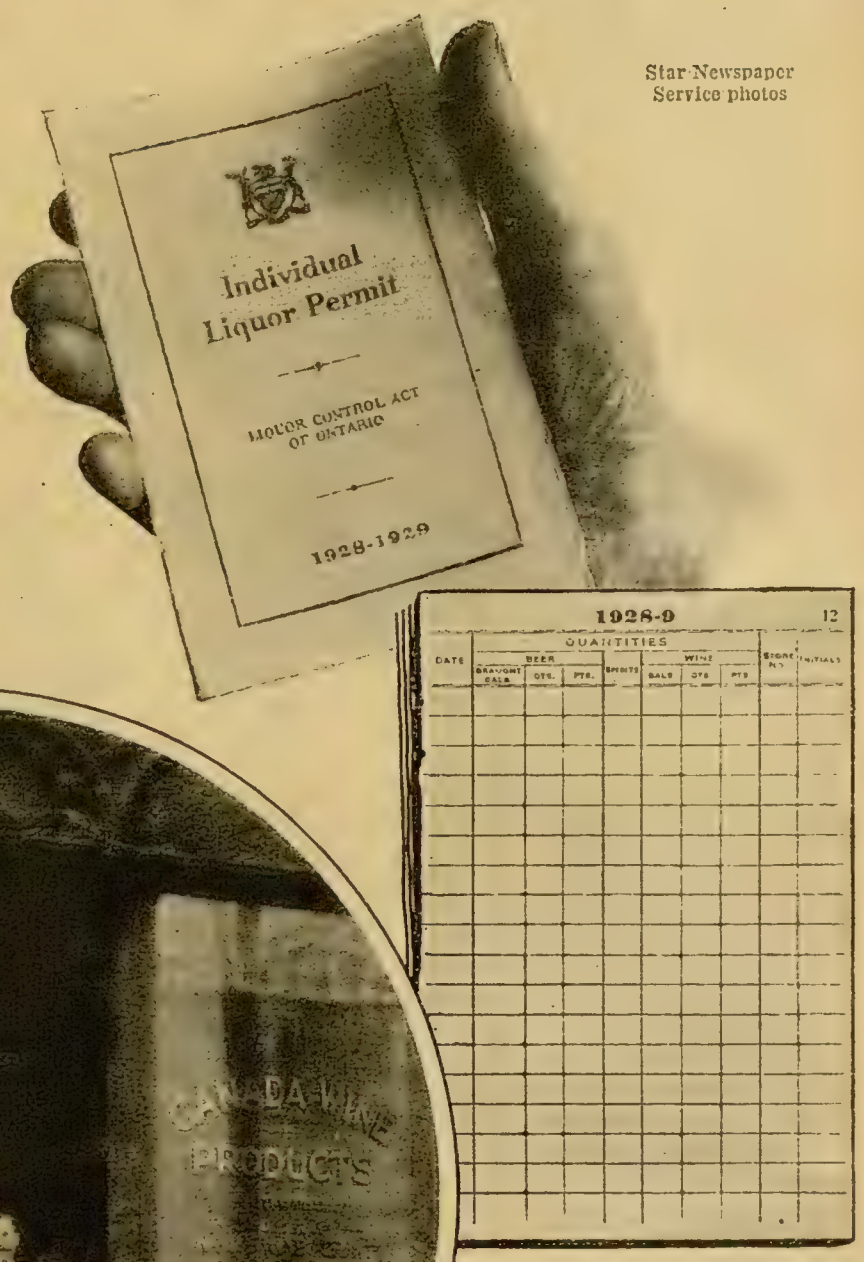
COLONEL PALMER is touring Canada for LIBERTY and writing of liquor laws and customs as he observes them in the different provinces. He has already described conditions in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which are dry, and in Quebec under a liquor control system that is called the most liberal in the Dominion.

THERE was an end of wine lists in hotel dining rooms, an end of taverns where wine and beer were served. This did not mean that I was back in the United States. I was out of Quebec into Ontario. In my journey across Canada I had come to the Ottawa River, which is a most important drink frontier within Canada.

The Parliament buildings in Ottawa, the Canadian capital, tower majestically on a bluff overlooking the river. There are no statistics—they might be included in a future census—to tell us whether Canadian Members of Parliament drink as much as our own Members of Congress. Apparently not more. One thing for which drinking M. C.s might envy drinking M. P.s is that the M. P.s need not drink clandestinely; and they get better stuff without breaking the law.

Another thing is that the Dominion constitution under which the M. P.s work is the British North America Act. It leaves each province to settle its liquor problem for itself in a way that best suits the habits of its people and will best control excess. It passes the buck for the M. P.s from the Dominion to the provincial (corresponding to our state) capitals, where wet and dry jousting for legislative power centers.

Ottawa's concern is the collection of the national taxes on alcoholic beverages which swell the national surplus in a period of booming prosperity.



Star Newspaper Service photos

A page and, above, the front cover of an Ontario resident's liquor permit book.

A winery typical of those in Ontario cities.

Canada's foreign trade is two billions and a half dollars a year; her bank deposits are two billions; and her national wealth twenty-five billions. The value of the gold, silver, and other metals she mines is a quarter of a billion; of her primary forest products, two hundred millions; of her paper and wood exports, six hundred millions; of her grain and flour exports, half a billion; and of her iron and steel products, half a billion.

Her railroads surpass ours in increase of traffic and profits. They spread new lines to develop the northern Ontario mining region, which yields new finds as prospecting advances and keeps up a fever of stock exchange speculation; and new lines to open new wheat fields to add to the Canadian production of five hundred million

Star Newspaper Service photo

Ontario's liquor control board. From left to right, Stewart McClenaghan, Sir Henry Drayton, chairman, and J. M. McNamara.

Showing how Ontario extends from the U. S. "frontier of thirst" to the Arctic wastes, and on the east adjoins Quebec, where liquor control is more liberal than the Ontario system.

LIQUOR
CONTROL BOARD
OF
ONTARIO

Price List
No. 2

NOV. 1, 1928

Prices subject to change without notice

Destroy Previous Lists

HAUNLY BROS. LIMITED, TORONTO

The price list issued by the liquor control board of Ontario.

bushels a year and make pressure for farm relief in the United States more insistent.

And these are not the only items that enable Canada these days to sit pretty on a horse that steps high. There is one closely related to liquor control. Last year's increase in tourist traffic was $50,000,000; this year's estimated increase is $75,000,000. It will make the annual total spent by Americans across the border $400,000,000, about equal to the sum Germany must pay annually in war indemnities and not quite one-fifth of our national income tax returns. Such is the way of human nature and such the extraordinary economic factor of which the Canadian government is fully conscious while local habits in Ottawa are adapted to the local drink-frontier situation.

Ottawa has no governmental district under its own rule as Washington has in the District of Columbia. Its position is the same as Washington's would be if it were in the state of Maryland. Ottawa is in the province of Ontario, which had prohibition for twelve years and discarded it in favor of a liquor control system that is rigid, while that of the adjoining province of Quebec is the most liberal of all the systems.

THIS is why there is no wine list on the tables in the immense oval dining room of Ottawa's show hotel. Here free-spending tourists stop on the way to the fishing and hunting regions of northern Ontario; and the mining magnates and speculators who have made big killings; and those who come for government favors or to enjoy social place in the governor general's court.

Canadian M. P.s from the remote country districts between the bleak Nova Scotian shore and the Pacific shore do not mind long sessions when they stop at this luxurious hotel. But some of them wish that the capital of Canada had been located in Quebec province. Then the waiters would be taking empty bottles direct from the dining room to the kitchen, instead of chambermaids gathering them to be sent down the service elevators. However, there is a dispensation for Ottawa's thirsty who want wine or champagne with their meals. This is the same that might call members of Congress across the Potomac to Alexandria if Virginia should have a more liberal liquor control system than Maryland. There is a bridge over the Ottawa River to Hull in Quebec.

Ottawa does nothing but govern. Hull does nothing but business. Its mills and factories take hydroelectric power from the falls of the river, with enough to spare to send long distances to make wheels run in other cities.

In Quebec a club as well as a hotel may have a license for wines and beers, but not in Ontario. So the country clubs are all on the Quebec side of the river, where M. P.s, officials, and their guests may play the nineteenth hole on an open legal fairway and on an untrapped green with a waiter acting as caddy. Government clerks join the migration to the taverns in Hull, where they may sit to quaff beer and wine.

While Ontario had prohibition, Ottawa had, according to law, to do all its drinking on the Quebec side; but now it can get liquor from a government store in Ontario to consume in house or hotel room. During the campaign for the repeal of prohibition in Ontario, the drys, who

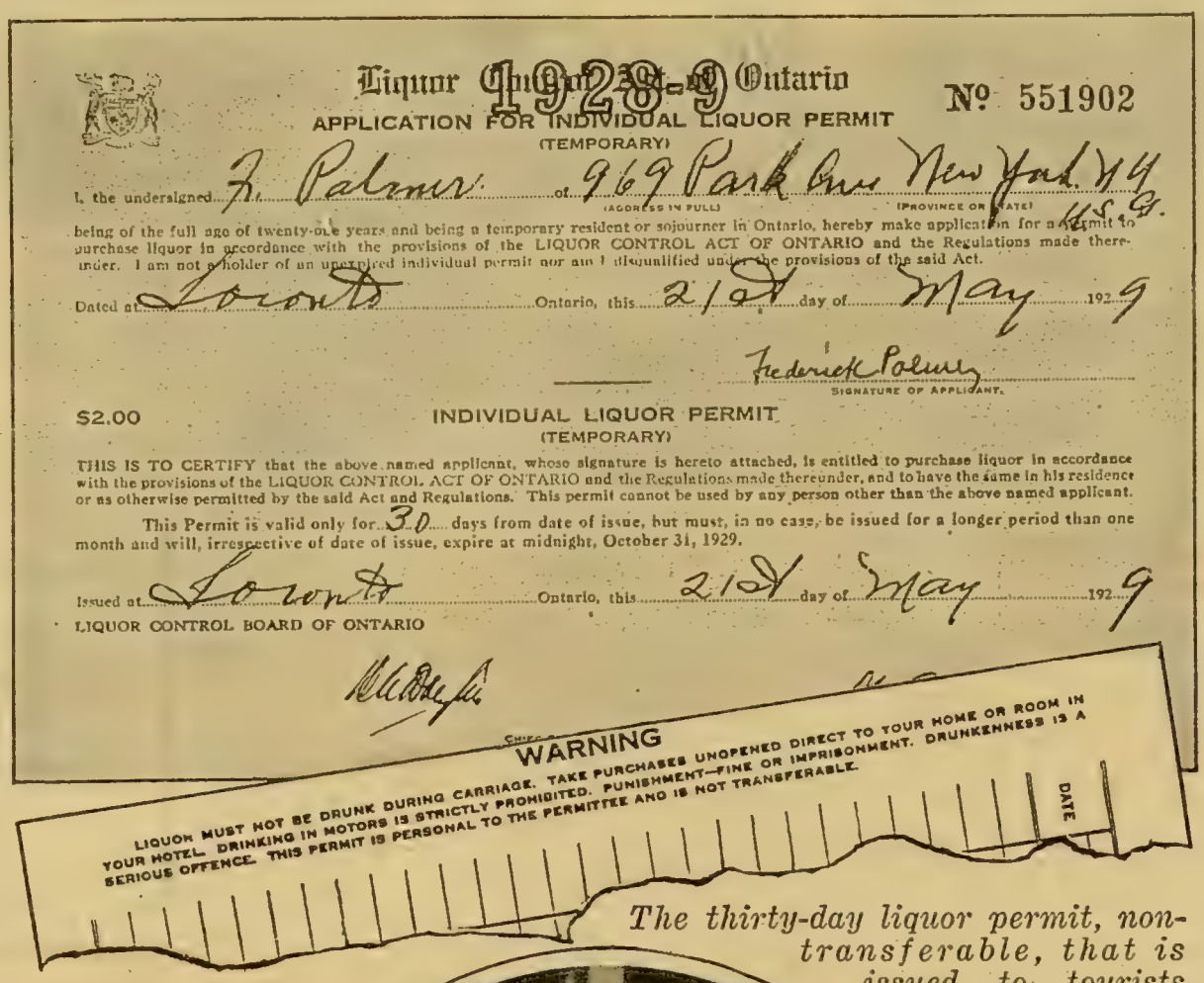
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA
Continued from page sixty-three]

saw the tavern as only a thin disguise for the old saloon, made much of the contrast—as sharp as if Washington and Fall River were neighbors—between the dignified government city of Ottawa and the grimy factory city of Hull as illustrating the good effects of prohibition and the evil effects of nonprohibition. They still make much of it, although Ontario now has liquor control.

With its large French population forming a sort of nation within a nation, Quebec's problems are peculiarly its own. But people of the British stock settled Ontario and still dominate there. They come of a hard-drinking ancestry whose "pub" was the progenitor of the American saloon. Post-war prosperity has brought in an influx of continental European immigration which is making a mixture much like that on our side of the border.

Quebec and Ontario are the two most populous provinces. Ontario, which stretches the length of the Great Lakes and farther on the south and extends northward to the Arctic wastes, has about one-third of the population of all Canada. The bulk of this is in the rich Niagara peninsula which dips into a warmer climate between Lake Ontario and northern Michigan.



Liquor Control Act, 1928-9 Ontario

APPLICATION FOR INDIVIDUAL LIQUOR PERMIT (TEMPORARY)

No. 551902

I, the undersigned F. Palmer of 969 Park Ave New York N.Y. U.S.A.
(ADDRESS IN FULL) (PROVINCE OR STATE)

being of the full age of twenty-one years and being a temporary resident or sojourner in Ontario, hereby make application for a permit to purchase liquor in accordance with the provisions of the LIQUOR CONTROL ACT OF ONTARIO and the Regulations made thereunder. I am not a holder of an unexpired individual permit nor am I disqualified under the provisions of the said Act.

Dated at Toronto Ontario, this 21st day of May 1929

Frederick Palmer
SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT.

$2.00

INDIVIDUAL LIQUOR PERMIT (TEMPORARY)

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the above named applicant, whose signature is hereto attached, is entitled to purchase liquor in accordance with the provisions of the LIQUOR CONTROL ACT OF ONTARIO and the Regulations made thereunder, and to have the same in his residence or as otherwise permitted by the said Act and Regulations. This permit cannot be used by any person other than the above named applicant.

This Permit is valid only for 30 days from date of issue, but must, in no case, be issued for a longer period than one month and will, irrespective of date of issue, expire at midnight, October 31, 1929.

Issued at Toronto Ontario, this 21st day of May 1929

LIQUOR CONTROL BOARD OF ONTARIO

WARNING

LIQUOR MUST NOT BE DRUNK DURING CARRIAGE. TAKE PURCHASES UNOPENED DIRECT TO YOUR HOME OR ROOM IN YOUR HOTEL. DRINKING IN MOTORS IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED. PUNISHMENT—FINE OR IMPRISONMENT. DRUNKENNESS IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE. THIS PERMIT IS PERSONAL TO THE PERMITTEE AND IS NOT TRANSFERABLE.

DATE

The thirty-day liquor permit, non-transferable, that is issued to tourists in Ontario, with the warning they find printed on the back of it.

Star Newspaper Service photo

A tourist from "the States" leaves a liquor store, hiding his quite lawful purchase from force of home speak-easy habit.

WITH drink habits much like our own, Ontario has been through the same experience, the same cycles of emotion as ourselves in the eternal liquor problem—except that liquor control's Canadian sponsors say Ontario is one step ahead of us by having adopted liquor control.

And we have now had prohibition for the same length of time that it was the law in Ontario, which adopted it as a wartime measure, Canada having been in the war two years and eight months before our entry. For the first five years after the war in Ontario the appeal to give the law a fair trial prevailed in face of the grumbling of the pronounced wets. "Do you want the saloon back?" was the answer to all criticism. Saloons had been as numerous in pre-war days in industrial Toronto, which now has a population of 700,000, as in Detroit or Buffalo, although Toronto was known as "Toronto the Good" because of its Blue Sundays.

People began wondering if the old saloon was much worse than the pestilence of speak-easies and bootlegging. Conditions did not improve. Many saw them as growing steadily worse. So flagrant had become the increasing quantity of whisky dispensed on doctors' prescriptions that it was evidently the cure for all ailments.

"No! We don't want the old saloon back—but—" There was much talk of the new system of government sale which Quebec was trying. It was not only drawing the American tourist trade: Ontarians were making trips to Quebec for first-hand information.

Should Ontario, so conscious of her superiority, adopt anything from Quebec? I have even heard Americans ask why we should adopt anything from Canada.

"But I thought you didn't like him," said one Toronto man to another. "I do now," was the answer. "He has moved from Montreal to Toronto."

ONTARIO wets said that Toronto need not have wine lists on hotel tables and taverns in her streets and liquor advertisements in her newspapers because that was the way of wine-bibbing, beer-guzzling Montreal.

Ontario could improve on all suggestions from Quebec as she always had. She would make a real liquor control law of her own. It would be strictly English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and Scotch-Irish.

Led by the urban sections, as Ontario became increasingly industrialized, the anti-prohibition agitation grew. Politicians, as much beset by the drys demanding enforcement and by the wets' outcries as our own are, were taking notice of the changing sentiment.

In the fall of 1926, G. Howard Ferguson, premier of Ontario, went to the bat in a provincial election committed to a stiff liquor control law. He is a Conservative, Ontario is Conservative, and his party machine then in power was behind his program. Against it was the able dry machine of interlocking organizations, recruiting its strength largely from the rural sections.

No arguments we have heard at home were missing in that bitter campaign. The wets accused the drys of being intoxicated by their own fanatical emotion. The drys accused the wets of being the accomplices of the rum devil in making a future of hard times, drunkenness, and destruction for Ontario.

The drys maintained, and still maintain, that it was not a fair referendum on the issue. They said that dry Conservatives had voted wet at the snap of the party

whip, while the wets said that wet Liberals voted dry just as wet Republicans voted for Hoover.

Ferguson won by an enormous majority. Liquor would now be publicly sold. The government would take charge of all sale. The drys wondered what decent men would give their names to managing the nefarious traffic. Who would be the members of the proposed liquor control board? Who its chief?

Certainly it was not a welcome job to the big caliber of man whom Ferguson wanted. D. B. Hanna, giant veteran of Canadian railroad building and development of the Jim Hill type, agreed to give a year of his time as chief to start the organization.

"Things were pretty bright—Americans came to assist—the day the stores opened," said a Toronto newspaper reporter, "but they soon settled down."

P. & A. photo

Premier Ferguson of Ontario, and at the right, General D. C. Draper, Toronto's police chief.

I realized how good the law is for the hotel business when the best that the room clerk in Toronto could offer to the appealing cue before him was a small room at $7 a day. He knew that if you did not take it the fellow behind you would.

And it was not surprising that another convention was arriving to succeed the one just departing. A colossal new hotel of 1,000 rooms and costing $17,000,000, even more sumptuous than the one about to open at Ottawa, was already fully booked six months ahead.

There is a movement of convention organizers not to hold United States conventions in Canada in the future because it is said that some of the delegates neglect business to learn the workings of the local liquor control system. The opposition to this movement answers that they are just as attentive as they are at Chicago or Atlantic City. One factor is that in the tourist season the hotels have no spare space for conventions.

ALTHOUGH not as simple as the Quebec system, where no permit is required to buy a bottle of liquor from a store, the Ontario system is not complicated. The best way to learn it is to go to the nearest liquor store, which is only four blocks from the hotel.

A man who was just coming out had not accepted a wrapper for his purchase. He was carrying a bottle of Scotch under his coat and trying to look unconscious, apparently being used to getting his from bootleggers across the border. In Toronto no one would have given him more than passing notice if he had carried the bottle openly. It would have meant only that another thirsty American wanted a dribble of real liquor.

In the store's lobby there are no chairs, not to mention that there are no drinking cups. An Ontario liquor store is a grim, businesslike place.

Across from the row of clerks' windows, like those in a bank, is a wall table for writing post cards and attaching stamps. In the rear is a bare counter, and behind that the shelves of merchandise.

AN attendant in the lobby is ready to explain the system. He will assist you in making selections from the list, running from whiskies and gins through wines and beers, posted above the table. He is also the bouncer if anyone who is on the black list, or looks as if he ought to be, wants to increase his consumption when he has already had enough.

He asks the man who has no permit if he is an alien or a resident. If an alien, he must have a tourist permit, good for thirty days, costing $2. This "ante before the draw," as the poker players call it, is a single sheet of paper with a place for your name and local address on one side and the other ruled for entries of dates and character and cost of purchases. Everybody who buys liquor in Ontario is card-indexed. Some who think the law is too lax would include thumbprints.

After the permit has been authorized—it certifies that you are sober and do not look like a drunkard—you take it, with a form stating what goods you want and their price, to the first window, where it is stamped. At another window you pay the amount due, then pass your receipt to the dispensing clerk, who brings the bottle and puts it in a paper bag such as grocers use. Then you must depart promptly. To open a bottle and take a swallow on the spot not only is a misdemeanor but would call for quick action on the part of the lobby attendant, as would be taken by the sergeant at arms should a man in the visitors' gallery rise to inject his argument into the deliberations of the august United States Senate. Purchasers are no more expected to loiter than at a railroad ticket office on an excursion day.

Your bottle is not to be opened anywhere except in your own house, and for the tourist his hotel room is construed to be his temporary home. There you may have wine or beer served with your meal—but remember, not in any public place. All hotel rooms have wall devices for removing the caps from bottles. No Ontario room waiter is without a corkscrew, and they find Ontario more prolific of tips than Quebec.

A resident of Ontario gets an annual permit which is valid during good drink behavior, as he may be

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BRAND NEW
GENUINE *Model 3*
CORONA
LOWEST PRICE EVER OFFERED

$2.00 DOWN
BALANCE EASY TERMS

HERE'S your chance to own that *brand new* Genuine Model 3 Corona you've wanted—on the easiest terms ever offered—at LOWEST PRICE ever offered! Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc., MANUFACTURER'S GUARANTEE. Recognized the world over as the finest, strongest, sturdiest, portable built. Only a limited number of these splendid machines available. To get one, you must act now!

Yours for 10 Days FREE—Send No Money

Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it 10 days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, reports, bills in poor handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low price or on such easy terms. Remember these are *brand new* machines right out of the Corona factory.

Carrying Case Included —If You Act Now

Leatheroid carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money—just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only $2—then $3 a month until our special price of $39.90 is paid. Now is the time to buy. This offer may never be repeated. Mail coupon now.

MONEY SAVED By Using This Coupon

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
[Corona Division]
469 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Dept. 269

Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit $2 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you $3 a month until the $37.90 balance of $39.90 price is paid; the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, who will return my $2. You are to give your standard guarantee.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Employed by*_____

SKIN BLEMISHES
pimples, blackheads, etc., cleared away easily and at little cost by
Resinol

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA
Continued from page sixty-five]

a steady customer. This is a small book which has several ruled pages for the entry of his successive purchases.

There is no escaping his "booze budget." At the end of the year he faces the total philosophically or shamefacedly, as the case may be. A wife who wonders where her husband's wages have gone and who goes through his pockets may learn the answer by the entries in his permit. This she has on him and the government has on him.

He must hold on to that permit. If he loses it he may not get another. It is strictly for buying liquor for himself, and nontransferable. There is a fine, and there may be jail, for using a permit not your own as well as for selling what you purchased at a store.

And the wife, as she goes over the entries, knows whether hubby has been doing his drinking at home or when he was out late at night at the lodge. She has redress when he spends too much on drink. For, remember, the purpose of the board is not to sell all the liquor it can but to control sale. This feature is especially stressed in Ontario.

The wife can take her evidence to court, and if it is convincing that her husband is neglecting the support of his family through excessive drinking his permit will be canceled. Then he cannot get another. Even if his permit is not canceled, the supply sold him may be limited.

Thus the head of a local store in the smaller Ontario communities becomes a drink censor. As he gets his wages anyway, he has no interest in encouraging trade. He knows the local soaks. He knows his customers' families, and their incomes. His ear is open to hints from customers' friends or their wives who may not care to go to court.

The names of men who have had their permits canceled, or are known to drink to excess, are listed in every store. The holder of a permit convicted of drunkenness, or caught selling board liquor, automatically loses his permit. There have been 5,000 cancellations.

SO carefully does the board guard permits that when I asked for a sample resident permit for illustration it was refused. I must content myself with getting a tourist one through regular channels. Last year 376,839 resident permits were issued, one for every eight to nine of the population of Ontario, which is one indication that Ontarians are generally buying their alcoholic beverages from the stores instead of from bootleggers.

There were 88,135 tourist permits. All these figures are exclusive of permits given to doctors, dentists, and hospitals. As the stores do only a retail business, anyone who wants wine or beer by the case must go to a winery or to a beer warehouse, where the beers of all local breweries are sold.

All Ontario has 117 stores, 102 breweries, and fifty-one wineries. Each is represented by a colored pin on the map in the directors' room of the board offices, the pins centering in groups in the urban districts and being scattered in the rural. If space occupied is a test of efficiency, I have never seen offices of the same size which did so large a business as the board's, whose sales last year were $49,000,000.

Star Newspaper Service photo

Home brew licenses are granted in Canada under a Dominion law. This Toronto store sells the makings.

Though in Quebec whisky and beer advertisements appear in the newspapers and flash in electric signs, this is not allowed in Ontario. It might encourage drinking. One brewery had its license revoked for sending out a circular letter recommending its product.

Mr. Hanna, having given the year he had promised to start the organization, returned to his own extensive private affairs. His successor, Sir Henry Drayton, was of the same type as if Andrew Mellon or Owen D. Young should accept the chairmanship of a Pennsylvania or a New York state liquor control board. Sir Henry had been the Canadian minister of finance during the world war.

Eminently able and respectable Canadians do not feel that they turn saloon keeper when they give their names and services. The other two present members of the Ontario board are Stewart McClenaghan, a business man, and J. M. McNamara, formerly a judge.

THEY make it a paying business. Last year it yielded the national treasury $15,000,000 and the provincial treasury $8,000,000, a profit of 50 per cent, owing to the high price of hard liquor—Scotch, Canadian, and rye whisky selling from $2.30 to $4.50 a twenty-six-ounce quart. Wine is cheap, as in the other provinces. The Ontario board has no "finishing distillery," as its officials dub the huge plant of the Quebec commission. It does not filter, purify, and bottle, but only acts as middleman between producer and consumer.

At the outset the sponsors of liquor control made the same appeal that the sponsors of prohibition made thirteen years ago: to give the new law a fair trial. The first comparison that the annual report makes is with the old saloon. Distilled liquors entered for consumption for two years before the war were just under 2,000,000 gallons, and in the first year of liquor control they were just over 1,000,000, in an era of much increased prosperity and population.

For the first five months of its second year the board's report shows in comparison with the same period of the first year an increase of 21.3 per cent in spirits, 50 per cent in native beer, 234 per cent in native wines, and 77.2 in imported wines. The wines have it, as in Quebec.

If less hard stuff is drunk under liquor control than in the old saloon days, is more being drunk than under prohibition? The bootleggers supply no statistics. More, is the answer of the Anti-Saloon League, but less is that of many observers as well as of the board. Certainly there is "better drinking" than under prohibition. Asking a thousand questions in each province, I heard many views.

"Do you Americans never take a drink for pleasure?" asked a braw old Scot who has prospered and is a pillar of the church. "You make an agony of taking three fingers—thinking only of the kick. We were getting like that under prohibition. Man, good whisky is to be treated with respect. You should sip your nightcap slowly, getting the taste of it and a gentle glow."

The first big problem of the board was not in distribution. Bootlegging had become an immense enterprise under prohibition, with local conditions favoring competition and price-cutting in a province which had many distilleries and breweries; for even in a prohibition province these might exist by national license to carry on an export business. Under prohibition, bootleggers had arrangements with distillers and brewers to get products

clandestinely without paying national excise taxes.

When liquor control came in they were able, by the same method, to undersell the board's prices. The board by charging high prices for hard stuff was trying to decrease its consumption and increase that of wine and beer. Before it turned in any profit to the provincial treasury, it must pay the national excise of $1.15 on a bottle of the cheapest Canadian whisky, $1.50 on a bottle of Holland gin, and ten cents on a bottle of imported beer.

Bootleggers were not interested in the wine business but in hard stuff; so the board had to fight the pirate competitor, prepared to palm off synthetic.

Hanna, who had mixed with all manner of men in the rough life of frontier Canada, knew how to back the provincial and local police in this battle against underworld tactics. No quarter was the order in the ferret hunt. There was an honest way to get a drink now, and no excuse for breaking the law.

Even the dry leaders admit that big bootlegging has been stopped. Its patrons are now going to the stores. They have recovered their discrimination between good and bad liquor. The first- and second-line trenches have been won, but there is still a lot of "mopping up" to do. Insidious practices which the board sees as the results of prohibition had to be conquered. They are the bitter proof to the board that prohibition cannot prohibit.

When I was talking with two members of the board about their problems they sent for some bottles of *whisky blanc*—white whisky as colorless as alcohol—not distilled whisky but alcohol diluted with distilled water. It is on the Ontario list, selling at the lowest price of any whisky —$1.50 a twenty-six-ounce quart; and it is on the list in Quebec under liquor control where its consumption has been decreasing.

In the mining regions and among the hard-drinking Canadian poor it has always been the cheap souse, this mixture that is absolutely the same, out of which the bootleggers make the gin whose rawness is disguised in orange juice for American cocktail parties.

So used have Americans become to it, under bootleg training, that when they have their first cocktail of real gin in Canada or on board an Atlantic liner, they find they like the home cocktail better.

The Ontario board found that the amount of grain alcohol consumed was out of all keeping with lawful uses. That hole was plugged with a more rigorous permit system. But potable alcohol was not the only kind being drunk under prohibition. Fifty per cent of the cases before the bar in some cities were "rubbing alcohol" drunks. The safeguard of a nauseous flavor, given to grain as well as wood alcohol, failed. Those who could stomach it became confirmed addicts.

AS other sources of supply were dried up, cheap *whisky blanc* was sold to such addicts as came to the store for something that was at least better than wood alcohol. Those bottles on the commissioner's desk were the latest brand. It differed from the old *whisky blanc* in being 48 per cent underproof, a reduction of 113 degrees. Cutting is also practiced by the Quebec liquor board; it means that there is not so much strength in one bottle for those given to finishing a bottle once they have it.

If big bootlegging is beaten, the small bootlegger still holds out. On a Saturday afternoon I heard a voice exclaim, "We're too late!" Standing beside me was a man in despairing contemplation of the front of a liquor store after the closing hour.

How was his thirst to be satisfied over Sunday? By the little bootlegger who had some bottles he had got from the store, or had a secret still, or some synthetic, or a friend at a distillery.

Would Encourage Drinking Of Light Wines in Ontario

TORONTO, Ont., Aug. 6 (AP).—Reduction of whisky sales, introduction of light French wines and encouragement of cider drinking will be the objectives of the Ontario Liquor Control Board in the future, Sir Henry Drayton, chairman of the board, announced today. Sir Henry said that there would be no reduction in Ontario whisky prices.

In the list of light wines which Sir Henry, just returned from France, planned to encourage, sherries and ports were not included.

Ontario, Sir Henry said, has become known as a Province of whisky drinkers, and he thought that the introduction of light wines would be "a good way of righting the abuse of alcohol."

From the New York Times of Aug. 7, 1929

One of Sir Henry Drayton's avowals of his policy of favoring milder beverages at the expense of hard liquor.

When I told a taxi driver to take me to the office of the chief of police of Toronto, he said, "You got an appointment? He's a busy man—not easy to see."

Notably busy is General D. C. Draper. He was a fighting commander in the Canadian army in France, and is as distinguished a man for his job as Sir Henry Drayton for chairman of the liquor board.

"They don't monkey with the general," the taxi man went on. "Stranger here—brought in from Quebec. That was a wise move. He's got no friends here and what they call local connections to cramp his style—and believe me, it's no gentle style! Yeh! This liquor control is all right. Better'n speak-easies! You can have a bottle of beer at home after the day's work. Good beer!"

The driver of the next taxi I took said:

"I like the Quebec way better, where you can go in and sit down to a table with a friend or two and have a glass of wine or beer. Trouble with prohibition was that some men bought a bottle of bad stuff and laid up with it until it was finished. Some do it now with a bottle of the real stuff bought at the store."

Anyway, General Draper, with his shoulders back and his jaw out, is finding that war was not over for him at the Armistice. But if you want to hear a strong advocate of liquor control, meet Toronto's chief of police, who is at close quarters with the hold-outs in an underworld business that he sees as a product of prohibition in a human world.

QUITE a different type from Draper is the Rev. Dr. W. W. Peck, the head of the local Anti-Saloon League; but he too is a fighter, this Presbyterian clergyman who left the pulpit to become a crusader. He is in touch with our Anti-Saloon League, supplying it with ammunition about liquor control, and is in touch with the dry forces of all Canada.

The Ontario drys have withdrawn to their breastworks in face of the public demand that the new law be given a fair trial. But they are under arms. They keep up a steady fire on the liquor control board.

I listened to Dr. Peck for an hour and a half. He was surprised at the bitterness of the American press against prohibition. He admitted that prohibition did not prohibit in Ontario. It had never had fair trial in Ontario. Americans did not generally understand that Ontario had never had a real prohibition law like that in the United States.

Under the Dominion Scott Act, any province might forbid the sale of intoxicants within its borders; but at the same time, within its borders, the act issued licenses to breweries and distilleries for export to the States, to other foreign countries, or to other provinces. It issued licenses also for home brewing and for wineries. There are 75,000 home brew licenses in Ontario. Owners of vineyards in the Niagara peninsula knew that their wineries were secure under national authority.

Again and again Dr. Peck referred to the "monstrous" symbol which the liquor board used when the government turned saloon keeper. The province's coat of arms was on the window of every store, and appeared in so few other places that it must mean to school children a place where liquor was sold to make men drunk.

As Dr. Peck saw it, formerly the railroads had been the cows that the politicians milked; now the cow was the distilleries and breweries in the loathsome combination of government and liquor.

He insisted that there were still many speak-easies in Toronto. I pulled the right strings to see one but failed.

He bade me visit Manitoba and British Columbia if I wanted even more horrible examples of liquor control. They will come in turn as I go along asking the thousand

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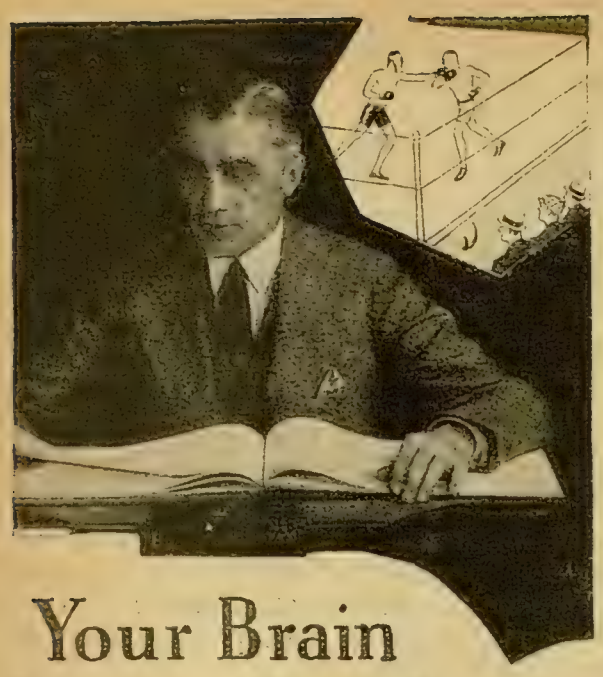

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TRAINOR CO., 17 East 42nd Street, N. Y. C.

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA Continued from page sixty-seven]

questions. But his big argument for prohibition was Canada's economic future—it meant economic efficiency, and Canada was in competition with the prohibition U. S. A. Canada would yet turn back to it because employers and the people would demand it in the name of prosperity.

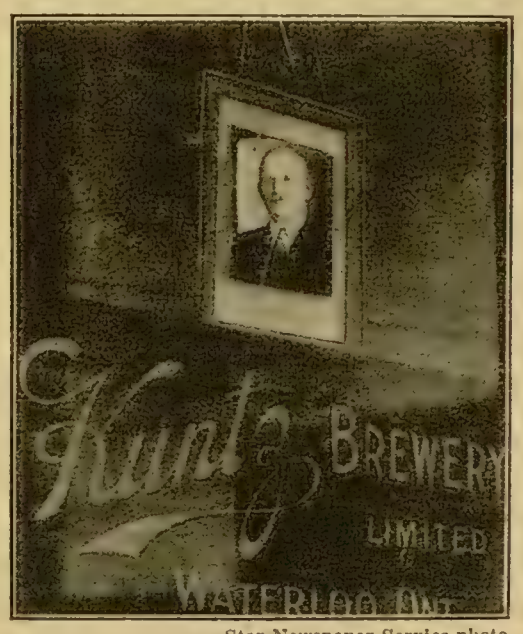
If statistics other than those I have quoted were to be offered on Canada's present prosperity, I might mention that in four years building contracts have almost doubled.

The head of one of the largest industrial plants in Canada said that temperance had been on the increase before prohibition. Under liquor control there might have been a few more men who turned up the worse for drink on Monday morning, but not enough to be noticeable. The head of another corporation having 15,000 employees had likewise noticed little change; but the doctor in charge of welfare had a couple of cases on hand of men who apparently thought they could drink excessively because they were getting the real stuff.

THE superintendent of personnel of one of the great railroad systems thought conditions were getting better, whether as the result of liquor control or of education he did not know. These views typify what variations of opinion I found among industrial chiefs. But they were almost unanimously in favor of the present law, because it did not encourage lawbreaking, and it gave the worker as well as the employer a chance for a decent drink when off duty. There is surely no immediate prospect of a return to prohibition in Ontario.

I walked through the streets of Toronto late on Saturday night looking for drunks. The quest there was no more successful than it was on a visit to the races where there was a crowd of 30,000 on Saturday afternoon.

Glancing out of the hotel window just as I was about to leave Toronto, I rose triumphantly for a closer view. But the suspect in the street was only doing monkey-shines with a friend.



Star Newspaper Service photo

Campaign pictures of Ferguson in windows bearing brewery signs made the Ontario drys unspeakably indignant.

I LEFT Ontario after ten days' stay without having seen one real drunk.

Back in the States, before I had ridden thirty miles on a railroad train, a man with all three sheets in the wind came on board. He was so frank and approachable about his state that I asked him:

"Did you get it in Ontario?"

"No," he replied, "in Buffalo. It's a Buffalo drunk and I'm a patriot."

However, I was told that in Ontario men get soused indoors and work the souse off before they go out. And there are drunks in Ontario's police courts and brought into the public receiving hospitals.

But this part of the record of Ontario liquor control I leave to the next article. Then we shall have a comparison between southern Ontario and neighboring Buffalo and Detroit and adjoining regions, where people of much the same character and drink habits live under such different drink systems at such close quarters.

Colonel Palmer's article on southern Ontario's "frontier of thirst" will appear in an early issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

She Didn't Say a Thing!

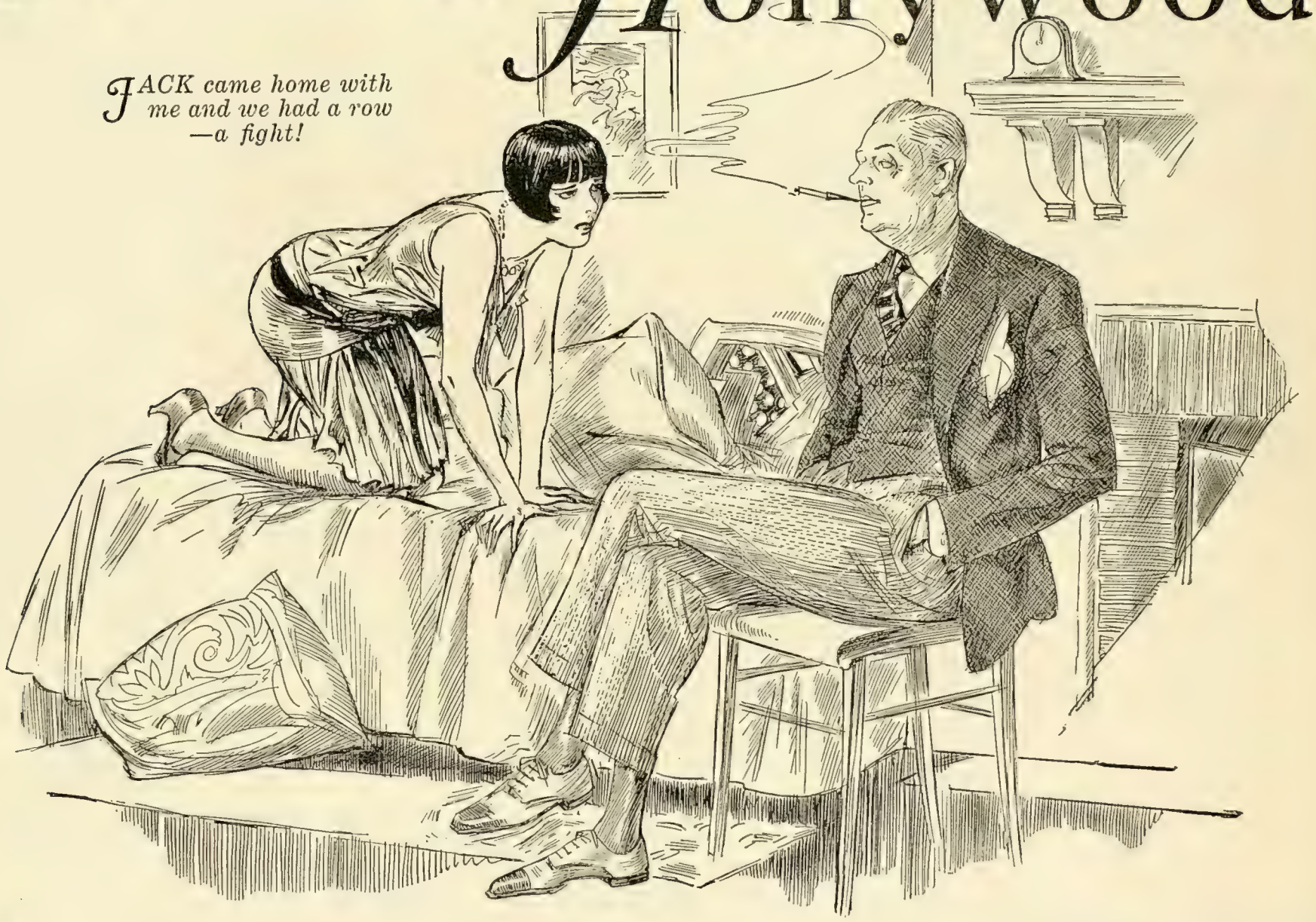
A clergyman with a very large nose was coming to tea. His hostess, fearing her observant small daughter might make some remark, warned the child not to speak unless spoken to. When tea was served the mother noticed her daughter's eyes riveted on the clergyman's face and frowned at the child.

"All right, mummie," cried the child. "I'm not going to say anything—I'm only looking at it."—Mrs. Morris F. Jones, R. F. D. 1, Cassville, N. Y.

Why He Was There

Marie's mother told her how fortunate she was to have a great-grandfather, who was then visiting the family, as so few children had. Marie wanted to know why they didn't. Later her mother took her to have her hair trimmed, and great-grandfather accompanied them. When the barber asked, "Is this your great-grandfather?" Marie shocked everyone by saying: "Yes; he ain't dead yet."—Caroline M. Klutz, 321 N. 4th St., Alhambra, Calif.

Show Girl in Hollywood



JACK came home with me and we had a row —a fight!

A New Dixie Dugan Adventure

By J. P. McEvoy

Pictures by J. H. Striebel

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT: Dixie Dugan, after going broke in Hollywood, has finally got her chance in the movies through Jack Milton, an old admirer who represents Wall Street interests engaged in merging several film companies. She became engaged to Jack following a quarrel with her newspaperman sweetheart, Jimmy Doyle, and on condition that Milton give her a screen part. Jimmy, nursing a broken heart, has given up dialogue writing and gone back to New York.

PART THIRTEEN—THE FLOP

Hollywood,
8th February, 1929.

Miss Nita Dugan,
439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

NITA DARLING:

We finished shooting today. They've got it all up in the cutting rooms now and most of it is on the floor. The rushes keep looking worse and worse. Von Nebbick has been giving all the close-ups to Chiquita who got second lead. She's the little Mex who used to be on Buelow's string, but not any more. They merged him into the alley, and he's down in Poverty Row now doing quickies. Chiquita lost no time taking a run-out powder on him and moved right in on Von Nebbick with her IT and everything. The net is close-ups; lots of close-ups for her—but every time they cut to me I'm going away some place.

Five weeks of it, Nita! On the set and made up at nine o'clock in the morning. Then hours and hours of sitting around and rehearsing and taking the same scene a dozen times. And then the last two weeks every night till ten, eleven, and twelve o'clock; sometimes two and three in the morning, and then back on the set the next morning at nine, dead for sleep, with big flats under your eyes, and three cameras finding the lines in your face like a bank teller looking for silk threads in a dollar bill.

Jack Milton has been running around like a wet hen trying to rush the picture so we can get married and hop off on our honeymoon. He keeps on muttering in his long blue whiskers about Hawaii and Honolulu and a trip around the world or maybe it's a trip to the moon. I don't know. When the time comes, I'll just shut my eyes and say I do and shove off. Still, he's damned sweet, Nita, and turning the whole place upside down for me out here, so I guess I'll have to go through with it, though sometimes I feel like that bimbo in the Bible who sold out for a mess of pottage. I guess that was something like a New England boiled dinner. Imagine giving in for that!

When Jack isn't running around merging studios and firing a lot of broad-hipped executives who got that way from sitting pretty, he's on the set with me or in the projection room looking at the rushes. Sometimes he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from preceding page]

thinks they're swell and sometimes he isn't sure. Well, he doesn't know anything about pictures, but who the hell does? Answer me that one. Maybe Sol Nebbick. He's the only one that isn't always yapping around here. He just appears miraculously from nowhere, nursing his indigestion, watches the action awhile, and either grunts or says lousy, and then disappears again.

Don't ask me what the picture looks like. I haven't the slightest idea. I've seen pieces of this and heard bits of that and then we'd retake the scene and throw the retake away and use the worst pieces of the other negative and junk that and retake it again until everybody is so mad and so dizzy they don't know whether they're working on Sinning Lovers or Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Sarah Nebbick, the head cutter, told me today they'd have the negative cut and assembled the first of the week and we'd have the answer print—that's the first complete print from the edited negative—in time for the secret preview, which will be a week from Monday night. She doesn't know the house, but it will be some out-of-the-way place where they specialize in horse opera.

The studio will slip the picture in and try it on the dog before the real opening. Maybe there won't be any real opening—maybe it'll be so bad they'll throw it all in the ash can. And then again, maybe it'll be a wow. Nobody knows. Neither do I. But Mickey, who wrote the songs and has seen a lot of the rushes, says the talk around the studio is that it's all set and in the bag. God, Nita, I hope so. It means so much to me. I'll wire you or call you long distance as soon as I find out. Keep your fingers crossed.

Your dizzy sister,
DIXIE.

P. S. I suppose you haven't seen Jimmy, have you?

ALVARADO THEATER
LAURA LAPLANTE IN HER BIG NIGHT
WITH SOUND
ALSO BIG FEATURE PREVIEW TONIGHT

POST MORTEM

Scene: On the sidewalk outside the Alvarado Theater, Alvarado Street, opposite Westlake Park, Los Angeles.

Time: 10:30 P. M.

(The preview of Sinning Lovers, which started at 8:30, has just finished. The mourners who occupied the last two rows reserved for the Colossal executives and cast have sought the open air and stand huddled in dejected little groups, talking, talking, talking.)

Boys, it looks like we laid an egg.

They sure weren't having any, were they?

I told you that damned lovers-of-history gag was a wet smack.

Yeah? It was all right if you had shot it the way I wrote it.

Yeah? If I had shot it the way you wrote it they wouldn't have just sat there and taken it. We'd have had to fight our way out of the theater.

What did you think about it, Julius?

Who? Me? Sonk!

Still, you can't tell by one audience. It got a lot of laughs.

Yeah? But they were in the wrong place.

The trouble with this picture is what I've said all along—supervisors.

Well, I don't think it was so bad. I mean I think we can salvage a lot of it.

Sure, we can save the sound track and make another picture to run with it.

Well, I never saw such a bum job of cutting. You could take that whole cabaret sequence out and never miss it.

I didn't do the numbers, baby. I just cut 'em.

I'll say—with an ax!

Where's Dixie? Wasn't she here?

I saw her sitting away back with Milton. They ducked out just before the lights went up.

I guess she feels pretty bad, poor kid.

Well, boys, I'm going home and roll in.

Whose home?

Going my way, Max? Give you a lift.

Goom bi, slaves. See you in the factory tomorrow.

Oh, hello, Abe! How did it hit you?

Right in the pit of the stomach. Oof!

Dixie's apartment. Midnight. Telephone rings. Dixie, who has been pacing up and down, makes a dive across the room and grabs it.

OPERATOR: On your call to Brooklyn, New York, we are ready.

DIXIE: Hello! Hello! Who is this? Oh, is this you, Nita? Hello, darling! This is Dixie. What time is it there? Three o'clock? It's just twelve here. Midnight. I can hear you so plain. Just like in the next room. Oh, Nita, I don't know how to tell you what happened. We had the preview tonight. Everything went wrong. It was too long and it was cut bad and the sound didn't work half the time. It was just a mess. I don't know what they're going to do with it. I was so sick I couldn't sit until the finish. I walked out on it at the end and came home.

Jack was with me. What? MILTON. He came home with me and we had a row. A row!—a FIGHT. Jack and I. I'm NOT always fighting, but he said it was a flop and even if I was all right on the stage this proved that I didn't get over in pictures, and I asked him what he thought ought to be done and he said he was for putting it on the shelf and forgetting it and charge it off to experience. And I says to him, that's all right for you to talk about the money that way, but how about me and my time and all the grief and the heartaches I put in it?

And he said he couldn't help that—that was business and there was no use in throwing good money after bad. The company was in the bag for half a million dollars already on the picture. What? A HALF A MILLION! I know it's a lot of money. That's what Jack said, too, but I told him I didn't cost all that. They were in half of it on the other one before they even started with me.

And he said, well, the stockholders don't give a damn who was in it or what. All they are interested in is dividends, and if it was his money it would be something else again, but it wasn't. It belonged to the corporation and he had gone as far as he could go. And I says, well, what are you going to do, then? And he says, what do you want me to do? And I says what difference does it make what I want? I don't think the picture's so terrible that it couldn't be saved. He says, well, I don't know anything about pictures, but the audience tonight told you that they didn't want it—they were walking out on it.

And I says, well, won't you try to do something about saving it? He says, I'd like to, but I can't. I've gone ahead and spent all this money on my own responsibility, and I says, well, I thought it was your money all the time, and he says, don't be silly—I just represent the men who have got their money in this—the banks and other big corporations. You don't think I'd gamble half a million dollars of my own money in the show business, do you? I may be crazy, but I'm not a complete damfool!

And then I says, well, what are you going to do, Jack? And he says, well, there's no use in kidding yourself, Dixie—it's a flop, and the cheapest and most sensible thing to do now is to wash it up and forget it. I'll go out to the studio tomorrow and settle the whole thing up, and you pack up and come back East with me and we'll get married and go away on a nice trip and forget all about the movies. What do you say?

"I saw the picture in preview. It was lousy, but there's good stuff in it. I'm going ahead."

And I says, well, what can I say, Jack? You're the boss. I certainly haven't any money to put in it, but if you really loved me it looks to me like you wouldn't quit cold like this before it's really had a chance.

Do you remember? You wanted me to do the same thing in Atlantic City. Just because the tryout was a flop you wanted me to jump the show and run away with you and get married and then you know what happened. Jimmy stuck to the job—dug up some more capital, fixed the show up, and we came into New York and it was a hit.

And he says, well, how much money did it make? And I says, well, it didn't make much money and he says, well, that's it—there you are.

And I says, well, what do I care if it makes money or not? Lots of good pictures don't make money, and Jack says, so far as the bankers are concerned, if it doesn't make money it's not a good picture.

And I says, what about Caligari, and he says, I never saw it, and from all I've heard of it I never want to see it, and that hasn't anything to do with the subject anyway—we're talking about Sinning Lovers. I saw that. I saw it tonight and it's a flop.

And then I says to him, in other words, I say it's spinach and I say to hell with it. Is that what you mean? And he says, well, that's putting it bluntly, but that's the idea. We won't talk about it any more tonight, but I'll see you in the morning when you've had a good night's sleep and you feel better.

A good night's sleep, Nita. Can you feature that?

Then he said good night and went out as matter of fact as though he had just brought in the groceries.

A good night's sleep! I've been pacing up and down ever since he left.

I put the call in right away. Did I wake you up? . . . What? . . . I bet ma was scared to death when the telephone rang at three o'clock in the morning. How is she? . . . That's good. Don't tell her anything about it yet. Tell her everything is getting along fine. Pa too.

What'll I do, Nita? . . . What? . . . I KNOW Jack is sensible but I hate sensible men. . . . What? . . . It ISN'T time I got sense. I want sense when I'm so old it doesn't interfere with my fun. . . . Sure I've been having a lot of fun working like a dog from nine o'clock in the morning until midnight for weeks, then to have it flop like this.

It'll be all over Hollywood tomorrow. I can't bear to think of facing them out at the studio. I don't know what I'm going to do. . . .

What? . . . I KNOW I'm on long distance. . . . WHAT? I KNOW IT'S COSTING A LOT OF MONEY, BUT DAMMIT I'VE GOT TO TALK TO SOMEBODY. What? . . . I'm not crying. I'M NOT!

Well, what if I am? What do you expect me to do? Laugh and clap hands and yell whoopee? . . . WHAT? . . . All right, sis. I guess you're right. . . .

All right, I'll try. . . . All right. . . . I'll write to you tomorrow. You write to me soon as you hang up. Air mail. Please. Please. I haven't anybody left but you. I feel so alone out here. All right, sis. 'By. . . . What? . . . Nothing, I just said good-by. Good-by, darling.

(Dixie slowly hangs up the receiver, throws herself on bed, buries her head in the pillow, and cries quietly, steadily. Telephone rings.)

DIXIE *(blubbering):* 'Lo! Whu-whu-what?

OPERATOR *(cheerily):* The charge on that call will be twenty-two dollars and seventy-five cents for thirteen minutes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page seventy-one]

(From the Hollywood Daily Screen World, Feb. 20.)

MAY SHELVE SINNING LOVERS

John Milton, Chairman of Production Board, Cosmic Films, Said to Be Disappointed with Preview of Dixie Dugan's First Starring Vehicle

COLOSSAL EXECUTIVES MUM

FEB 20
EN ROUTE THE CHIEF EASTBOUND
DIXIE DUGAN
1842 NO. LABREA AVE HOLLYWOOD CALIF
WAS CALLED BACK SUDDENLY TO NEW YORK TRIED TO REACH YOU ALL DAY YESTERDAY AND TODAY BEFORE TAKING TRAIN BUT YOUR PHONE DIDNT ANSWER STOP PLEASE WIRE AND TELL ME YOURE NOT ANGRY WITH ME STOP SURE YOU MUST REALIZE WISDOM OF NOT GOING AHEAD WITH PICTURE STOP WIRE ME CARE CHIEF AT ALBUQUERQUE OR GALLUP STOP WHEN ARE YOU COMING TO NEW YORK OR SHALL I COME BACK FOR YOU STOP ALL MY LOVE
JACK

FB266 45 DL GALLUP 342P FEB 21
DIXIE DUGAN
1842 NO. LABREA AVE HOLLYWOOD CALIF
NO ANSWER FROM YOU HERE WISH I COULD HAVE SEEN YOU AGAIN BEFORE LEAVING HOLLYWOOD TO EXPLAIN MATTERS STOP FEEL MISERABLE THAT YOU SHOULD STILL BE ANGRY WITH ME STOP WONT YOU PLEASE HAVE WIRE WAITING FOR ME AT BLACKSTONE HOTEL CHICAGO ALL MY LOVE
JACK

Offices of Sol Nebbick, Colossal lot. Dixie Dugan, paralyzed with awe and cold with terror, has just entered and stands waiting for Mr. Nebbick to look up from his reading and recognize her.

DIXIE *(finally):* You sent for me, Mr. Nebbick.

NEBBICK *(looking up slowly and allowing a faint flicker of recognition to ripple his mask):* Oh, yes. *(Sharply.)* Never mind sitting down. I won't keep you very long. I had a talk with Milton before he went back East about Sinning Lovers. I suppose you know how he feels about it?

DIXIE *(trembling):* I know. He told me.

NEBBICK: He told me, too, and when he got finished telling me, I told him.

DIXIE *(bravely):* Well, I suppose there's nothing more to be said about it.

NEBBICK: Not much. Report tomorrow morning at nine o'clock on stage A.

DIXIE *(astonished):* For what?

NEBBICK: For the retakes, of course.

DIXIE *(slowly):* Retakes! Did you say retakes?

NEBBICK: I've taken Von Nebbick off the picture. Another director starts tomorrow on a schedule of retakes. I'm changing some of the production numbers, throwing out the others, rearranging the sequences, and cutting the running time down to one hour and ten minutes. It's all laid out.

DIXIE: But Milton said he was going to junk it.

NEBBICK *(slowly):* I told Milton if he wanted to save the money he's got in this thing, to get on the train and go home and turn it over to me and let me handle it alone. He replied that the appropriation for Sinning Lovers was exhausted and there wouldn't be any more money. I asked him what he wanted to do, and he said put it on the shelf, so I said all right. That's the way he left it.

DIXIE: But I still don't understand.

NEBBICK: I saw the picture in preview. It was lousy but there's plenty of good stuff in it. All it needs is cutting and remaking in parts and re-editing and it's got a good chance. I know pictures. Milton doesn't. *(With*

ALEX SMITH, Golf Professional at
The Westchester-Biltmore Country Club says:

"The Nockabout Reinforced Sleeve is certainly a worthwhile improvement in knitted jackets. It gives greater service."

Alex Smith

Everybody who has seen the new Nockabout Knit Jacket with the patented reinforced sleeves appreciates the value of this new idea.

It is the outstanding knit jacket improvement in the history of this industry.

Nockabout sleeves do not look different from old style sleeves, but hidden in each sleeve, by a new knitting process exclusive with Nockabout, is extra yarn skillfully knitted in from arm-hole to cuff, assuring extra service just where wear is hardest.

Before you buy a knitted jacket this fall, ask your retailer to show you the new Nockabout Knit Jackets with the reinforced sleeves.

NOCKABOUT

an evil smile.) In fact, I think so well of its chance that I'm going ahead with it.

DIXIE *(bewildered):* Maybe I'm crazy. When? How? Where?

NEBBICK: I don't know why I'm telling you all this except that I want you to go in there tomorrow and give the best you've got. But it's this way: When Milton said he was going to junk the picture I told him my reputation as a producer was involved and I'd rather dig up enough money to finance the remaking of it myself and release it independently than take such a black eye right at the beginning of my connection with the new merger. So he named a price and told me to wire him in New York if I could swing it. I wired him today that the deal was closed. Tomorrow morning at nine. Stage A, Miss Dugan. That's all. *(To Beautiful Young Thing at door.)* Send Von Nebbick in here. And bring me some more bicarbonate.

"I know I'm on long distance. . . . What? . . . I'm not crying. I'm not!"

SC 352 44 NL HOLLYWOOD CALIF 1103P FEB 25
NITA DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE
BROOKLYN NY
ITS ON AGAIN STOP MAKING RETAKES NIGHT AND DAY STOP FINISHING UP END OF WEEK AM SO TIRED IM SILLY STOP THIS TIME IT HAS GOT TO BE GOOD STOP BEAR DOWN ON YOUR PATRON SAINT FOR ME STOP MINE IS IN CONFERENCE
LOVE DIXIE

FL735 21 DL BROOKLYN NY 1020A FEB
DIXIE DUGAN
1842 NO. LABREA AVE HOLLYWOOD CALIF
THE WORLD IS A BIG CAFETERIA WHERE GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES STOP THAT GOES FOR PATRON SAINTS TOO LOVE
NITA

SB 456 HOLLYWOOD CALIF
NITA DUGAN 435P FEB 27
439 FLATBUSH AVE
BROOKLYN NY
I HAVE CORNS ON MY HIP FROM CARRYING TRAYS IN YOUR OLD CAFETERIA WISHING YOU THE SAME LOVE
DIXIE

NA 840 15 NEW YORK CITY NY 1230P FEB 27
DIXIE DUGAN
1842 NO. LABREA AVE
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
NO WIRE FROM YOU IN CHICAGO NO MESSAGE FROM YOU HERE WHAT DOES IT MEAN JACK

SC 355 1 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 856A FEB 28
JACK MILTON
67 WALL STREET NEW YORK CITY NY
GUESS DIXIE

And now for the second showing of Sinning Lovers. Will Nebbick's skill and Dixie's whoopee be enough to put it over? Read next week's installment.

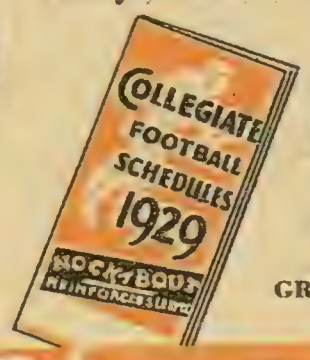
Extra→ Yarn→ Knit→ in→ from→ Arm→ Hole→ to Cuff→

ASIDE from the exclusive reinforced sleeves which Nockabout gives you at no extra cost, you will find everything else that you have a right to expect in a well made knit jacket.

Plenty of style — smart colors — shaped shoulders — better button-holes—reinforced pockets.

Make your own comparison at counters where knit jackets are displayed. You'll pick a Nockabout because it is really superior in many ways. Popular prices prevail.

Nockabout Knit Vests are different—exclusive Krinkle and fancy Velour Striped fabrics that appeal to good dressers.



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Contains a complete list of all Collegiate games scheduled for this season. Sent free on request. Please give dealer's name.

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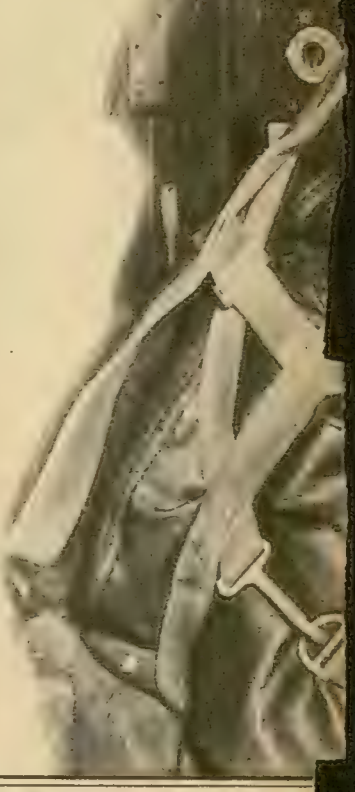
KNIT JACKETS

with the Exclusive REINFORCED SLEEVES

Sentinels of the SKIES

How a Weather Eye Is Kept on the Airways

By
ELLIOT UNDERHILL



whose picture is at the left. He learned to fly in the Marine Corps during the war, served through the Haitian revolt of 1919, and, after barnstorming as a civilian gypsy flyer, became an air mail pilot.

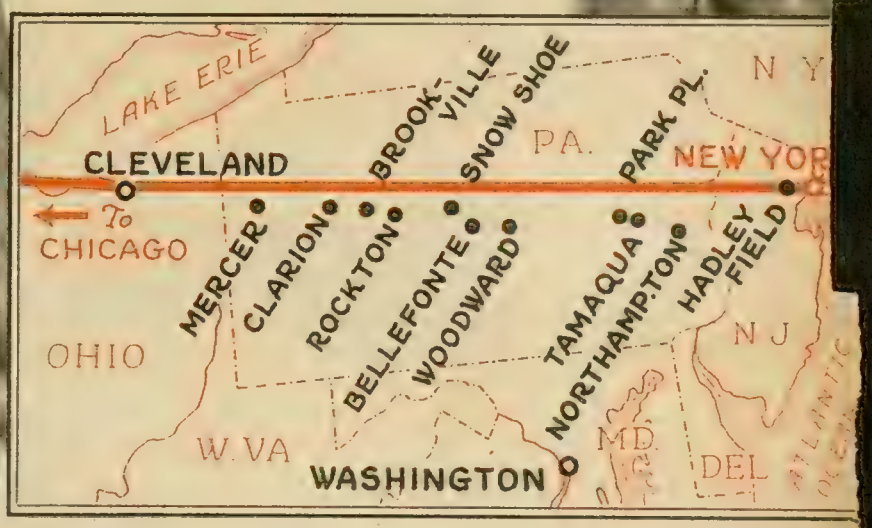
AN Indian-summer storm caught Harold Knoop one night last autumn as he flew the mail from Cleveland to Chicago. Straight at him out of the black sky shot a blinding streak of fire. It was chain lightning. The bolt missed him by inches, but the concussion did not. He heard one ear-splitting crash like the burst of a high-explosive shell. That was all he remembered. He flew the next twenty miles slumped down in his cockpit, totally unconscious.

By some miracle of good fortune he came to his senses in time to regain control, save his ship, and deliver the mail intact. He described the adventure to us.

"Don't worry about lightning," we told him cheerfully. "Lightning can't strike a plane in flight. It only strikes grounded objects and does damage only where there's resistance."

"Fine," said Knoop. "That settles that. The next time it knocks me cold I'll know it's cheating."

International Newsreel



The air mail route from Cleveland to New York, showing the thirteen stations from which weather reports are transmitted to pilots on the ground and in the air. Information concerning weather conditions over a wide area is gathered by numerous outposts, sent to these stations, and made into charts.

His somewhat skeptical attitude toward the lightning situation may be applied in a general way to the whole deadly conflict between bad weather and flying. Science puts up a wonderful fight on our behalf, but storms still have a murderous habit of defying every rule evolved by human knowledge.

Ice, fog, wind, rain, and snow—they are the five incorrigible gangsters of the air. More than once their crimes against us have been committed with a sinister touch of malice equal to any atrocity devised by the mind of a Frankenstein. The fate encountered by Leo McGinn shows the depth of Bad Weather's evil genius.

In an article published some months ago by LIBERTY, Paul Collins told how fog once made Leo McGinn mistake the lights of a Chicago amusement park for "heaven." The circumstances of Leo's last flight were strangely similar, but snow was his assailant instead of fog, and the story has a different ending.

It happened last Christmas—December, 1928.

Scheduled to fly the night mail from Cleveland to Chicago, where he lived, Leo took off that evening in the best of spirits. The pockets of his flying suit were crammed with gifts. Christmas, to him, meant home and the happiest of family holidays. He was a devoted husband and father. At the end of the journey his wife and their two small children were waiting.

No signs of dangerous weather appeared as he left Cleveland. Not until he reached Huron, Indiana, did anything serious develop. Then a thick snow squall descended upon him without warning. Leo was taking no chances that night. He nosed down, looking for the first safe place to land.

Soon he saw what he believed to be the red and green lights of an emergency field. By then the snow had reduced his visibility practically to zero. He could just discern those colored lights—nothing more.

He dove for them.

ge Andrus, meteorologist at the United States Airways Weather Bureau at Hadley Field, New ey, explaining to Pilot Dean Smith the air conditions he will encounter at different points on the route of a flight the latter is about to make with the mail.

They were the red and green lights decorating a municipal Christmas tree in a public square at Huron. Leo plunged to his death on the hard city pavement beside the festive tree.

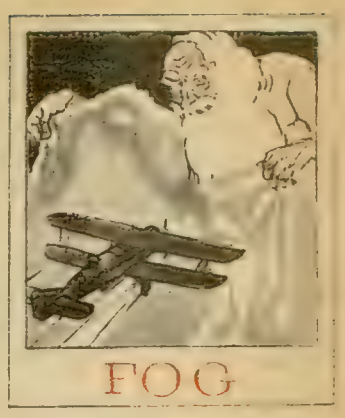
From such tragedies have ice, fog, wind, rain, and snow earned their dread reputation among flyers. Ice alters our delicate wing curves, clogs and disables our flying instruments, causes destructive vibration by forming on our exposed wires and sometimes on our propeller blades. Strong winds wrench our ships out of control, drive us off the course, and leave breakneck air holes in our sky roads, exactly as floods demolish a smooth turnpike. Fog, snow, and rain deprive us of our greatest safeguard—our ability to see and know what lies on the earth beneath us when we come down.

THERE you have a rough outline of the crime wave inflicted on us by old man Storm and his five hard-boiled accomplices. During the last four years their dirty work has been responsible for 95 per cent of all our fatal crack-ups and major accidents. Weather caused every one of our parachute jumps, including the two Colonel Lindbergh took while he was a flying postman. Fog pushed Lindy out in both cases.

In this same four-year period construction has improved so substantially that mechanical mishap in the mail service is now a rare experience unless accompanied by weather trouble. Our ships are trustworthy; our motors are trustworthy; our pilots have learned a good deal about the flying business. Yet the elements can never be trusted.

"Everybody complains about the weather," said Mark Twain, "but nobody seems to do anything about it."

I don't believe Mark would let that statement stand if he could witness a few of the measures now being taken to make our storm-swept firmament safe for aviators.



WITH scores of lives and millions of dollars' worth of flying property at stake continually on the air routes of America, storm detection has become a science no less exciting and complicated than crime detection.

Our special weather detectives are rapid-fire sleuths. By means of a vast spy system covering the entire continent, every suspicion of weather disturbance is shadowed day and night from the moment of its discovery. Each hour clues pour into their headquarters by radio, telegraph, and telephone. Every cloud aspect is marked, every change of temperature, every whim of the wind, every fluctuation of the barometer. The tips come from lookouts posted throughout the country, on the tallest of city buildings, on remote mountain peaks, in lonely desert cabins, aboard ships at sea. And fresh every hour this vital information flashes forth again over the land, checked, verified, and interpreted to give encouragement or warning wherever men may fly.

I believe our experience with the Florida hurricane of September, 1928, proves what a blessing fast weather service is to commercial air transport. The Florida tempest was first detected by the captains of three steamers sailing the Caribbean Sea in the vicinity of Turks Island. The vessels were about a hundred miles apart, their respective positions forming a triangle. When their captains exchanged noonday weather reports the wind was found to be assuming a circular motion. Picking up the radio messages exchanged between the three captains, our weather observers immediately predicted a hurricane.

Warnings were sent at once to all airports, railroads, and shipping centers. The inhabitants of the Florida

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SENTINELS OF THE SKIES
Continued from page seventy-five]

coast were advised to be on the alert. The path the storm would take across the South, up through the central states to New England, and out to sea again via the St. Lawrence River, was accurately charted a week in advance. If all weather advice had been heeded the twister would have left our service unscathed. As it was, we experienced one freak escape and one fatal crack-up.

Pilot Kytle of the Pitcairn Line flew the mail north from Atlanta, Georgia, on the night when the hurricane struck that region. Kytle carried a big forty-five army revolver tucked away in a small compartment behind him, but not fastened down. Trapped by the storm in a narrow mountain gorge, he lost his way, tried a blind turn, and smashed headlong into a solid wall of rock. The force of his impact hurled his revolver out of its compartment, flinging it across the cockpit so hard that it went through the heavy instrument board, ripped its way through the two aluminum linings of the mail pit, and tore out through the side of the ship. That's how hard Kytle landed. Yet he walked away without a scratch, and the mail was undamaged.

The pilot we lost that night was one of our ablest. "Wild Bill" Hopson crashed in the center of the hurricane after he had ignored, or failed to note, the weather warning flashed to him from the Bellefonte station.

Without the alarm broadcast a week ahead by our weather watchmen, the death toll exacted among flyers by that West Indian blast might have been far greater.

Now for a few official titles:

In formal language our anti-storm organization is called the Airways Weather Bureau. It is three years old. Originally a branch of the Meteorological Bureau conducted by the Department of Agriculture, it has since enlisted the aid of the Commerce Department. Today the U. S. Airways Weather Bureau provides the fastest, surest weather service in the world.

TO describe the relations between a mail pilot, a storm, and an Airways weather man, I'll review one dizzy flight I made last January.

The night seemed perfect to me at the outset—a serene winter evening, clear sky overhead, a thin cloud fringe scattered along the western horizon, no wind, temperature almost balmy.

So it appeared about 9 P. M., when I drove out to Hadley Field, the New York terminal of our coast-to-coast air mail route. I was booked to take off for Cleveland with the west-bound load at 9:35. In the National Air Transport shed a couple of mechanics were tuning the motor of my big Douglas ship. A postal clerk was loading the pit with mail pouches. All set, thought I, for a pleasant moonlight spin. On my way to the office to don flying togs, I walked through the Airways Weather Station, where George Andrus, the Hadley Field observer, was preparing his night weather map. I saluted him merrily:

"Hi, George."

"Hello, Dutch," he answered.

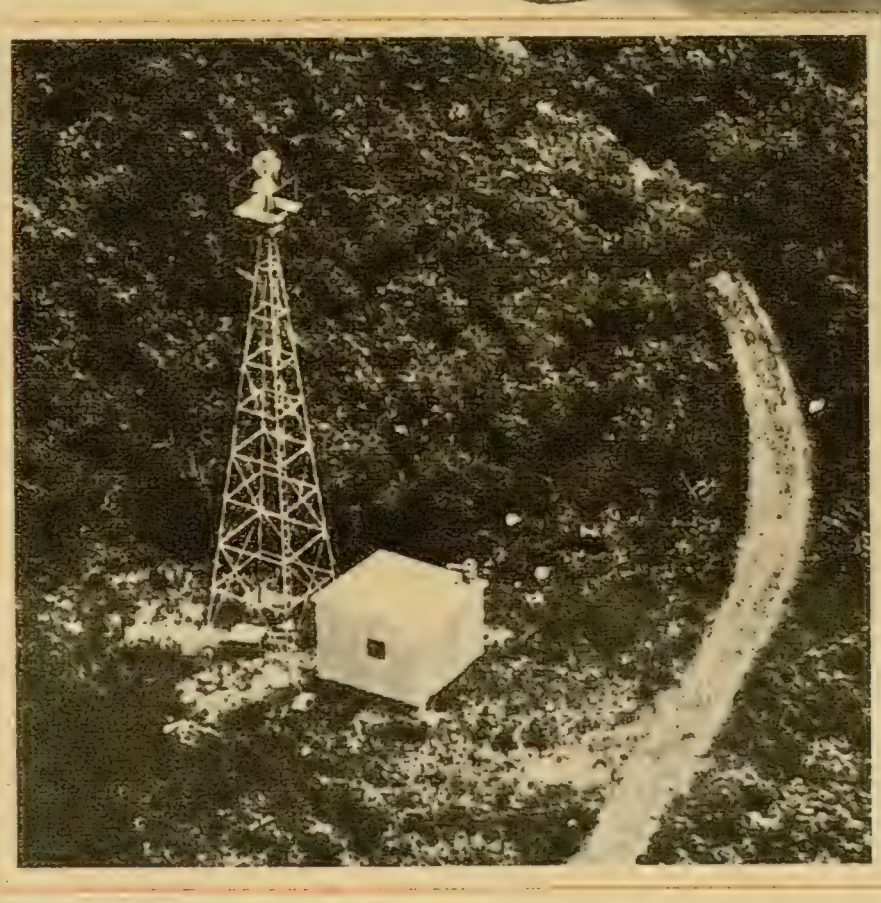
"Thanks," I called out, "for the C. A. V. U. night."

In flying slang, a C. A. V. U. night means a night with ceiling and visibility unlimited. And they're rare treats for us, since weather conditions over the territory covered by our eastern air mail divisions are steadily worse than any to be encountered elsewhere on the civilized globe. Sooner or later every storm in America plays our circuit. Gulf storms, storms from the open Atlantic, storms from the St. Lawrence valley, and storms from the Rocky Mountain plateau—we get 'em all. Furthermore, our eastern routes lie between the ocean and the Great Lakes, which renders them subject to all varieties of atmospheric moisture, and moisture to us is just another name for trouble.

Andrus looked up from his drawing board. "What do you mean, C. A. V. U. night?" he said. "I'll bet you won't reach Cleveland."

I thought he must be kidding. "Listen," I told him. "I had this weather made to order. Take a look at it."

A Douglas mail plane used on the New York to Chicago run. Note the radio mast for picking up messages.



National Air Transport photo

A revolving beacon in the Allegheny Mountains, one of many installed to guide airmen flying at night.

"I've seen it," he replied. "Very pretty, but come here and take a look at this map."

"What have you got there?" I laughed. "Blizzards or cyclones?"

"Maybe a little of both," he declared seriously.

Now, serious weather words from George Andrus are not to be taken lightly by any pilot about to fly away into the night. As a meteorologist he certainly knows his meteors. As a veteran balloonist he knows the air. Long-distance forecasts are his specialty. Among mail pilots he has the reputation of being one of the world's keenest weather sharpshooters. I waltzed right over to see that map he was making.

Every day two weather maps are issued by each Airways Bureau. They show upper air conditions prevailing in all parts of the United States. Wavy lines indicate the size of storm areas, which way they're moving, and how fast. On flights started in dubious weather we always take a copy of the latest report aloft with us.

I examined George's handiwork. Sure enough, on that portion of the map representing a district just west of Cleveland he had sketched lines to show the probable path of a gale snorting eastward in our direction.

"What do you think of it?" I asked.

"Not much dope yet," he said. "But I guess you can kiss your C. A. V. U. night good-by. It looks to me like a line squall. If it hits you, you'd better hop down and let it bounce over. It may be tough in spots."

Please notice how his tip-off took the form of a friendly suggestion. That's as far as the Airways weather men ever go. Pilots in the U. S. Air Mail Service receive no orders from any authority whatsoever concerning when they shall or shall not fly. We decide for ourselves every time. Andrus merely let me know what he believed might happen if I flew that night.

In view of his warning I studied the early and late reports posted on the wall of his office. These reports are made up in chart form. They account for all upper air conditions recorded during the last twenty-four hours at thirteen stations affecting my route.

The sources of information are: Hadley Field, New Jersey; Washington, D. C.; Cleveland, Ohio; and ten points in Pennsylvania—Bellefonte, Clarion, Tamaqua, Snowshoe, Rockton, Woodward, Park Place, Mercer, Northampton, and Brookville.

Each station reports hourly, giving the general sky and weather facts for that neighborhood. They report the ceiling (height above the ground of the lowest clouds), the visibility (how far can be seen with the naked eye), the direction and velocity of the wind, the temperature, and the state of the barometer.

Local data is furnished by caretakers at all emergency fields and Airway beacons operated by the Department of Commerce. They telephone or telegraph their reports to the nearest Airways Weather Bureau, where the facts are assembled, studied, and interpreted for us by expert government meteorologists.

IF storm dangers develop after we take off, radio alarms are flashed to us in plain language as we fly. But for transmitting their reports between stations on the ground, the observers use a word code to save expense. Unless you know the code key their messages look fantastic at times. I recall seeing this phrase:

"ARISE GUESSERS."

Decoded, it gave a complete story of the weather at Cleveland that morning. The insinuation was entirely accidental, but it made an appropriate weather expression, so we thought.

Exchanging weather facts over the telephone produces some queer effects, too. Haines was the name of the observer at Clarion, Pennsylvania. The boys called him "Hainsey." Hainsey had an assistant named Joe. One morning early, the Bellefonte observer phoned to Clarion for information.

"Is it hazy?" he asked.

"No," came the reply, "it's Joe."

Baffled but game, Bellefonte tried another question: "Have you had any sleet over there?"

"Just a couple of hours," Joe answered. "I'm all right, though. I can stay awake."

Bellefonte hung up in disgust.

Scientifically cunning are the measures used to detect Bad Weather's malevolent approach in the air. To keep tabs on the antics of high-altitude winds small balloons are released every six hours. With his theodolite—an instrument resembling a mariner's sextant—the Airways weather man watches his balloons drift away across the sky, measuring the speed and direction of the drift. He then knows all he needs to know about the wind. Red, white, or black balloons are used, according to the color of the sky. At night a paper lantern containing a lighted candle goes up with the balloon. Frequently these can be watched as far as fifty miles.

In the daytime trained observers judge the height of the ceiling accurately by eye. After dark a beam from a powerful searchlight is thrown up against the clouds. The weather man measures the distance along the ground

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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and what a whale of a difference just a few cents make

A definite extra price
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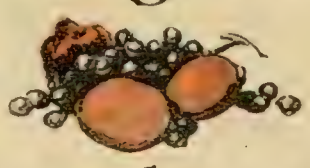
The Head of the Dental Department of one of our Great Universities

discovers nature's way of *whitening the teeth*



and, thank goodness, a pleasant way at that!

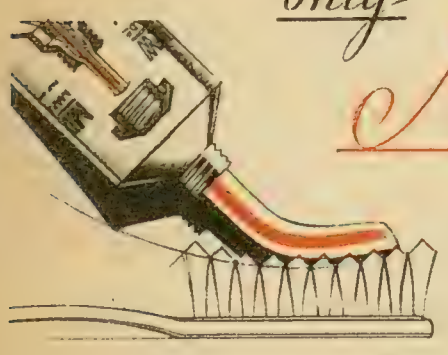
Science got the idea of fresh fruit-whitener from observing the perfect teeth of the South Sea Island girls, who owe the brilliance of their teeth to their diet of fresh fruit.

WHEN the bright red fruit whitener cream comes out on your tooth brush between its accompanying white creams—when you taste its appetizing and tangy flavor—thank science for discovering a way to keep your teeth stainlessly brilliantly white. Yes, no matter how much you smoke. Yes, no matter if your teeth tend to be discolored. Try it and ask your mirror!

Please do not confuse New Mix with any other tooth paste made. It is absolutely the only one which, by means of its patented inner tube, can deliver fresh fruit-whitener to your teeth not weakened, undiluted, full strength at the moment of use.

That's why it does not have to use abrasives that scratch your enamel, or soap that foams. Its fruit whitener is all that it needs.

New Mix has been such a tremendous success that it is on sale at good stores all over the nation. Send in the coupon for the trial size tube. It will prove the value of New Mix in three scrubs, a rinse and a chuckle.



only New Mix *is fresh whitener toothpaste*

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So I can see how different New Mix is from every other tooth paste, you may send me your trial size tube. I enclose 10c to cover packing and shipping.

Name .....

Address .....

Town or City ..... State .....

SENTINELS OF THE SKIES
Continued from page seventy-seven

from his searchlight to the spot directly beneath the shine of the beam on the clouds. Calculating the height of the ceiling is then a simple matter of triangulation.

Now jump back with me to that January flight in the threat of a brewing storm.

I decided to make a dash for Cleveland. With George Andrus' warning to caution me, the risk, I considered, would not be too severe. If the blow turned out to be a killer I'd follow his advice and slide under it. Fixing that strategy in mind, I climbed aboard my Douglas, gave her the gun, and started west.

National Air Transport photo

Pilot Dean Smith, who is now with Byrd's Antarctic expedition.

The C. A. V. U. night lured me on with moonlight and soft breezes until I reached Mercer, Pennsylvania.

Then, sock! The Bad Weather outfit handed me everything—low clouds, rain, hailstones, fog, terrific wind.

For a mile or so I pushed along in it to see what it was made of. I saw plenty. When it hit me I had more than 2,500 feet of flying altitude. The first smack knocked me down 600 feet. Recalling George's warning, "Fly out of bad weather, don't fly into it tonight," I turned up my tail and ducked down for an emergency landing.

Beacons were burning for me at Mercer. Boy, what a welcome sight! Safe once more—unless the fog devils staged some nasty trick of the sort they put over on Frank Burnside one April night in 1928.

FLYING the west-bound mail from New York, Frank reached Cleveland in the midst of a thick fog following a thunderstorm which shot every electric lighting system in eastern Ohio out of commission. Our beacons were out for 125 miles along the mail route. Not a gleam illuminated the Cleveland port when Frank arrived there, and the fog was so thick you could have sliced it.

Guessing the situation, he decided to land blind. He judged the lay of the field perfectly by dead reckoning, and glided for it safely. But Daddy Pierce, the Cleveland field manager, had heard him overhead.

"He can't see a thing," yelled Daddy. "Set out a flare."

Two mechanics raced out in the middle of the field with a big charge of magnesium. They touched it off. Whoosh! It blazed up like a bucket of benzene. And down came Frank square on the bonfire. While mechanics scrambled madly for safety, Frank climbed out of his ship, unhurt but madder than blazes.

National Air Transport photo

Pilot Frank Burnside, who landed his ship on a magnesium flare.

"A fine racket this is getting to be!" he barked. "Come down in fog and go up in smoke."

Nothing so spectacular attended my landing at Mercer on that January night I was telling you about. Taking the advice Andrus had given me, I waited in the shelter of the Mercer station while the storm raged on above. By telephone from Mercer, I let Cleveland know I was safe, and reported the nature of the gale as I had found it. This was to protect others who might be scheduled to fly. Then I consulted the railroad timetables, for I had to make up my mind whether I should attempt to continue my flight as soon as the storm weakened a little, or send the mail on by train.

Dean Smith faced the same problem at Bellefonte one wild winter night, and solved it in a way all his own. Dean is a crackajack pilot—good enough, in fact, to be picked for Commander Byrd's present expedition to the Antarctic. That's where Dean is now. In the mail service he was one of the best, but he did hate physical labor. He had just two occupations—flying and resting.

The time I refer to, a villainous storm forced him down at Bellefonte between midnight and dawn. Only one man—a mechanic—was on duty there at that early hour. Dean grabbed a chair and promptly sat down to wait until

the storm passed. Finally a voice interrupted his reverie.

" If you're going to stay here," said the lone mechanic, " you'll have to help me unload the mail. And you'll have to help me push your ship inside the hangar."

Work! The awful prospect drove Dean into action. Without a word he climbed back in his plane and flew away from there. Up aloft the storm was worse than ever, but Dean waded through it all the way to Cleveland, and congratulated himself on his narrow escape.

My January tempest began to blow over about midnight, just as George Andrus had predicted. Consequently, I hopped off again on my belated trip to Cleveland. As I left Mercer I saw the navigation lights of another mail plane flying eastward, high in the clouds and climbing higher. I knew it was Paul Collins, carrying the western night mail to New York.

National Air Transport photo

Pilot Harold Knoop, who was stunned by lightning.

THAT was the night Paul joined the Caterpillar Club.

When he took off from Cleveland on the heels of the storm he figured he could fly at an altitude high enough to clear it. Under ordinary circumstances his scheme would have worked, since gales from the west blow low as a rule. But this one was a freak. Every time Paul climbed higher, up it went after him. It caught him over Brookville, Pennsylvania, ripped the wings from his ship, and hurled him reeling down through the black darkness. He fell 4,000 feet before his parachute opened. He escaped unhurt, a remarkable escape, considering the fact that one wing of his plane has never been found to this day.

What smashed his plane to pieces so high above the earth was probably a cyclonic storm core.

" It felt," said Paul, " as if the hands of a huge, invisible monster had reached out of the sky for my ship, had taken it, held it still and torn its wings off, then tossed it away like a broken toy."

There you have a pilot's-eye view of the crimes old man Bad Weather and his cutthroat gang can inflict on us when they set out to terrorize the air. Menacing as it is, we are not pessimistic about it. Splendid progress has been made already by the Airways weather men in their tireless battle against storm dangers. With the future development of radio communications between ships aloft and observers on the ground, the end of the storm peril may be realized.

Until then I suppose we'll just keep on flying as safely as possible under the slogan, " Arise guessers."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 47

1—Disposing of a difficulty by bold measures.
2—Reykjavik.
3—A mineral which is a source of radium and uranium.
4—A person who is ninety, or between ninety and a hundred years old.
5—The ratio of the weight of any volume of a substance to an equal volume of some other substance taken as a standard.
6—Plebes.
7—For life or during good behavior.
8—Arizona.
9—Five dollars.
10—Robert Fitzsimmons.
11—Lady Nancy Astor.
12—End of the century.
13—Ignatius de Loyola.
14—The science and practice of fruit growing.
15—Seven hundred and eighty dollars a year, and commutation of rations at eighty cents a day.
16—The giraffe.
17—Leonardo da Vinci.
18—The Ganges.
19—Alexander Hamilton's.
20—Solomon.

SWELLED HEAD?

WHEN FLOWERS ARE SWOLLEN WITH POLLEN . . . AND YOUR HEAD SWELLS WITH ITCHES AND SNEEZES . . . THERE IS STILL ONE CIGARETTE WHICH CLEARS THE WAY TO COMPLETE TOBACCO ENJOYMENT

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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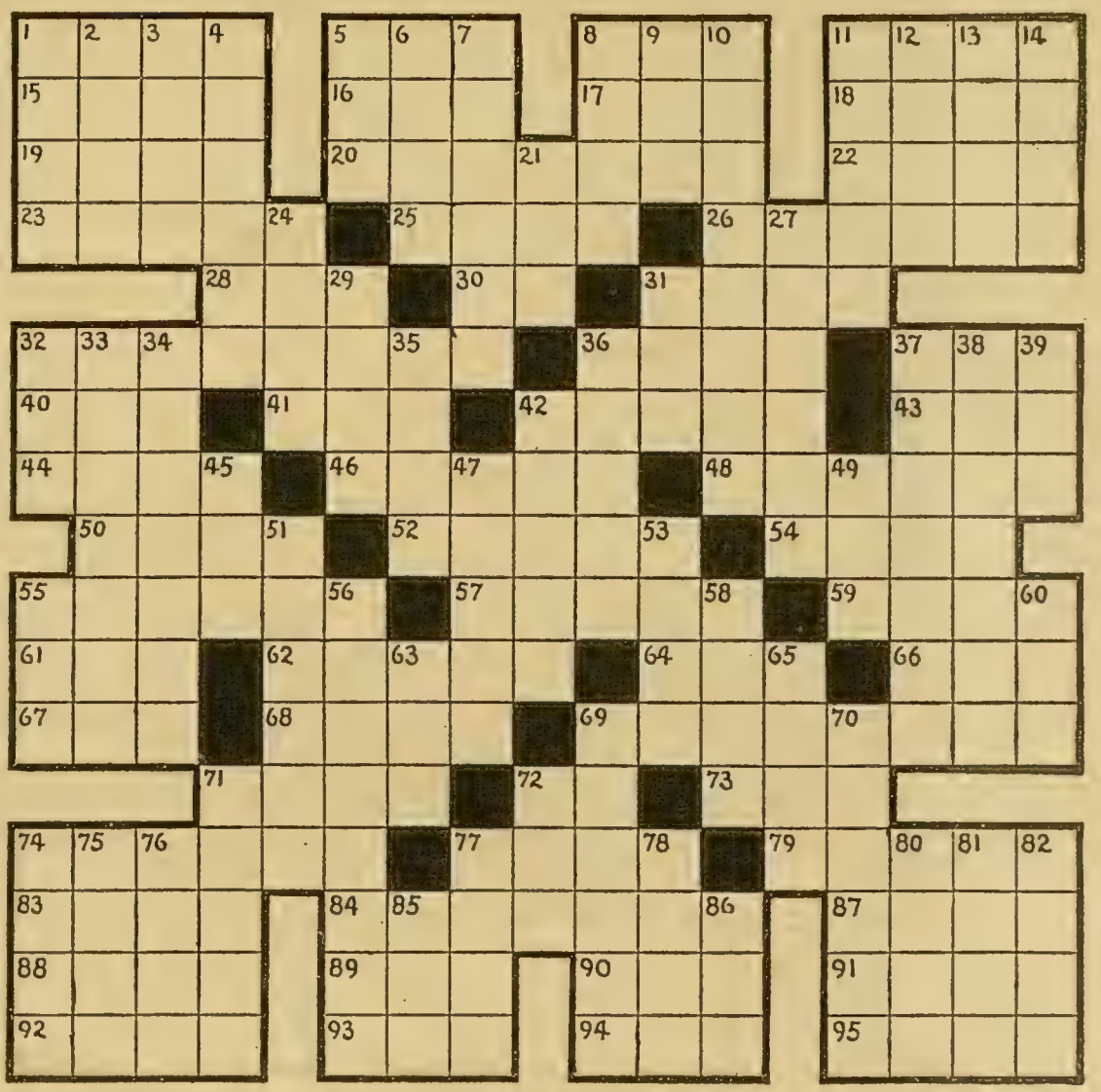
Two Puzzles for



HORIZONTAL

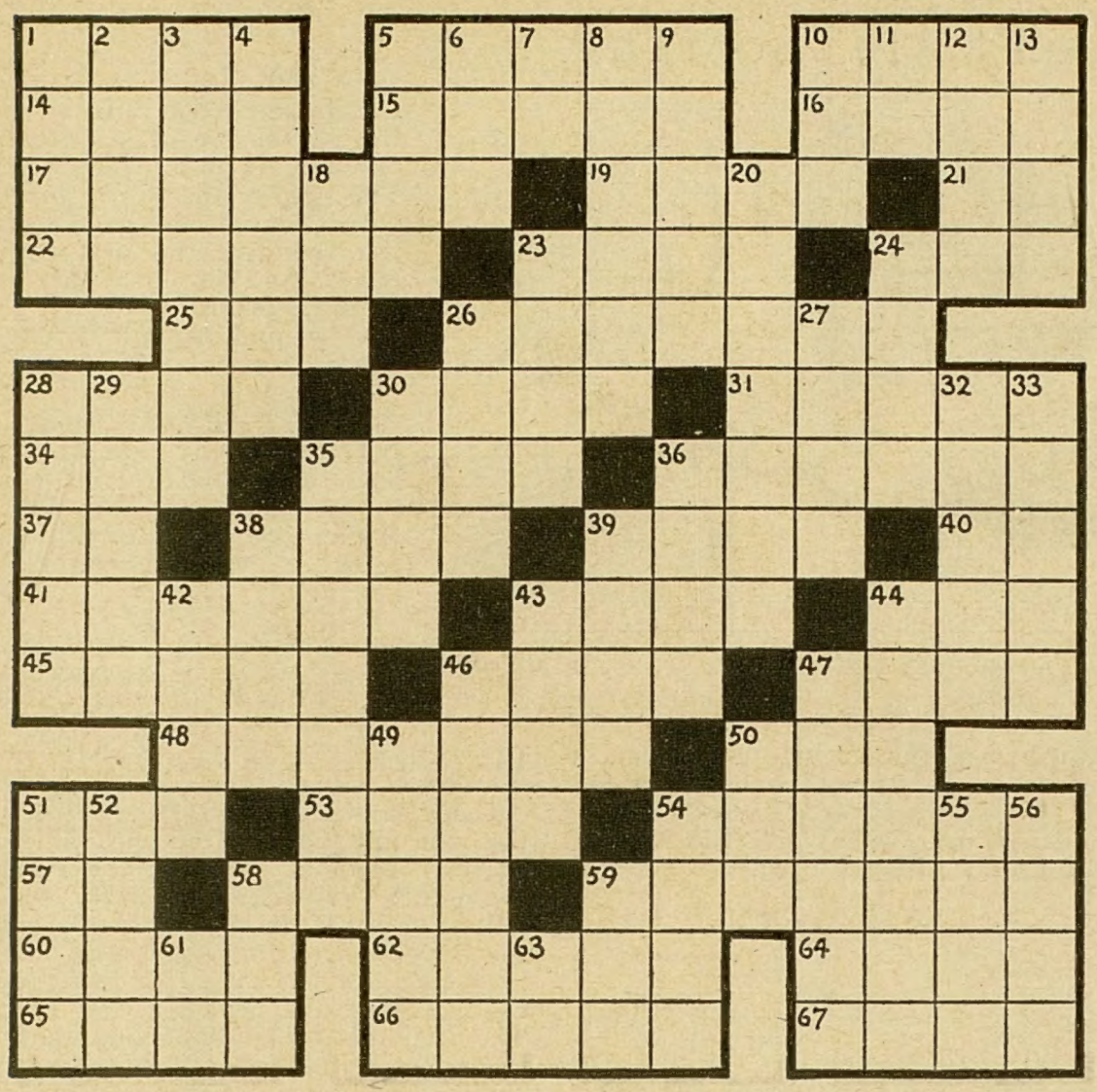
1 Unemployed
5 American Indian
8 Equine quadruped
11 Recedes
15 Watch face
16 Descendant
17 No
18 Remain; stay
19 Ancient Roman poet
20 Qualify
22 Woman's name
23 Unaspirated consonants
25 Iniquities
26 Keeper
28 Comprehend
30 Egyptian deity
31 Religious service
32 Pretext
36 Rocky pinnacles
37 Atmospheric moisture
40 River in Switzerland
41 Lowing of a cow
42 Author of The Cloister and the Hearth
43 Note of Guido's scale
44 Dreadful
46 Make broader
48 Breathes abnormally
50 River in Germany
52 Comes to earth
54 Neat
55 A finch
57 Tree exudation
59 Always
61 Termination
62 Tendon
64 Digit
66 Compass point
67 Suffix used to form feminine nouns
68 Stepped
69 Oral surgeons
71 Measures of length
72 Pronoun
73 An eternity
74 Plaits
77 Tube or canal
79 Tend the sick
83 A bird
84 Formal speech
87 Irritate
88 Island
89 Joined
90 Color
91 Woman's name
92 Disorder
93 Greek letter
94 Compass point
95 Observed

VERTICAL

1 Image
2 Plunge
3 Reclined
4 Oldest
5 Employ
6 Measures of weight
7 Complete
8 Insects
9 Note of the scale
10 Hotel officials
11 Pitchers
12 Hairless
13 Liver secretion
14 Asterisk
21 Woman's name
24 Appear to be
27 Acquiescence
29 Enough (poetic)
31 Extinct New Zealand bird
32 Cushion
33 Dried fruit (plural)
34 Commissions
35 Make dirty
36 Waits upon
37 Receives, as from a source or origin
38 One of the component parts of anything
39 Form of to be
42 Restore to freshness
45 Bear young
47 Risked
49 Crude metal
51 Reposed
53 Location
55 Shelter
56 Fatiguing
58 No
60 The matter or thing (law)
63 No
65 Town in England
69 Determine
70 Accustoms
71 Rasps
72 Mean dwelling
74 Part of a hat
75 Expunge
76 Suffers illness
77 Granted facts
78 Dallies with
80 Went horseback
81 A trigonometrical ratio
82 Ardor born of enthusiasm
85 Steep; soak
86 Born

Answer to last week's puzzle

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 To fish with a gaff through the ice
5 Plants of the order Filicales
10 Live temporarily in a tent
14 Function taken or assumed
15 Negative ion
16 Chief solid constituent of urine
17 Talismans
19 Ornamental vessel
21 The Indian mulberry
22 Retard; delay
23 To be attracted towards or pleased with
24 Measure of length
25 Feminine personal name
26 A form of inflorescence (plural)
28 A timber tree of New Zealand
30 Extent of area or volume
31 Foolish
34 Bewilderment; infatuation
35 Clever; shrewd
36 Endowed
37 Toward
38 Sharpen
39 Rooms in a harem
40 Arboreal animal
41 Pierces
43 Litter for the dead
44 Skill
45 Acquire information or intelligence
46 A star
47 Exclamation of contempt
48 Surgeon's skull saws
50 Comrade
51 Encore!
53 Fits out with weapons
54 Mountain in Palestine
57 Bone
58 Slide
59 Genuine; true
60 Toward the sheltered side
62 Compass of a voice
64 Cuckoos
65 Surgeon's probe
66 Shoot at detached men of an enemy force
67 Letter of the Greek alphabet (plural)

VERTICAL

1 Zodiacal sign and constellation Cancer
2 A base in baseball
3 To howl, as a dog or wolf
4 Abyssinian ape
5 Kismet
6 Being, in the most abstract sense
7 Japanese measure of distance
8 Beginner
9 Limbless reptile
10 Hint; intimation
11 Measure of area
12 Powder made by grinding
13 To become vapid, dull, or insipid
18 Greek letter
20 Seminary
23 Spend time in idleness
24 Son of Isaac and Rebekah
26 Ceremony
27 Objectives
28 Animal of the badger kind
29 Expiate
30 Warms or dries by the sun
32 Approaches
33 Woman's name
35 Pertaining to the coat of the eyeball
36 The same as above (Latin)
38 German title of respect
39 Greasy substances
42 Makes lace
43 Forbids
44 An illness
46 Chinese boat
47 Three Fates in Roman religion
49 Conceited precisians
50 God of flocks and pastures
51 Craft
52 Island
54 Quote
55 Silkworm
56 Fewer
58 Put in place
59 Sip
61 Prefix signifying in or into
63 Note of the scale

B	R	A	T		C	O	L	A		A	P	P	L	E
L	O	M	A		A	L	A	S		S	A	L	O	N
A	M	O	N		R	I	C	H		S	P	E	N	D
D	A	N		S	A	V	E		M	I		A	E	S
E	N	G	R	A	V	E		H	I	S	T			
			I	C	E		E	A	R	T	H	N	U	T
P	A	R		S	L	I	N	K		S	E	I	N	E
A	L	A	E		S	T	E	E	N		E	G	A	D
R	O	T	A	S		E	A	S	E	D		S	U	S
R	E	E	N	T	E	R	S		O	R	A			
			S	A	W	S		A	P	A	R	E	J	O
E	R	S		R	E		A	S	H	Y		R	O	M
L	O	P	E	R		A	H	O	Y		W	O	K	E
S	T	A	V	E		P	E	R	T		E	D	E	N
E	A	R	E	D		E	R	S	E		N	E	S	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

Pure Breath?

A new way is found that insures it in 3 seconds

HERE is scientific protection against bad breath . . . a new way that makes this once unavoidable offense unpardonable.

Few people escape bad breath. Thus most of us are shunned, at one time or another.

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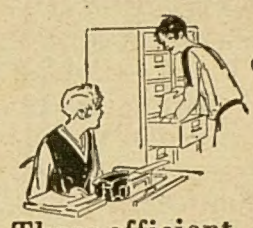
May-Breath

An antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form



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Kitchenette Cookery

By Ethel Somers

THE wee kitchens of today stimulate cunning in cookery. Thoughtful planning guides menu-making, marketing, and work in the tiny kitchen to fruitful production. Even time-limit meals may be made to seem a revelation to the uninitiated.

We have been particularly interested in watching the experimentations of two adept business girls. In addition, we have repeatedly tried our own hand at it. With a few steps or reaches, a bit of work, and much thought, the dinner candlelight can shed its glow on just as simple or elaborate a dinner as you choose. Many bright business women find the art of kitchenette cooking a pleasant avocation.

Slip-on rubber sleeves and aprons offer a simple yet thorough protection for the kitchenette cook.

In selecting the kitchenette apartment, be on the alert for ventilation features, convenient working areas, chances to spread out for more elaborate occasions of serving, regulated oven control, and adequate refrigeration. We mention these in this order, not because this is the order of their respective importance, but rather because the first mentioned are most often lacking.

When moving in, or at house-cleaning time, study your kitchen before settling it. Place the seldom-used tools up high and farthest from the working area. Place the everyday tools close at hand. Somewhere tuck away an emergency grocery shelf from which to obtain supplies for a quick, ample menu for a rainy night's supper.

When you buy equipment, look for double, triple, and even quadruple possibilities for its use. Select nested bowls and pans. Purchase, if you can, a few speeding-up tools, such as a pressure cooker, power beater, suction sink stopper, and wire dish drier.

Next week we shall branch out into menu combinations and recipes.

Stuffed Meat Loaf

½ pound chopped beef
½ onion grated, if desired
⅜ cup tomato pulp, if desired
½ to 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, if desired
½ teaspoon salt
1/32 teaspoon pepper

FIRST mix the meat and seasonings thoroughly. Then take about three-fourths of the mixture, shape it into a loaf with a large hole in the middle for the stuffing. Place on a greased baking dish. Fill the cavity with the stuffing and place the remainder of the meat mixture over the top so that the stuffing is entirely inclosed. Place in a hot oven (450° F.) for twenty minutes.

The stuffing for this meat loaf may be varied at will. Whether it be a savory mashed-potato mixture, a bread stuffing, a cooked or leftover savory rice mixture, a mushroom forcemeat, or of a macaroni or noodle type, the browned loaf will be found a favorite because a very small amount of meat presents itself as quite a roast when stuffed.

Beef Loaf

Use ingredients of the stuffed meat loaf, and
¼ cup soft bread crumbs
½ egg
⅜ cup tomato pulp, or
¼ cup water with ½ tablespoon lemon juice

MOLD into a loaf. Bake at 450° F. for twenty minutes. Serve with tomato sauce or browned gravy.

Dividing an egg is quite an essential for the kitchenette cook. Break the egg into a cup and with a turbine beater (which is the ideal kitchenette model because it fits into a cup and beats a small quantity without splashing) beat the egg until it can be measured. One-half an egg is approximately two tablespoons when so beaten, depending, of course, upon the degree of beating.

SALISBURY STEAK is made from the beef loaf mixture by shaping it into a flat cake about one inch thick and then broiling in a hot oven with the flame turned full, or cooking on the top of a stove in a fry pan, or on an electric grill. The top-of-the-stove broilers which have a rim for collecting the fat give the best broiled effect and produce a much more healthful product than the fry pan, though it may be used if preferred.

MEAT BALLS may be made by shaping the beef loaf mixture into individual cakes and broiling or frying. Serve plain with tomato sauce, cream sauce, or with gravy.

BANISH the bugaboos of kitchenette cookery. Embark on a new culinary adventure by consulting Miss Somers' three cookbooks. They will help you solve the intricate problems of space and add a palatable verve to your menu repertoire. The booklets cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. The coupon below awaits your attention.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
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Scalloped Potatoes

2 potatoes
½ cup milk
½ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour

WASH, peel, and thinly slice the potatoes. Place half of them in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with half the salt and flour. Dot with half the butter. Then repeat with the remaining potato and pour in the milk. (Time will be saved if the milk is heated while the potatoes are being prepared.) Place in a medium hot oven (325° F.) until the potatoes are browned and tender. The time of baking will depend upon the thinness of the potato slices and the shallowness of the baking dish. For quick preparation, parboil the potatoes before baking them in the oven.

AU GRATIN POTATOES may be made by sprinkling two to four tablespoons of grated cheese over each layer of sliced potatoes. This is easily prepared from fresh cheese by pressing it through a sieve.

SAVORY SCALLOPED POTATOES—Prepare as for scalloped potatoes, placing a layer of meat between the two layers of potato and adding an extra one-half cup of milk. The following meats are excellent: smoked or boiled ham slice, sliced pork tenderloin, pork chops thinly sliced, dried beef, or veal chops. One-fourth cup of minced pimento or two tablespoons of chopped parsley make a pleasant addition.

SANDWICH DREAMS are made by browning any prepared sandwiches in a toaster under the broiler flame or on a hot pancake griddle or grill. These served with a hearty salad or dessert or a creamed soup constitute an ideal light menu. Cheese dreams are very popular and the many varieties of cheese afford a varied filling. If additional food value is wanted, dip the prepared sandwiches (which may even be stale ones) in a French toast mixture:

½ cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
½ egg, slightly beaten

Fry or brown, preferably without fat, on a grill or griddle.

Raw Health Salads

TWO tablespoons grated raw carrots plus French dressing.

Grapefruit or orange sections plus coconut plus cherries or dates.

Sliced banana plus peanut butter and sliced stuffed celery.

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"Beach Scene." Painted by Walter Klett, for The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

The New GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8

–goes a long way to make friends